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Anne Klein's patrician textures

Slouchy suede jacket, soft as butter and unlined, 360.00 Sleek front-and-back-wrap skirt of merino wool flannel, 120.00 Both bronzine with collarless champagne blouse in tissue faille of rayon-acetate, 82.00 Big challis shawl, loosely tied in bronzine-teal green cashmere-wool-nylon, 150.00 All, 4 to 14. Anne Klein Shop, Third Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue





Fall. The minute it's in the wind, you can sense it...feel it coming. Not today. Not tomorrow. But soon. And though it's barely June—and fall seems a million miles over the horizon—stop. And listen. Just for a moment. The wind is from the north. And it's blowing this way. The first golden leaves, from Anne Klein and Company: prints, tissue failles and bronzine suedes as supple as silk. By Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio, from a collection that—believe it or not—is just the beginning. Priced from $98, in The Anne Klein Corner.

Saks Fifth Avenue

JUNE 1978

(INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

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AMERICAN BEAUTY ON OUR COVER Roseanne Vela (more about her, pages 154 and 174) and real red, the makeup color for summer. Clear tones (here, Earth Red) for lips and nails, from Chanel. Summer hair is healthy, shining, protected (the hat!), brightened with sunny highlights—Clairol's Sun Flicks. Hair, Harry King. Makeup, Ariella. FASHION The flirt of a straw boater—San Francisco Clothing, NYC, $25. Photograph, Richard Avedon.

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VOL. 168, NO. 6, WHOLE NO. 3156





Bill Atkinson

KOOS VAN DEN AKKER
MAKES THE TWEED SUIT
UNIQUELY DISTINGUÉE,
CHARACTERISTICALLY S'FARI.
As always, Koos offers as much pleasure to the eye as he does the soul. Of special interest here, the surprising mix of very fine nubby English tweed and full flower Liberty challis. Counterpoint is provided by the heathery jersey low slung shawl sweater vest that matches the lapel. The palette is soft green and blue wools. The impression is enduring. S'fari.



BONWIT TELLER



The hands, Telly Savalas. The watch, Rolex.

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Mr. Savalas' Rolex is the Rolex Day-Date Oyster Perpetual Superlative Chronometer, carved out of a solid block of 18kt yellow gold with matching hidden clasp President bracelet, $4.300.*
For catalogue, write Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. TS-126 Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. *Suggested retail price.

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Our model is wearing Sienna SportStick. © 1978 Revlon, Inc



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California Robinson's

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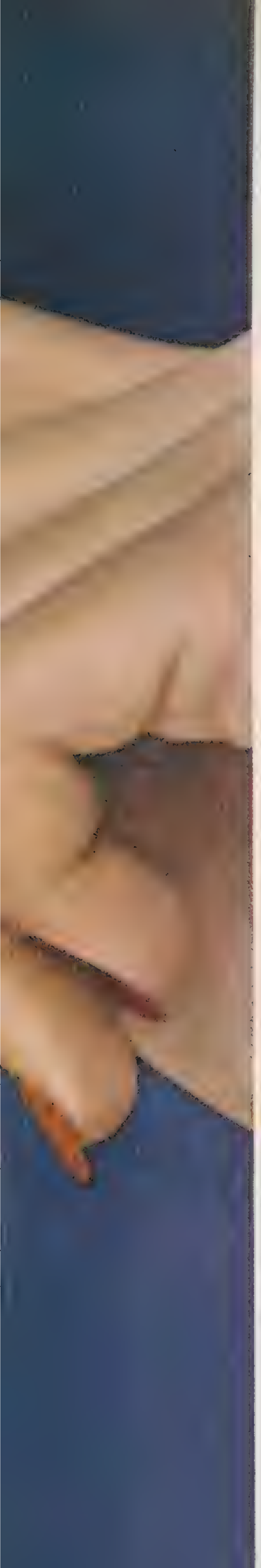
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Dear Harry Winston,

I've seen the jewels.
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But today I discovered Revlon's new 'Colorfrost' Powder Eye Jewels. They, too, are incomparable. Rich, deep color. Incredible luster.

Oh, they had to invent a new "deep-luster pearl' to do it. But it was worth it. They're the first frosts I haven't felt glittery or garish in. Now, my eyes match your jewels.

And the reason I can afford yours, Mr. Winston, is because I got theirs...for a song. Well, almost.

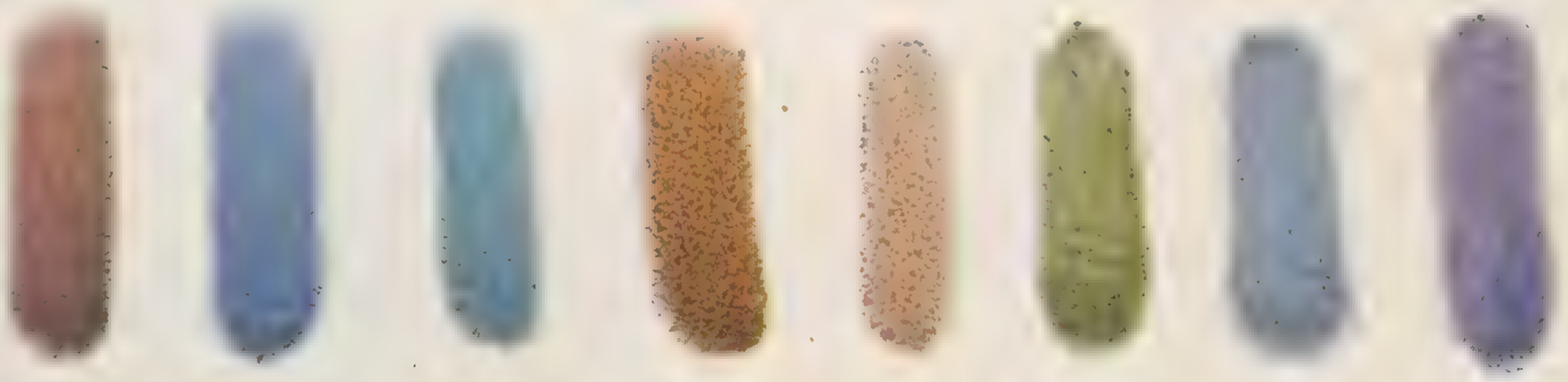
Cordially,

Dee Dee

21-carat Sapphire, courtesy of Harry Winston Inc. Deepglow Sapphire Colorfrost Eyeshadow, courtesy of Revlon. ©1978 Revlon, Inc.

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The Parker Floating Ball pen. Shown in 22K gold electroplate, $25.

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Charlie is wearing Sheer Berry Red Extra Extra Shine Lipstick © 1978 Revlon Inc.

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You Write Us

Praise for the sex-hater

I don't usually get the urge to write to magazines but felt I must congratulate you on publishing Jill Robinson's article "I Hate Sex" (August '77).

It is extremely well written, a refreshing change from the usual and I agree with her views completely.

I always enjoy Vogue very much even though it can take as long as six months for it to reach Asia (hence, the delay in this letter) and it is not always readily available. However, I usually manage to obtain each month's copy.

Deirdre Perry
Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

P.S. Your fashion and beauty features are always excellent and these are my favorite features in the magazine.

Pillow-fight perils

Working with hundreds of women from all socioeconomic groups daily who have been battered by husbands who believe that violence is a way of dealing with problems, I was disturbed to read Dr. Beier's suggestion as expressed in "Hit Back—with a Pillow" ["Between Us," March '78]. It is my belief that a good marriage comes from good communication. Even so-called harmless blows are not helping to change poor communication patterns. I hope your readers will use their judgment before attempting to solve their problems by hitting.

Shelley Garnet, ACSW
Abused Woman's Aid
in Crisis
New York, NY

Unlisted numbers

Are you able to explain why many of the editorial fashion pages are unnumbered? When consulting the "Accessory Details" at the back of the magazine, one has constantly to "work out" the numbers of the pages to which such details refer. I feel sure there must be a reasonable explanation for this frustrating inconvenience.

Corinne M. Steede
Houston, TX

EDITOR'S REPLY: *The mechanics of producing our magazine sometimes force us to complete fashion pages before we know how they will be numbered. We try to keep these numberless pages to a minimum.*

(Continued on page 77)

PHOTOGRAPH GUY BOURDIN

You're at the height of your powers:
when nothing is too much
and everything is just enough.

Lagerfeld

A fragrance for men.

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Taste why
Salem Lights is the largest selling low tar menthol cigarette.
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Salem Lights

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report AUG. '77.
LIGHT 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Savings-bank savvy: how much can you earn without risking a dime?

Worry-free deposits could keep you even with inflation—and add on a television set

By William Flanagan

When it comes to dealing with spare cash, for many people, it's strictly back to the basics. In short, that means avoiding the stock market, exotic investments—indeed, most any investment. In a wait-and-see period, it is wise to stay liquid.

What does that mean to the small and medium investor? Where do you put your cash? For many of us, the answer is often a savings and loan institution, or a savings bank, or a credit union. There are good cases to be made for stashing money into Treasury bills, money-market instruments, and municipal-bond funds that offer instant liquidity. But for many people, nothing quite equals the security of the passbook. So be it. Let's examine the wisdom of making those long-term deposits that guarantee higher than normal interest rates.

In New York, for example, the newspapers these days are full of advertisements by savings banks promising everything from pianos to television sets to electric typewriters for opening up a new long-term savings account. Does it make sense to tie up $10,000 or so for a long time, just to get the freebie and the higher interest rate—or to get an even higher rate without the "gift"? There is really no clear-cut answer. But get out your calculator and do some figuring. It can be enlightening.

Let's say you have $10,000 in cash. Say you put it in a branch of a typical New York City bank that is running a special promotion. For tieing up the $10,000 for five years, the bank will give you a brand new RCA XL-100 nineteen-inch color television set, worth about $500 at retail. At 7-percent interest, compounded annually, your $10,000 will grow to about $14,025 in five years, not counting taxes. Not a bad deal at all.

The bad news is that if you withdraw that money before the five years is up, you face certain penalties. First, you forfeit three months' interest on the amount that you withdraw. And, the interest on that amount is also reduced to the normal passbook rate. Example: Supposing after fifteen months, you need to withdraw $1000 from your account. You have to surrender the last quarter's interest, and get only 5.25 percent interest on the $1000—not 7 percent. In dollars and cents, that means you get $52.50 on your $1000 for fifteen months. In a regular passbook account, where you get only 5.25 percent paid and compounded daily, $1000 over fifteen months would yield about $68. So there is a $16 loss, or about 1.6 percent, for "premature withdrawal." That's not insignificant, but not enough to break you. Moral: You can take some of the money out of a long-term account and it can still make sense.

The trouble comes, however, if you take most or all the money out before the specified period elapses. Let's say that after twenty-seven months you want to buy a house and need all the money that you have socked away. If you take everything out, you would get a total of about $11,125; in other words, you give up one quarter's interest and the interest drops to the passbook rate. Had you left $10,000 in an ordinary savings account, you would have grossed about $11,269, or $144 more. And as of that moment, in the five-year account, your $10,000 has a value of $11,649—provided you leave it for the entire term.

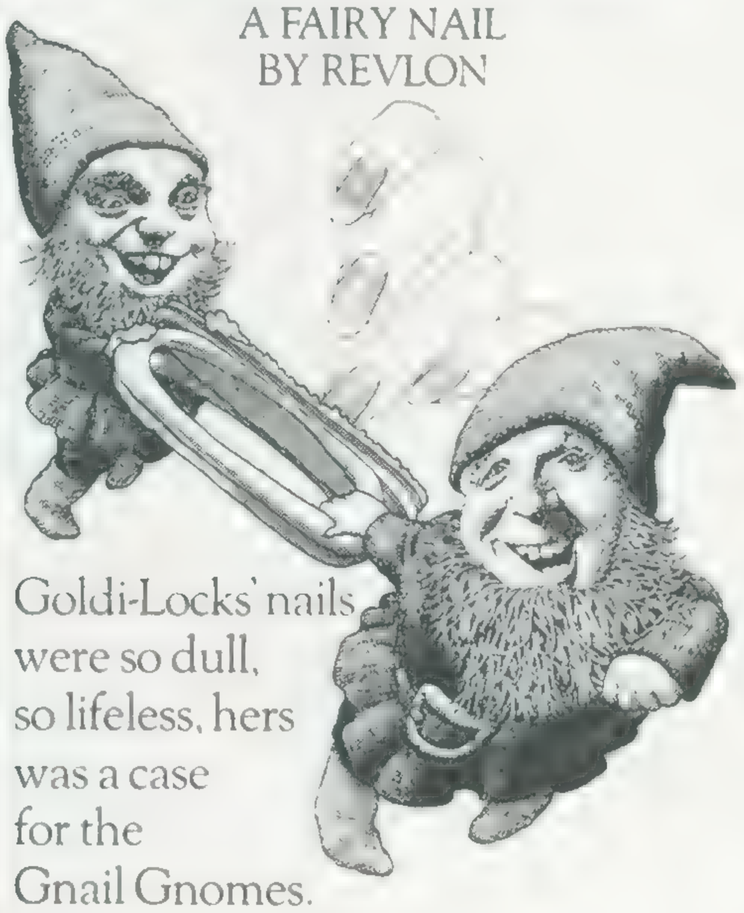
There is another complication, too. That free television set. Presumably, the bank can charge you the retail cost of the set when you close your account prematurely. (Presumably, you could give it back, plus depreciation, too.) Practically, however, the bank simply will charge you a flat fee for the set. What the amount is depends on the gift, the bank, and how much business you do there. Let's say the bank charges you $150. That means by closing your account early, you have sacrificed about $144 in interest at the 5.25 percent rate. There is also the $150 charge for the TV set. So you are out a total of $294, but still have a twenty-seven-month-old $500 television set. Some would consider that about a toss-up. If you do, the long-term account still makes sense.

In figuring out interest on savings accounts, there is an ugly fly in the ointment, don't forget; and that is taxes. Most people do not withdraw the amount of tax due from their savings accounts, but simply pay it out of other income. But the effect of the tax is there nonetheless. Let's assume, for example, you are in the 30-percent tax bracket and have some other interest or dividend income that exhausts your exclusion for income-tax purposes. On the five-year, 7-percent account at the New York bank, you would owe about $210 in taxes the first year, $225 the second, $240 the third, $258 the fourth, and $276 the fifth, for a total of $1209. So, in effect, your gross of $14,025 on $10,000 over five years nets out to $12,816 after federal taxes. That is less than 5-percent interest. The government adds insult to injury by even taxing you on the free television set. The bank is required to send you an interest statement for the fair-market value of the set (not what the bank paid). This would add another $150 to your tax bill.

Obviously then, savings institutions are not going to protect you against long-term inflation. At best, they can just about keep you even with it. But; in times like these, when venturing into any investment is so risky, they are the havens where most of us will be glad to take shelter. ▽

How and why Goldi-Locks changed her name to Shiny-Nails.

A FAIRY NAIL BY REVLON



Goldi-Locks' nails were so dull, so lifeless, hers was a case for the Gnail Gnomes. Shiner and Buff Buff arrived with splendid tools called "Gluks Gniks" in Gnomes' tongue. But, in translation, FABU-NAIL 'NAIL SHINE KIT.'

The buffing cream, or "Gluks Potion", is far less drying than mere mortals' abrasive powders. It wondrously resists water, minimizes nail ridges. And did, indeed, help Goldi-Locks' nails achieve a lovely glow.

They also used an odd-shaped tool, one side being a buff buff, the other, a shiner. Hence, the names of our Gnomes.

Now, Goldi-Locks' naked nails far out-shone her locks. So, she decided to change her name to Shiny-Nails.

The Gnomes entrusted many of their tools to Revlon. And being so sure of FABU-NAIL's powers for good, they even made Revlon promise on the package to refund your money if you're not satisfied. And Shiny-Nails requests all of you to please not change your name to Shiny-Nails, too.



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REVLON



Now you can have smoother, softer skin all over your body.

Hundreds of women, in clinical tests, actually saw and felt an improvement in their skin after using new Visible Difference® "Special Moisture-Formula for BodyCare."

It gives you the same kind of care our famous face cream does: **1.** *It provides deep down moisture penetration. (To almost where new skin, the epidermis, is born).* **2.** *It retains moisture within the cell layers.* **3.** *It builds up moisture within the cell layers.* **4.** *It texturizes as it moisturizes.* **5.** *It absorbs instantly.*

And BodyCare gives you long-lasting results you can actually see and feel in just 14 days. Fragrance free.



Only Elizabeth Arden can call a body moisturizer Visible Difference.

Elizabeth Arden

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REGIS HAIRSTYLISTS


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pHELITYL
CREAM
At Erno Laszlo, we believe this above everything: no single cream or lotion—not even our own—can do it all. That's why every Erno Laszlo Skincare Ritual includes a careful mix of products that work together for maximum results.
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The Erno Laszlo Institute
Saks Fifth Avenue

Thanks for the

Jewelry: Cartier. Bed linen. Beacon Hill.

memories.



The Ile de France sailed through moonlit waters. Fitzgerald wrote. Josephine Baker sang. Champagne bubbled. In Newport, parties roared.

Ah luxury. The days when beds were paradise. Soft as clouds and covered in sheets that felt like silk.

These sheets are not just a fond memory. At Wamsutta they still exist.

They are The Supercales. Woven of 200 intricate threads per inch, they have a rich, silken texture. These are truly the finest of bed linens.

There is Supercale, and there is Supercale Plus.

Supercale is the original luxury bed linen. Since 1849 Wamsutta has made these magnificent all-cotton percale sheets, and we have never stopped.

Supercale Plus is the only 200 count percale in existence that blends 50% Fortrel® polyester with 50% combed cotton. Thus it has a wonderful no-iron ease and a matchless lush texture.

Only Wamsutta could combine the care and craftsmanship of the past with the technology of today to develop sheeting of such superb quality.

Both are available ready-made. Or custom-made to fit any bed of any size. In an assortment of exquisite trims ranging from monograms to lavish Swiss and Schiffli embroiderings. In the prettiest colors of the rainbow.

There are no bed linens today comparable to The Supercales. And they come to you lovingly trimmed and finished and folded in beautiful packages tied with ribbons.

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Wamsutta Mills, Div. M Lowenstein & Sons, 111 West 40th St , N Y.

people are talking about...

fashion

Saint Laurent cheeks . . . dime-store chic . . . collecting the best . . . talking fall —and that means texture

Finally, it's June. Forget the blushing brides (do brides still blush?) and brand-new grads: most women are thinking about the beach. Getting outdoors. Gearing up for sports or easing down for a no-hassle summer. They're searching for inexpensive pieces, accessories—that, with a little playful imagination, can turn a look around. Best buys—and fun to rediscover—are at the corner five-and-ten: canvas Mary Janes, straw fans, rubber thongs, pastel bandannas; dime-store finds in cotton undershirts (to wear as tank tops), bikinis, anklets. They're the closest things you'll find to a disposable way of living. . . . Back to the beach means eyes-out for a good cover-up: one that's the biggest man's oversized shirt (belted, it's the shortest mini); or a brief robe—like Stephen Burrows' mini-terry or the shortest short wrap. They're easy to wear . . . and provide some very interesting openings!

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In the air, it seems, there's a first-class way to dress and then there's a style to go Concorde: Men's cashmere turtlenecks, grey flannels, blazers have given way, on the Concorde, to strictly-business pinstriped suits. It's part dressing for the occasion, part ready-for-business, with briefcase in hand, when the plane lands in New York at 8:45 A.M.

When New York night people talk about disco dressing these days, they talk about "less fuss." And that means short tunics, super-thin blazers over minis or Bermudas, tucked-in big shirts with narrow trousers and mules. Cleaned-up looks in a costume-y New York nightlife. . . . In Paris, black tie is a uniform for night—for both men *and* women (very ambiguous): no more blue jeans and sneakers (the rage last year). At the hot Palace Theater disco and along late-night rue St. Anne, some getups look shades of *Cabaret;* but at Régine's New Jimmy's, young women are dolling up—in dresses. Young men? They're dressing Princeton, ca. 1950's.

"Survival" is the name of a hot Paris boutique in Les Halles, and survival, there, is the name of the game: they stock gas masks; undersea compasses; knives; round, mirrored signaling devices (in case of assault) to hang around the neck. This, in a city where the "International Herald Tribune" runs ads for Green Berets who are offering their services as bodyguards; where a clique of people are wearing, on neck chains, small silver switchblades and blank-shooting revolvers. The French call them "protection jewels."

Macabre, militaristic, sadistic, sick—those are just a few of the adjectives that came from buyers and press returning from the fall ready-to-wear collections in Milan and Paris. At the Milan shows: armed guards and anti-bomb runways; models in nearly black lips and greyed-brown faces; marching music and military taps; clothes more uniform-y than uniformly wearable.

In Paris: guns, a slice of S & M, and a sense of "humor" about good ol' WWII. This wasn't true everywhere, they rush to assure: as always, there were some inventive clothes and gorgeous pieces. Which the best collections amply proved: when the clothes are weak, you've got to give 'em "entertainment"; when it's good, fashion needs no other show.

"Thinking about the beach. Getting outdoors. Gearing up for sports or easing down for a no-hassle summer"

People are collecting—everywhere, every way: jeans —especially narrow-legged corduroy Levi's, in all colors from black to light khaki; with fall comes a wealth of new options—jeans in leathers, suèdes, flannels. Favorites are by Adolphe Lafont, Calvin Klein, Fiorucci. . . . Mufflers—everything from summer white silks and terrys to lace to fall foulards and flannels. When winter hits, so do the furs—little fox mufflers, bits of mink tails dyed in a range of dark colors no furry friend ever saw. . . . Lacoste polo shirts —connoisseurs tramp the second-hand stores for them, looking for all-cottons, with uneven hems. That's the peak of preppydom. . . .

News: In New York, it's exercising execs. More and more companies are offering lunch-hour or after-work fitness classes; most popular is Nickolaus Exercise Centers—with programs at CBS, American Express, Citibank, IBM, etc. . . . In the Chinese People's Republic, evidently, it's no longer thought to be un-revolutionary for women to perm their hair. Suddenly, waves and frizzies are sprouting behind the Bamboo Curtain. . . . Paris conversation comes from Yves Saint Laurent—his fall collection, of course, but now also his makeup. Saint Laurent's launched a new makeup line for Europe—in favorite YSL colors.

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Looking to fall—and eyeing what designers are showing—the big news is texture: fabrics in the widest range of weights and weaves—from the thinnest suèdes and jerseys to tweeds, marquisettes, silk satins, crêpes de Chine, and the softest brushed cotton/wool shirtings. Add to this, mohairs and cordings: the idea is to mix—as many as possible—textures (one cloth for a shirt, another for skirt, a third for jacket, etc.), but all in colors of the same intensity. Nothing glares out—or you lose the texture message. (Only at night do you catch a bright accent.) From all this layering, comes the importance of natural-fiber colors: in cashmere, camel, alpaca. Prints are sparse linears or wide-spaced designs (not florals) or ancient madder prints—rich, hand-dyed foulards. And everywhere, the color's green: yellow-greens such as celadon, olive, khaki or blue-based mints, jade, forest. Rich looks—for cold weather.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN



Parfums Van Cleef & Arpels Paris

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

Tricks and traps in a movie money game...Stellar art... catching dumbness...the takeoff of TV's Silver(super)man ...what makes a family click — or fall apart

Movies

By Rex Reed

Silver Bears
Directed by Ivan Passer; starring Michael Caine, Cybill Shepherd, Louis Jourdan, Stephane Audran, David Warner, and Tom Smothers
Everybody uses money, but nobody understands it; to attempt a "comedy" about the Machiavellian mechanics of international finance has to be the work of fools.

Silver Bears, despite what the title suggests, is not a movie about Alaskan wildlife. Nor is it about the prizes awarded at the Berlin Film Festival. In this movie, a Las Vegas mafia king (Martin Balsam), who is looking for a place to invest excess profits from crime rackets, buys a Swiss bank, sends his retarded son to run it under the tutelage of a crooked financial adviser (Michael Caine) and a legitimate prince (Louis Jourdan), who acts as a front. The bank turns out to be a deserted slum on top of a pizza parlor with only $900 in assets, but the crooks invest in a silver mine in Iran; the richest man in the world wants to buy the bank to get control of the international finance market; and a California bank offers $60 million for the bank, which turns out to be a fake. None of this, I might add, makes the slightest bit of sense.

Amidst a tidal wave of prattle about foreign investments, loan foreclosures, exchange transactions, purchase reports, and escrow agents, Cybill Shepherd cheerfully steals the picture as a zany, nearsighted American housewife who drags the contents of her life around in her overstuffed handbag while her baffled husband (Tom Smothers) goes to prison for doing everybody else's dirty work. Peter Stone's script is a junk heap of incoherence, and Czech director Ivan Passer conducts the confusion with a club foot. This movie is so desperate for comedy that it depends on a close-up of a fried egg falling into Michael Caine's lap for laughs.

Opening Night
Directed and written by John Cassavetes; starring Gena Rowlands, Ben Gazzara, John Cassavetes, Joan Blondell
In John Cassavetes movies, we not only have to suffer through what the characters are saying (not much), we also have to watch them thinking. In this one, they think too much and say too little and come off like animated eggplants doing both.

Gena Rowlands is Myrtle, a neurotic actress who appears in a play after her film career hits the skids. Myrtle is not only on the skids, she's practically on Skid Row. Myrtle can't cope. The play is about growing old and Myrtle can't deal with these emotions. Worse still, her limousine runs over an autograph hound, and the dead fan keeps turning up in Myrtle's hotel room to bloody her nose. The play is obviously a very bad play. It's not only Off-Broadway, it's in New Haven. Myrtle disappears, but finally crawls, dead drunk, on her hands and knees, to the opening night in New York, stumbling all over the stage.

The premise is absurd, and so is the movie. It might just be the most lavishly ludicrous female vehicle since Bette Davis crawled across the railroad tracks with peritonitis in *Beyond the Forest*. One is not supposed to ask why, if the play is trying out in New Haven, the street sign outside the theater says La Cienega Boulevard. Nor is one supposed to wonder why such superb actors as Joan Blondell, Paul Stewart, and Ben Gazzara turn up in such incomprehensible gibberish. One is forced only to anguish over the lack of more lucrative employment elsewhere. And when all else fails, there is always the spectacle of Gena Rowlands—as beautiful, vulnerable, and honest as she is talented—trying to make the unwritten Myrtle into something other than a mud pie. Blinking dumbly in her drunken responses to the concerns of others, she evokes memories of Kim Stanley; but, as cosmic and riveting as Gena Rowlands is, her career is going to be in as much trouble as Myrtle's if she keeps appearing in her husband's home movies.



Cybill Shepherd and Michael Caine, above, in movie "Silver Bears": a zany, nearsighted American housewife stumbles upon an international market for intrigue

Art

By David Bourdon

Stella Since 1970
Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, California; June 24–August 27
This exhibition is the most comprehensive survey of Frank Stella's work since the 1970 retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art, which confirmed his stature as one of the most innovative American painters since Jackson Pollock. The present show, containing twenty-six mostly large-scale pieces, concentrates on the three series of relief paintings that Stella has produced during this decade.

Unlike his symmetrical, regimented stripe paintings of the 1960's, Stella's recent work employs traditional figure-ground relationships, conventional compositional hierarchies wherein some elements are clearly more pronounced than others, and gestural paint handling. The eccentrically shaped contours persist; but the surface, hitherto flat, now tends to be a crazy-quilt relief with tilting, interlocking planes.

The earliest works on view are from the Polish Village series, named after eighteenth-century Polish and Russian synagogues. They are intricate, jarring configurations of stripes and polygons, painted in some places and collaged in others with felt, cardboard, Masonite, and many more materials. They suggest a fiendish blending of Synthetic Cubism and Russian Constructivism. The Polish Village works are visually abrasive, yet ultimately more satisfying than the subsequent Brazilian series—aluminum reliefs with less scrambled planes, lacquered with shiny, transparent colors, sometimes scribbled with oil stick.

Stella's third style of the 'seventies—and his best—is the alluring, glittery Exotic Bird series. These razzle-dazzle wall reliefs of honeycombed aluminum feature giant French scrolls, tilting rakishly from essentially rectilinear backgrounds. The scrawled calligraphy in hedonistic hues refers to Pollock's dribbled skeins as well as to the spray-painted graffiti of subway artists.

The show amply demonstrates Stella's continuing resourcefulness in creating pictorial works that startle the eye and refresh the imagination. Having originated at the Fort Worth Art Museum, the exhibition will travel throughout the country.

The Arts Under Napoleon
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; through July 30
Napoleon's death mask, the Empress Josephine's gold snuffbox, her successor Marie Louise's monogrammed lace veil, and a huge malachite urn with allegorical bronze figures of Fame are just a few of the more than 250 curios, artifacts, and treasures that constitute this absorbing survey of French taste during the Napoleonic era (1799-1815). Since the Emperor himself was so much larger than life, it seems only fitting that the furniture made during his reign should be massive, austere, and full of grandeur. Through his patronage, Napo-

(What's News, continued on page 36)

If the sun can dry up a lake, imagine what it can do to your skin.

The burning, blistering and pain of sunburn. And the possible long term effects like premature aging of the skin and even skin cancer caused by the sun.

Now there's something you can do to help protect your skin. Something very simple. And easy.

PreSun.®

PreSun is specially formulated to help guard against the harmful effects of the sun. It acts by filtering out most of the burning ultraviolet rays while allowing the lower energy tanning rays through.

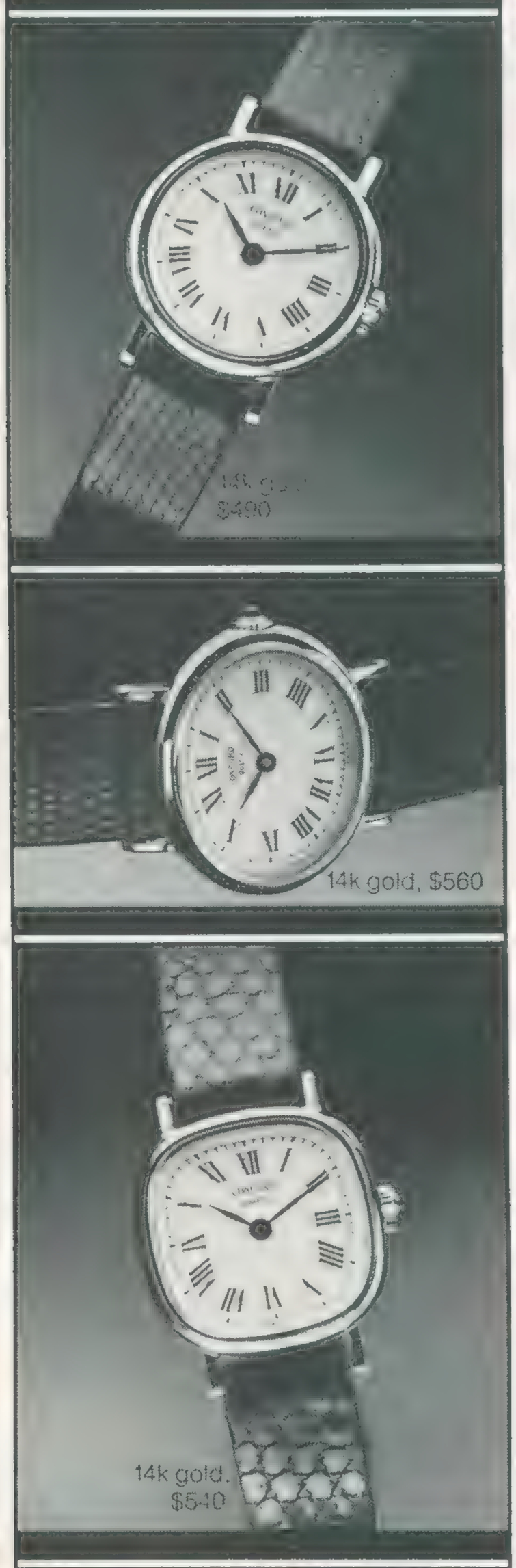
Just apply evenly as directed before going out. PreSun diffuses into your skin to create a "protective reservoir" for maximal sunscreening.

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Watches enlarged to show detail

WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

leon helped prod French cabinetmakers, such as the famous F.H.G. Jacob-Desmalter, to an exceptionally high level of achievement; while, through his military conquests, the Emperor helped to disseminate the Empire style throughout Europe.

After Napoleon's campaign in Egypt in the late 1790's, Parisian designers helped to spread Egyptomania, ornamenting their domestic furnishings with an abundance of hieroglyphs and sphinxes. Napoleon's image and impact inform nearly every section of this diverse exhibition, which ranges from military equipment and a Sèvres breakfast service to opulent examples of court dress.

MORE ART:

Peter Voulkos—A Retrospective 1948-1978: Abstract Expressionist ceramics? There is no more concise way to describe the sensuous, earthy-hued work by this innovative sculptor and chief catalyst for the California clay movement. Among his most beautiful objects: a recent series of red-brown stoneware plates that have been slashed, punctured, and inset with small plugs of white porcelain. The exhibition contains approximately 130 of Voulkos's clay works, as well as photographic documentation of large outdoor sculpture commissions in ceramic and bronze. At the Contemporary Arts Museum in Houston (through August 13), then in New York and Milwaukee. For a thorough background account of the artist's development, read Rose Slivka's recent monograph, "Peter Voulkos: A Dialogue with Clay."

The Lithographs and Etchings of Philip Pearlstein: From June 20–July 30, the Civic Fine Arts Center in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, offers an example of every one of the sixty-five graphics produced since 1968 by this New York Realist, noted for his harsh portrayals of nude models, slumped like carcasses in a contrived, harshly illuminated studio setting. Organized by the Springfield Art Museum in Missouri, the show will circulate through the country.

Books

By Allene Talmey

IQ 83
By Arthur Herzog (Simon and Schuster)
". . . Sex is absolutely necessary to keep people's minds off bigger questions! *Playboy* is vital to the National Association of Manufacturers . . . ," explained the distinguished scientist, trying at the same moment to keep from singing out dirty limericks about the Duchess of Dray. Like most of the folks in this cajoling and baiting novel, he suffers lamentably and increasingly from "stupid sickness," a new disease. His colleagues wonder, as the epidemic grows, how dumb they, too, will get. Will they, too, be meatheads? How fast will they lose control, feel their memory blur, hear their words come out distorted, see their sexual fantasies released into hazardous action?

To Arthur Herzog, a maestro of disaster, the procedures unfold with catastrophic dispatch. In trying for a way to increase the intelligence of the retarded through genetic manipulation, Dr. Jim Healey and his scientists, with their IQ's ranging from 146 to 168, mess up just one experiment. That mess leads to a virus that interferes with the electrical processes of the brain, producing a "kinky" protein that reduces intelligence until Healey, his pals, his wife and daughter reach toward IQ's of 83. That affliction tears from a woman investigator this flat grief: "I'd rather be dead than dumb."



Arthur Herzog, above, writes "IQ 83": his characters would rather be dead than dumb

For this scientific tour, Herzog, in his book's thank-yous, shows us that he has a wagonload of gratitude for the notable pedigrees of his facts, accumulated with the help of a number of scientists plus nine institutions, including the Center for Disease Control, Electronucleonics Laboratories, Mensa, and the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. That his novel is also funny, provocative, jittery, and full of DNA mysteries only extends Herzog's threnody of calamity.

Families
By Jane Howard (Simon and Schuster)
This book is unbeatable—like raisin pumpernickel—in making me feel satisfyingly nourished, for Howard is flexible, humorous, strange, carbonated, and courteous. And sweet. And slashing. The point: Howard "denies the widespread and strident rumor that families are dying." Without anxiety, Jane Howard takes in slow rational visits to a marvelous amalgam of families: big, comfortable families, fathers with custody of their children, homosexual couples, commune families. On her way, she notes that "four out of ten children born in the 'seventies will spend some time in single-parent families, of which 90 percent are headed by women."

Unlike many of the people in this book, Jane Howard is unmarried, without children of her own birthing or adopting, waving at forty, awash in "that celebrated and mixed American blessing, mobility." She loves solitude—four hours a day. She keeps in mind what a friend once said: "I can't think of anything more depressing than going to the store for a single stick of butter."

To avoid that dismality, Howard belongs to, visits, lingers and travels with, and writes about a diversity, an assortment, and

(What's News, continued on page 42)



"B&H, I like your style."

Benson & Hedges 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.

Everything is beautiful at the ballet.

And the celebrated Pennsylvania Ballet is second to none. (Pearl and Albert are ecstatic in their praise!)

Ethereal ballerinas in frothy white tutus. The leonine power of the danseurs. Leaping, lifting their partners to a thrilling crescendo of symphonic heights.

Proud patrons of Philadelphia's gift to the arts, Pearl and Albert create a premiere collection.

First-night fashions by Albert Nipon:

La vie en rose, twice as romantic in these two flowery interpretations, both in French imported silk blend fabric. At left, demurely detailed with puff sleeves, a swirl of graduated collar and soft pleated skirt. Blue floral on cream. About $260.

The two-piece ensemble at right pairs a full, blouson-sleeved top with a gracefully gathered skirt. Rose floral on cream. About $270.

Vive la crepe! Pearl favors the elegant simplicity of taupe-colored crepe in a gently blouson silhouette. About $192.



A Grand Premiere Performance...

Gather ye rosebuds where ye may on a cloud of French georgette. Left, gossamer shirt dress, delicately pin tucked, floats over a matching lace-edged slip. Pink on cream. About $290.

Sheer illusion at right, in a fanciful creation with elasticized neckline designed to bare the shoulders, if you please, flounced at the hem, with matching lace-edged slip. Pink on cream. About $310.

Prices slightly higher on West coast. All dresses available in sizes 2 to 14 at these and other fine stores:

Lord & Taylor/Neiman-Marcus/Martha's/Chas. Sumner; Boston/Stix, Baer & Fuller; Kansas City/Pogue's; Cincinnati/Marshall Field; Chicago/Dayton's; Minneapolis/Sue Baseman; Jenkintown, Pa./I. Magnin; San Francisco/Garfinckel's; Washington, DC/Robinson's; Los Angeles/Frost Bros.; San Antonio/Nordstrom; Seattle & Portland/Jacobson's; Michigan, Ohio & Florida/Neusteter's; Colorado/Barbara Katz; Miami/Godchaux's; New Orleans/Goldering; Shreveport/Gene Burton; Pasadena.

Hair styles by Alan Gold of Maurice Tannenbaum.



And She Albert Nipons® Were There.

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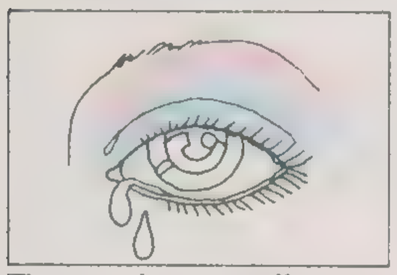
(THEY WON'T COME OFF TILL YOU TAKE THEM OFF.)

When you're busy all day long, the last thing you want to worry about is whether your eye shadow is creasing and fading or if your mascara is speckling and smudging.

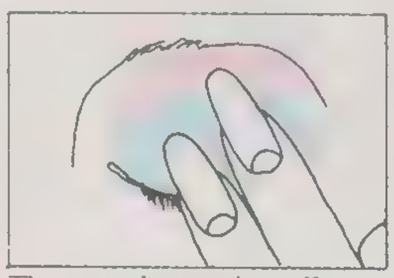
That's why Aziza created Shadow with Sealer and Mascara with Sealer. Each contains a special blend of ingredients that gently seal themselves against moisture and skin oils once they're on your lid or lash. So the fresh, pretty look you put on in the morning still looks lovely at night.

This means that, at last, you won't have to check on your eye shadow every few hours. Because with crease-proof, fadeproof and water-proof Aziza Shadow with Sealer the color stays smooth and true all day. And you'll never have to wonder if your mascara is still on your lashes and not under your eyes because Aziza Mascara with Sealer is smudgeproof and smearproof, too.

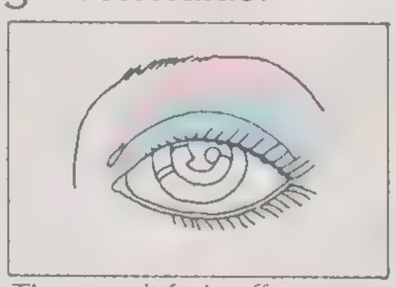
We've also made Shadow with Sealer and Mascara with Sealer very easy to apply and full of lustrous color. There are 14 beautiful creme and frosted Shadow shades. And the Mascara comes in five rich colors as well as regular and extra-length formulas.



They won't smear off.



They won't smudge off.

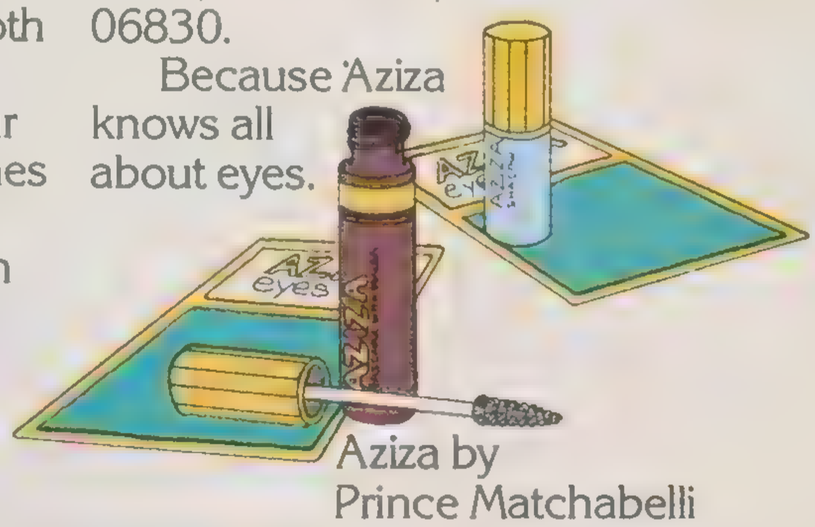


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Do you have any questions about eye makeup? Write for our free book, "Aziza Demonstrates All About Eyes." Simply send 25¢ for postage and handling to Aziza, Dept. 844, 33 Benedict Place, Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

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at times a vaudeville of families ranging from her own childhood family in Chicago to "the bliss ninnies." In writing of her experiences with families with children, with grandparents and uncles and aunts and cousins and great nephews and babies, Howard understands friends so close that water is thicker than blood. These friends are sutured into families until small units enlarge into clans.

With gusto and an insurgent belief, Jane Howard has a commonsensical awareness about families. Among the earmarks of good families are these, she writes: they have a founder, a chief, a hot shot; they have someone lovingly keeping track of the members; they are "much to all their members, but everything to none"; they exude hospitality, are generous to honorary members; they love their rituals, their shorthand; they understand the need for hugging, for affection; "they have a sense of place; they connect with posterity"; and they have the consummate wisdom to honor their elders. Grandparents, even substitute grandparents, Howard knows, are necessary—ready, like aspirin, for "unfeigned homage."

Her answer to families is *connectedness*—a light, gentle, spanning, skinny wire of love and security. No house, Jane Howard heard it said, is ever the right size. Too many or too few in it, but the wire holds.

The Random Factor
By Linda J. Larosa and Barry Tanenbaum (Doubleday)
Without profit or explicit motive, a couple of faultless murders, followed by more minutely scarred murders, all planned with scaring impersonality, are the tactic of this dexterous first novel. From the beginning, readers know the four out-of-their-youth murderers, the police, the detectives, and the famous criminologist. The readers do not know the victims, the scattered, random victims.

With enormous relish, the killers play against each other, picking from each body some nonsensical fragment—a Social Security card, a policeman's badge, a driver's license, a football player's Super Bowl ring. Who gets killed never matters. The method, however, matters: dumdum bullets, the wire for garroting, a bayonet, a Colt .45. That method is a lethal military game, much like a meld of Parcheesi and backgammon, played for good.

Larosa and Tanenbaum add skill and attention to this game performed by four affluent, attractive friends, all men in business, bored out of their skulls.



Rock underground's Lou Reed, above, surfaces "full of ominous insinuation and quavery vulnerability" on "Street Hassle"

Recordings

By David Sargent

Television: Adventure *(Elektra);* **Patti Smith: Easter** *(Arista);* **Lou Reed: Street Hassle** *(Arista)*
These disks represent the latest work from three of the leading figures in New York underground rock and roll. All three acts operate from the specific sensibility that could flourish only in New York: a hyperawareness of the bruised but defiant cosmopolitan, mixed with a good deal of sometimes hostile role-playing and that peculiarly New York blend of rock basics and artistic pretension.

Reed is the father figure here; his leadership of the old Velvet Underground band in the late 1960's was an early signal of this sort of music. Presided over by Andy Warhol, the Underground fascinated and appalled people with its mixture of brutal simplicity, avant-garde experimentation, and walk-on-the-wild-side poetic imagery. Smith, a poet moved by ritual chanting into full-blown rock, grew up in the rock-poetic ambience that Reed had pioneered; and some of her early work flourished in collaboration with Tom Verlaine, the leader of Television and her one-time lover.

These three records are all considerable achievements, but Television's is the best. Verlaine and his co-lead guitarist, Richard Lloyd, have evolved a style of stately arpeggiations that owes a bit to the Byrds but is really a strongly individual, mightily compelling musical signature. Over the plodding inexorable instrumentals, Verlaine sings in a voice that may seem strained but communicates an undeniable poignancy. There's an element of self-consciousness to this band, especially in its lyrics. But most artistic risk entails the possibility of being made fun of; and, in Television's case, the risk seems well worth taking.

Smith is coming off a year in which her career was interrupted by a fractured neck: hence, the implications of resurrection in her album's title. The resurrection is also from a mostly unsuccessful second album, which followed her striking debut disk, *Horses,* with a misguided attempt at communal heavy-metal rock and ranting, neo-Rimbaud fantasizing. This third album strikes a compromise between the first record's declamation and the second's thumping instrumentals; it is well worth hearing.

Street Hassle also marks a comeback for Reed, whose solo career in the 1970's has seen wild oscillations from brilliance to deliberately off-putting experimentation to cynical commercial abasement of his gifts. Here, the art and the commerce seem nicely in balance, and the compelling Reed personality, full of ominous insinuation and quavery vulnerability, is in view once more.

Verdi: La Traviata
Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes; the Bavarian State Orchestra, with Carlos Kleiber, conductor (Deutsche Grammophon)
Kleiber, the son of the late Erich Kleiber, who was himself a distinguished conductor, is widely regarded as one of West Germany's (and Europe's) most promising young conductors: Except that he's not so young (forty-seven) and his repertory and guest engagements remain curiously limited. Still, most of his recordings set standards for the works involved; and, in some ways, this new account of Verdi's often recorded warhorse is as well-conducted as any modern version available. Given the lack of any one clearly superior recorded *Traviata,* it may be the one to own.

What precludes a wholehearted recommendation of this record is the singing of the three principals. Domingo is a fine tenor, of course; but, at this point, his voice is a bit heavy and constricted for Alfredo. Milnes is a solid baritone, but a little too stentorian and unpoetical for the elder Germont. And while Cotrubas sings sweetly and cuts a sympathetic figure onstage, she simply doesn't have the vocal brilliance, poignancy, or personality to make a great Violetta on records.

Where to eat now:

Hoexter's Market



Hoexter's Meat Market is a Manhattan tradition: the "carriage trade" has been buying there for some seventy years. Now there is Hoexter's Market—a come-recently restaurant (photo left) on gastronomically zooming Third Avenue. And, much to no one's surprise, Hoexter's the restaurant—with its connection to Hoexter's the meat emporium—serves superb meat dishes. Chef Jeremy Unger respects meat and treats it the way an orchid connoisseur respects and treats a Phalaenopsis gigantea. Unger's Veal Normand, with its Calvados-tangy sauce, its complement of tart apple slices, is veal at its most delicious. All steak dishes are meltingly satisfying. And the grand surprise is dessert: a walnut pie which outdoes any pecan and a bitter chocolate cake that is addictive.—LEO LERMAN

MORE RECORDINGS:

Walter Egan: Not Shy (Columbia). Egan is a protégé of Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks of Fleetwood Mac. This record is both attractive in itself and a nice bonus until Fleetwood Mac puts out its own next record.
Delbert McClinton: Second Wind (Capricorn). McClinton is a white Southern country, rock, folk, and blues singer. He does all of them well and adds a distinct personality of his own.

(What's News, continued on page 46)



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Sports

By Kay Gilman

Soccermania: post-Pelé

Like Saturday Night Fever, Soccer Fever has swamped the United States. And right now is the heart of the thirty-game professional soccer season that will culminate with Soccer Bowl '78 in August.

Professional American soccer had a false start back in 1967, when a North American Soccer League was started by a group of wealthy investors and corporations. By 1968, feeble attendance and grass-roots disinterest left the new league with five teams and a flood tide of red ink. Now—ten years later—soccer has burgeoned into sports' new youth movement, played by boys and girls from the elementary-school level onward. Professional American soccer, still organized under the aegis of the NASL, has acquired the glitter and bulging stadiums of the traditional "All-American" sports.

As most everyone is aware, the great catalyst for this was Brazil's incomparable Pelé, who came out of retirement to spark New York's Cosmos to last year's NASL championship and to galvanize the entire league, turning formerly lethargic American spectators into a nation of soccer maniacs. This year, immediately post-Pelé (who is again retired and serving as a consultant to the Cosmos' parent company, Warner Communications), is seeing a further mushrooming of the soccer boom.

"I don't think Pelé's departure has hurt us," says a spokesman for the Cosmos. "In fact, I think it's made us a more cohesive team. He brought people to see the Cosmos and they found out that they enjoyed soccer in general, so they came back for more."

The Cosmos' freewheeling attack—which includes the man considered to be the world's premier player, West Germany's Franz Beckenbauer, plus stars Giorgio Chinaglia, Steve Hunt, Dennis Tueart, and new addition, twenty-seven-year-old Yugoslavian Vladislav ("Bogie") Bogicevic—should make the champions equally overpowering in 1978, even without the magical Pelé. Among their prime challengers should be last year's second-best team, the Fort Lauderdale Strikers, also the Rochester Lancers and the Washington Diplomats.

One reason Americans have changed their attitude toward what, up to almost the present, was thought of as a "foreigner's game" is the Americanization of soccer. Professional teams must have a percentage of North Americans on their rosters, and these quota requirements will increase yearly. More vital, American boys are playing soccer—a game that does not require behemoth size, armorial trappings, or rigid play structure—and loving it. So are their sisters. An estimated 40 percent of the swelling ranks of soccer fans are women, and women's soccer is moving briskly onto school, college, and club fields. A women's pro league may not be an impossible dream.

(What's News, continued on page 48)

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WHAT'S NEWS, WHAT'S COMING

TV

By Diane English

Million $ man

Television's latest superhero is not bionic, can't scale walls, doesn't even own a cape. It's Fred Silverman, this decade's most successful and controversial television programmer, who takes the job of president and chief executive of NBC this month. The price tag on Silverman's services is reportedly $1 million per year.

Fred Silverman is generally credited as the single most important force in ABC's dramatic rise from the perennial No. 3 network to No. 1. "It's not that Freddie knows his audience," one peer has stated, ". . . but he *is* the audience." Indeed, the rumpled Silverman, not quite the Paddy Chayefskian image of a TV executive, watches several channels at a time, is moved to tears by his own soap operas, reads every incoming program proposal personally, even married his secretary.

Silverman began his career in programming at "Black Rock," the industry nickname given CBS for its sleek, black, monolithic headquarters in Manhattan. He then moved on to ABC, which, due to his focus on youth culture programming, was quickly dubbed "Punk Rock." Now, he moves on to "30 Rock," so named for NBC's 30 Rockefeller Plaza address. One Hollywood comedy writer quipped, "If Silverman does for NBC what he did for CBS and ABC, he'll have won the Triple Crown and then they can put him out to stud."

Since Silverman announced his defection last winter, he has been a man without a network, legally unable to begin work at NBC until his ABC contract expires on June 8. ABC certainly didn't want their star programmer on a rival team during the crucial spring months when the fall season is planned. Which makes one wonder what good Silverman can possibly do the ailing NBC in his first year. For that matter, is Silverman even qualified to take on the presidency of NBC—an empire that encompasses news, sports, and radio divisions, local TV stations, as well as the entertainment network, and its all-important prime-time programming? Perhaps not, but the way NBC sees it, any damage Silverman might do in the top seat at NBC couldn't possibly be worse than the damage he does as a programming foe.

An ABC source close to Silverman thinks NBC is greatly underestimating him. "They think it will take a few years to make an impact, but they have no idea what they're in for over there. When Freddie arrives, he'll turn the place around so fast they won't know what hit them. He'll probably throw away their fall schedule, start new, and put them on top in year one."

No one knows for sure what Silverman will do, but more than likely he'll concentrate on developing half-hour sitcoms, which he believes are the backbone of a winning schedule. Attracting new on-screen personalities will be another area of focus, a definite weak spot for NBC. Julian Goodman, chairman of the board of NBC, has emphasized that Silverman's presence at NBC will not result in programming that appeals only to a mass audience. "Mr. Silverman has a wide range of interests . . . which go beyond seeking merely the mass audience and toward quality audience and quality television. It's possible to do both, and I'm certain we will be able to do both."

In any event, Fred Silverman has his work cut out for him. Will he prove the Peter Principle ("In a hierarchy, every employee tends to rise to his level of incompetence") as head of an entire network? Will he pull NBC out of the ratings gutter? Will he out-program his own hits on ABC? Tune in next fall . . . maybe by then he'll have his own show.

Pissarro's portrait of Cézanne, below: On sale in the sumptuous von Hirsch auction

Collecting

By Judith Goldman

"Art sale of the century"

German-born industrialist Robert von Hirsch's Swiss villa looked modest from the outside, but von Hirsch collected like a Medici prince. He formed the world's most famous private art collection; this month, Sotheby's in London sells it at auction.

Von Hirsch began collecting beautifully bound first editions by Flaubert, Hugo, Schiller, and Goethe. At twenty-four, in 1907, he bought his first painting—Toulouse-Lautrec's "la Rousse au caraco blanc," 1889; his next was Picasso's "Scène de rue," ca. 1900. He never stopped. Early on, he had advisers, but according to Dr. Wille, the head of Sotheby's Zurich office, "They were more like teachers. Hirsch always had an independent eye." He also had a brilliant sense of timing. He understood the market. When medieval treasures from Imperial Russia came up for sale in the 1920's, he began acquiring medieval art.

By the time Hitler came to power, von Hirsch had a major collection, and when he left Germany in 1933, he took it with him. (In order to do so, he gave Field Marshal Goering Cranach's "Judgement of Paris." After the war, the Cranach was returned; von Hirsch never returned to Germany.)

Until his death last year, von Hirsch lived in Switzerland. When museum directors came to woo him there, he dined them. When they asked for an option to buy a rare object, he reportedly said, "You can buy it at the public auction after my death."

The items now for sale read like the inventory of a major museum: medieval enamels and ivories; Renaissance bronzes and paintings; Continental furniture and tapestries; Impressionist paintings and drawings; Klees and Picassos, rarely seen Cézannes, and the last privately owned Dürer watercolor. Because some items such as the Mosan enamel armilla are so rare, prices are impossible to estimate. The enamel armilla (ca. 1165-9) was made for the Emperor Barbarossa, who gave it to the Crown Prince of Russia, who gave it to the Cathedral at Kiev. It is one of a pair. The other is in the Louvre.

The sale, from June 20–27, is being called the art sale of the century. Other auctions have received that billing, but this one probably will be. The late connoisseur Bernard Berenson once said that in all his life he knew only three collectors who knew what they were collecting; one of them was Robert von Hirsch.

Taxes

By Julian Block

If the "nurse" does floors

You are entitled to a medical deduction for the salary paid for home nursing care of one of your dependents or yourself. This holds true even though the person you hire has no previous nursing experience; what counts is the *type of work* that is actually performed.

The paperwork can get complicated when you hire someone who doubles as a nurse and a housekeeper. The Internal Revenue Service says you must make an apportionment between the time he or she spends on nursing care, such as changing dressings or bathing a patient, and the time spent on nonmedical duties such as cleaning, cooking, or caring for healthy children. You can take a medical deduction only for payments (including the amounts you pay as an employer for Social Security taxes) for nursing care. You get no deduction for payments allocable to household chores.

Don't overlook a deduction for the amount you spend on the nurse's meals, but the cost must be apportioned in the same way as wages. If half of your helper's time is spent nursing, then only half of the meals are deductible. Rules are stricter when it comes to a deduction for the lodgings you furnish. You get no deduction unless you can show you made out-of-pocket expenditures directly attributable to the nurse that were greater than your normal household expenses—say, rent for an extra bedroom or additional utilities.

The IRS apparently requires the allocation to be made strictly on the basis of the *amount of time* spent on medical care. It doesn't take into account the possibility that the going rate for medical service is higher than for household services. Since the IRS may indulge in some second-guessing on how much is deductible, keep a simple diary that breaks down on a daily basis what type of work was done.

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My glamorous life as "Rat Lady," other feats

A woman's hilarious history
of putting her foot in it—
for one good cause after another

By Frances Weaver

It all began with my mother. My most painful recollection of my participation in her volunteer career comes from my Girl Scout days. With great effort, a new cabin had been built in the City Park. Each troop would have a presentation. Ours was the last troop scheduled, so we waited "backstage," perched on the rafters above the ceiling of the brand-new building. In the middle of my mother's speech of dedication (Girl Scout Council, you know), I lost my balance and stuck my foot through the recently finished ceiling. She recognized my shoe.

Since then, I have continued to stick my foot into it, voluntarily.

There are cynics who will tell you that being a volunteer is the excuse some women invent because they hate their vacuum cleaners. The contention is that some of us cannot control our guilt feelings while playing tennis all day with the beds unmade, but we feel fine about helping some Cub Scout build a model airplane even if our families have to depend on tuna fish and peanut butter for survival.

In my book, these are not reasons for volunteering. The real reason is that voluntarism is essential to our way of life—absolutely essential. Without it, there are resources and experiences that would otherwise be inaccessible to us. Even paying the minimum wage, nobody could afford to replace the work done by volunteers: tours for school children; providing transportation for patients going to therapy centers; keeping hospital costs from rising even more astronomically by sorting and delivering patients' mail, caring for their flowers, escorting newly admitted patients to their rooms.

"Should have learned to stick to my own business, but do-gooders are slow learners"

Why we volunteer is usually serious, but the means to the end can be hilarious. Take it from me—my days as a volunteer are numbered—in the thousands.

It was in suburban Kansas City that I became known as the Rat Lady. Elected to the city council with more votes than all three of my male opponents (was I a feminist in '52 and didn't know it?), I was chairman of Public Health and Parks. My first assignment: dealing with rats and irate homeowners.

What we took to be lovely little creeks in our backyards were actually storm sewers. The homeowners landscaped their "creek beds" with honeysuckle vines. Perfect nesting places for rats, but rats are troublesome when you want the children to play outside.

There were delegations to the council meetings. Experts were called in. Traps were out of the question because of the children, of course, so the city began trimming away the honeysuckle vines. Such a furor you have never heard! Those people didn't want rats. They didn't want traps. But—most of all—they didn't want anyone trimming their honeysuckle vines.

I should have learned right then to stick to my own business, but do-gooders are slow learners.

Almost immediately after moving farther west, I was into it again. My first meeting of the State Board of the Auxiliary to the Colorado Medical Society is a classic example of my success as a volunteer. I'll do anything!

(Continued on page 52)

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"RAT LADY"

(Continued from page 50)

The state president, a neighbor of ours, was afraid that nobody would pay attention to the committee reports at a meeting when the national president would be there. I was to interrupt and disrupt the meeting with preplanned questions and criticism, thus literally forcing everyone else in the room to take the side of the reporting chairman.

The plan succeeded better than we had hoped for. I was a newcomer; nobody knew me. The craze at the time was the sack dress (remember?). Even I could make one of those, and the one I created was plaid—yellow, red, and orange. I looked like the Ringling Brothers gone mad. To this, I added black hosiery, not seen every day in Colorado in the early 'fifties, and a broad-brimmed hat of beaver felt pulled down to my eyebrows. I chewed gum.

As I took my seat in the meeting room in the Brown Palace, I really wanted to explain myself to the nice young lady beside me. "I'm supposed to be acting this way," I said. She stared for a brief moment, looked away, and never laid eyes on me again. I wonder who she was.

I raised hell and never enjoyed a meeting more. Mrs. Boyer was forced to disclose our plot when one of the ladies brought in a bellman to throw me out. To this day, twenty years later, I have not gone back.

That's a good lesson. Do a good job and get out.

In line of duty with the church, I have pleasant memories of teaching Sunday School. My favorites were the three- and four-year-olds. One day, I asked if anyone could tell me what a disciple was. Answer: "That's a fancy name for a two-wheeler." Again, I said, "Why is Father Spencer here?" Answer: "He's the one who passes out the drinks." Some of my students called me Mrs. Holy Ghost. One pitiful youngster was pushed toward me by his mother. "Ask her! Ask her!" The poor kid stammered: "How old is Jesus?" I said, "He's a grown-up." That satisfied him and his silly mother. I thank God for throwing me that line.

To be invited to help with the Choir Camp was an honor, someone said. Not all of the mothers were chosen. My friend Mary and I did our bit. She cooked; I hiked. Each of us had three children in the choir, and I never heard any of them sing. Mary stopped at four kids, so did I. Perhaps, it was because we never produced a soloist.

"We saluted the flag in total darkness"

During political campaigns, I have worn clown costumes, driven golf carts through shopping centers, blown up balloons, and suffered generally. My greatest triumph was the evening I was in charge of the program for the Lincoln Day Dinner. These dinners had been awful. I would show the world, or at least our county, how they should be handled.

After the invocation, a recent Vietnam veteran would lead the salute to the flag. Then, drama would devastate the crowd. Lights would be reduced to one spot on the flag, fluttering in the breeze of a strategically placed fan—a lone trumpet would begin "Mine eyes have seen the glory . . .". At the proper moment, we dignitaries at the speakers' table would start to sing "Glory, glory, hallelujah . . ." and the audience would join in. There wouldn't be a dry eye in the hall.

On the big day, about five o'clock, the county chairman who was to be MC called to say he had fallen off the curb and broken his hand, but he could tough it out if he could get his tuxedo on over his cast. The veteran had the flu and failed to show up at all. I was seated between the priest and the governor. *All* of the lights went out, so we saluted the flag in total darkness. All of the lights came back on except the spot, but the fan didn't work. The harried trumpet player tried to rejuvenate the fan and to play at the same time, muttering "Damn, damn, damn." We sang "Glory, glory . . ." and sat down. The rest was worse.

One other political triumph bears repeating. In charge of campaign headquarters and activities for our U.S. Senator, I had brainstormed once more. It was shopping bags this time. The day before election was Downtown Value Day. Teenage Republicans would be on Main Street distributing free shopping bags touting our candidate.

Woolworth's was two blocks away. Within the first hour of our onslaught, the manager of the store stormed in. "Who is in charge here?" I told him. "You are giving people those huge shopping bags and they're robbing us blind," he informed me. So much for that. However, our man ran well ahead of the rest of the ticket: perhaps the shoplifters outnumbered the merchants.

Football is really a treat for mothers. It's not enough to agonize about your son's not getting to play at all. If he does, you hope that both of you will live through it. Then the coach (handsome devil) asks the mothers to cooperate. Video-taping equipment can be had for the good of our boys if the mothers will wash the game suits to save laundry costs.

Every Friday night, we lined up in the stadium like birds on a wire. We should have been on TV. Mrs. Smith would say, "Oh, your son's pants look so white! What did you use this week?" My reply, just as polite: "John is just sparkling. Are you still depending on Biz?" Everyone else in the stadium hollered, "Let's go north!" Our group shrieked, "Get up off that grass!"

No account of voluntarism could be complete without the Service League. Aside from blood banks, museum tours, library duties, art shows, and TV auctions, there were the Follies. Eight of us who had been in the volunteer business for years performed together and brought down the house.

Responding to compliments about our performance, one of my sons said, "They should be good at it, they've been making fools of themselves like that for twenty years, all for some good cause."

I will not say that I'm through now; it's just that we all have to change interests at some point or other, respond to a different drummer. Might be best if I do stop now, however, or someone will put on my tombstone the epitaph I fear the most: "SHE MEANT WELL." ▽



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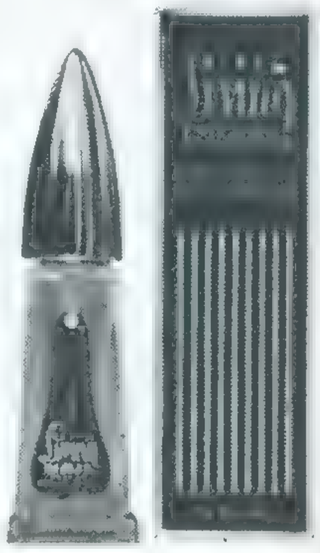
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Paris: alive and well and living it up

A city gone romance-crazy, pastel-mad, where dancing's disco in a '20's music hall

By Françoise Mohrt

Paris—color it red, white, and blue. *Le Fond de l'air est rouge* (literally, "the undercurrent of the air is red"), says the title of the Chris Marker film that all the young are flocking to see. But, it is also blue . . . blue, like the new uniforms of the unpopular women traffic wardens whose job it is to deal out fines to the owners of illegally parked cars. Now, the traffic women are nicknamed *les pervenches* (periwinkles) instead of *les aubergines* (eggplants—the color of their horrible former uniforms)....

"Nicholas de Staël blue" is the new color of Sonia Rykiel's knits . . . and *Les Fleurs bleues,* by Raymond Queneau, is the title of the one-thousandth volume in the Editions Gallimard's "Folio" collection (a French paperback series, compiled in record time—1971–1978, that is having a terrific success). Folio has published works by more than two hundred well-known French authors (certain volumes—such as *Choses vues* by Victor Hugo or the *Lettres de Russie* by Custine—had become impossible to find) and by over a hundred foreign authors, who can now be read by everyone. One hundred and fifty different illustrators (including Folon and Siné) designed the book covers for the series; their works are now on show at the Centre Georges Pompidou and make an exciting, complete panorama of contemporary graphics. . . .

Yes, **Raymond Queneau** (the father of *Zazie dans le métro,* who died in 1976) is in fashion again, with his Basque beret and his kindly, sad eyes behind his glasses. The Centre Georges Pompidou has devoted an exhibition to him, where young visitors discover the forty-four hilarious photographs this great writer took of himself one day in 1928 and the never-seen watercolors that Queneau painted....

In fashion, too, are superstars: **Peter Townsend**—we've seen him on television; he has made the front page of newspapers; magazines *Paris Match* and *France Soir* have been publishing, in weekly episodes, his past idyll with **Princess Margaret.** French women's hearts are fluttering again, twenty-two years later. . . . **Richard Bofill,** thirty-nine: His architectural project for the renovation of the Halles area is the only one to have been definitely chosen by the city of Paris. He is publishing a book, *Architecture d'un homme* (Editions Arthaud), and commuting between Paris and its "Trou des Halles" (the hole), Barcelona (where he lives in a renovated factory), and Algiers (where associates are working). . . .

Eric Tabarly, forty-seven years old, christened *"le Tarzan des mers"* (Tarzan of the seas): The novelty of his ship's uranium-coated keel has given rise to *kilometres* of newspaper articles, but his appearance on television is what's really caused hearts to beat—watching him vaulting between the masts, barefooted, and with great vigor; arriving second, in Rio de Janeiro, at the end of a round-the-world race; explaining that —when sailing—he shaves without soap and cleans his teeth without toothpaste! . . .

Geneviève Picon, the blond: She has just created the world's first poster museum (Musée de L'Affiche, 18 rue de Paradis) in an extraordinary old crockery shop dating from—and unchanged since—1900. The museum's first exhibition has been a spectacular success: three centuries of French posters from **Daumier, Cappiello, Mucha, Toulouse-Lautrec, Magritte** to **Sarah Moon** for Cacharel. "Posters," said Matisse, "are the frescoes of modern times." . . .

Sonia Rykiel, the redhead: She has been retained to redecorate the vast, old-fashioned Hotel Lutetia (boulevard Raspail); she is writing, for Grasset publishers, a book of all her ideas (jams, reversible clothes, the importance of black in decoration, etc.); and she has asked Parfums Rochas to create her new perfume—which, it is whispered, will be called "No. 6" (after 6 rue de Grenelle, the address of her boutique)....

In the news: **Marie-Hélène Breillat,** who, thanks to her producer-husband Edouard Molinaro, is starring in a serial on TV as the latest of Colette's "Claudines." (One used to read about those Claudines in secret!) The schoolgirl of 1900, as played by Marie-Hélène, now has the look of a slightly wanton ingenue—with huge, treacherous eyes and a now-fashionable white collar (that's called, in fact, "a Claudine collar")....*Les Peines de coeur d'une chatte Anglaise* (*The Heartaches of an English Cat*), produced by Kim D'Estainville, is the best show in Paris and a triumph at the Théâtre Montparnasse. All the actors, hidden behind sumptuous masks of heads of tomcats, dogs, and voluptuous lady cats, perform with exceptional elegance and class. Decor and costumes are by Rostislav Dobouginsky. . . .

What's popular in Paris? **Cashmere blankets**—from China—in delicate pastels; found at Pelwool (114 rue Montmartre) . . . the book by a self-taught shepherd that tells of "the natural life" in the Alps of Haute-Provence: *Le Clos du roi* by Marcel Scipion (Editions Seghers). This book evokes the vivid country tastes and smells for which the French are becoming more and more nostalgic. (A taxi driver told me recently that he has taken dozens of young women to the **Agriculture Salon;** they are going there to learn about breeds of sheep and goats so they can go live more healthily in the country.) Scipion's is also a "regional" book (a new

(Continued on page 59)



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Only 5 mg. 'tar.'

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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine ave. per cigarette by FTC method.

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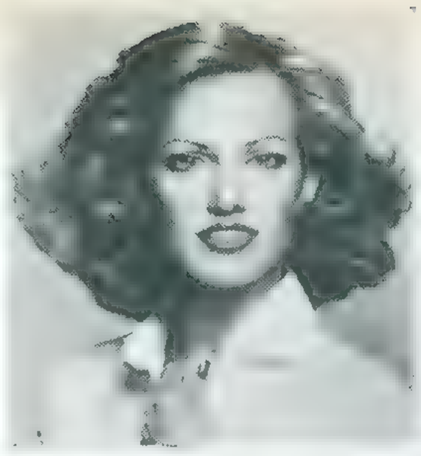
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Mertz **DELAWARE Wilmington** Sears, John Wanamaker **DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA** Woodward & Lothrop, Mayflower Hotel, Washington Hilton **FLORIDA Daytona Beach** Furchgott's **Ft. Lauderdale** Jordan Marsh **Jacksonville** Sears **Miami** Jordan Marsh **Orlando** Jordan Marsh **Pensacola** McRae's **St. Petersburg** Maas Brothers **Tampa** Maas Brothers **West Palm Beach** Jordan Marsh **GEORGIA Athens** Davison's **Atlanta** J. P. Allen (Lenox Sq.), Davison's, Sears **Augusta** Davison's, Sears **Columbus** Sears **Decatur** Davison's **Macon** Belk Matthews, Davison's, Sears **Savannah** Sears **HAWAII** Liberty House, Joseph Magnin **ILLINOIS Arlington Heights** Goldblatt's **Aurora** Carson Pirie Scott, Weise's **Bloomington** Bergner's **Champaign** Bergner's, Goldblatt's **Chicago** Bonwit Teller, Carson Pirie Scott, Crimpers, Drake Hotel, Goldblatt's, I. Magnin, Marriott Hotel, Neiman Marcus, Sears (W. Irving Pk.), Venture, Wieboldt's **Decatur** Goldblatt's **Freeport** Weise's **Galesburg** Bergner's **Joliet** Goldblatt's, Wieboldt's **Moline** Younkers **Morton Grove** Goldblatt's **Pekin** Bergner's **Peoria** Bergner's **Peru** Bergner's **Rockford** Goldblatt's, Weise's **Springfield** Famous Barr, Goldblatt's, Myers Brothers **Waukegan** Goldblatt's, Wieboldt's **Wilmette** Carson Pirie Scott **INDIANA Evansville** DeJong's **Fort Wayne** Hutner's **Gary** Goldblatt's **Hammond** Carson Pirie Scott, Goldblatt's **Indianapolis** Block's, F & R Lazarus **Merrillville** Sears **Mishawaka** Goldblatt's **Richmond** Elder-Beerman **IOWA Cedar Rapids** Younkers **Davenport** Younkers **Des Moines** Younkers **Dubuque** Roshek's **Iowa City** Younkers **Sioux City** Younkers **W. Burlington** Younkers **KANSAS Kansas City** Adler's, Harzfeld's, Sears (Overland Park) **Wichita** Sears **KENTUCKY Florence** Shillito's **Lexington** Shillito's **Louisville** Almart, Shillito's **LOUISIANA Baton Rouge** Sears **New Orleans** Holmes, Royal Orleans Hotel **Shreveport** Palais Royal **MAINE Bangor** Freese's **Lewiston** Peck's, Sears **MARYLAND Annapolis** Woodward & Lothrop **Baltimore** The Hecht Co. (Downtown), Hochschild's, Hutzlers (Eastpoint), Korvettes **Bethesda** Woodward & Lothrop **Chevy Chase** Woodward & Lothrop **Columbia** Woodward & Lothrop **Hagerstown** Eyerly's **Landover** Woodward & Lothrop **Langley Park** Korvettes **Salisbury** Benjamins **Silver Springs** Sears **Wheaton** Woodward & Lothrop **MASSACHUSETTS Auburn** Cherry & Webb, Outlet **Beverly** Almy's **Boston** The Colonnade Hotel, Crimpers, Jordan Marsh, Kennedy's **Danvers** Almy's **Fall River** Cherry & Webb **Gardner** Almy's **Greenfield** Wilson's **Hadley** Almy's **Hanover** Almy's **Holyoke** Steiger's **Lawrence** Cherry & Webb **Lowell** Jordan Marsh **Malden** Jordan Marsh **Methuen** Jordan Marsh **New Bedford** Cherry & Webb, Star Store **North Dartmouth** Cherry & Webb **Peabody** Jordan Marsh **Revere** Almy's **Springfield** Blake's, Sears, Steiger's **Worcester** Jordan Marsh, R. H. White **MICHIGAN Ann Arbor** Hudson's **Benton Harbor** Goldblatt's **Birmingham** Crowley's **Dearborn** Hudson's **Detroit** Hudson's, Korvettes, Sears **Farmington** Crowley's **Flint** Hudson's **Grand Rapids** Hudson's **Livonia** Sears **Novi** Hudson's **Pontiac** Hudson's **Saginaw** Hudson's **Sterling Heights** Hudson's **MINNESOTA Minneapolis** Powers, Young Quinlan **St. Paul** Field Schlick, Powers **MISSISSIPPI Greenville** McRae's **Hattiesburg** McRae's **Jackson** McRae's, Sears **Laurel** Efird's **Meridian** McRae's **Tupelo** McRae's **MISSOURI Antioch** Adlers **Clayton** Famous Barr **Independence** Sears **Joplin** Vandevers **Kansas City** Harzfeld's **St. Ann** Boyd's **St. Louis** Famous Barr **Springfield** Heers **NEBRASKA Lincoln** Ben Simon **NEVADA Las Vegas** The Broadway, Diamond's, Joseph Magnin, Sahara Hotel **Reno** Joseph Magnin **NEW HAMPSHIRE Derry** Almy's **Manchester** Sears **Nashua** Almy's **NEW JERSEY Asbury Park** Steinbach's **Deptford** Sears, John Wanamaker **Eatontown** Abraham & Straus, Hahne's **East Brunswick** Bamberger's **East Orange** Franklin Simon **Hackensack** Franklin Simon, Martin's **Lawrenceville** Hahne's, Sears **Livingston** Hahne's **Manalapan** Steinbach's **Moorestown** Sears, John Wanamaker **Morristown** M. Epstein **Neptune** Steinbach's **Newark** Hahne's **Ocean** Sears, Steinbach's **Paramus** Abraham & Straus, B. Altman & Co., Korvettes, Stern Bros. **Paterson** Meyer Brothers **Plainfield** Steinbach's **Pleasantville** Steinbach's **Rockaway** Bamberger's **Short Hills** B. Altman & Co. **Toms River** Bamberger's **Trenton** Sears **Wayne** Sears, Stern Bros. **Westfield** Hahne's **Woodbridge** Abraham & Straus, Stern Bros. **NEW MEXICO Albuquerque** The Broadway **NEW YORK Albany** Almart, Sears **Amherst** Jenss **Babylon** Martin's **Brooklyn** Abraham & Straus, Alexander's (Kings Plaza), Martin's **Buffalo** Adam Meldrum & Anderson, Hens & Kelley **DeWitt** Flah's **Elmhurst** Abraham & Straus **Garden City** Martin's **Glens Falls** Erlanger's, Howland **Hempstead** Abraham & Straus **Huntington** Abraham & Straus, Martin's **Jamestown** Bigelow's **Kingston** Sears **Lake Grove** Macy's (Smith Haven), Martin's **Latham** Boston Store **Manhasset** B. Altman & Co. **Mount Kisco** The Silo **New Hartford** Howland **New York** Bergdorf Goodman, Black Hair Is (70th St. & 8th St.), Crimpers (E. 62nd St.), Essex House, Henri Bendel, Korvettes, Macy's (4th floor Herald Square, New Rochelle, Smith Haven), Plaza Hotel, John Wanamaker **Niskayuna** Boston Store **North Utica** Howland **Oneonta** Bresee's **Poughkeepsie** Luckey Platt, Up-to-Date **Rochester** Edward's, McCurdy's, Sibley's **Schenectady** Carl's **Staten Island** Garbers **Syracuse** Sibley's, Witherill's **White Plains** B. Altman & Co., Bergdorf Goodman, Crimpers, Sears **Yonkers** Alexander's, John Wanamaker **NORTH CAROLINA Asheville** John Carroll **Charlotte** Copion's, Franklin Simon **Fayetteville** Miller & Rhoads **Gastonia** Matthews Belk **Greensboro** Miller & Rhoads **Raleigh** Miller & Rhoads **NORTH DAKOTA Fargo** Herbst **OHIO Akron** O'Neil's **Alliance** Stern & Mann **Bowling Green** Lasalle's **Canton** O'Neil's, Stern & Mann **Centerville** Elder-Beerman **Cincinnati** Gidding & Jenny, Shillito's **Cleveland** Higbee's, May Co. **Columbus** F & R Lazarus, Sears, The Union Co. **Dayton** Elder-Beerman, Rikes **Fairborn** Elder-Beerman **Hamilton** Elder-Beerman **Lima** Elder-Beerman, Gregg's **Lorain** May Co. **Mansfield** F & R Lazarus, O'Neil's **Maumee** Lamsons **Middletown** Elder-Beerman **Niles** Rappold's **Piqua** Elder-Beerman **Richmond Hgts.** Franklin Simon **Salem** Strouss **Toledo** Hudson's, Jacobson's **Youngstown** Strouss **OKLAHOMA Midwest City** Sears **Oklahoma City** John A. Brown **Tulsa** John A. Brown **OREGON Eugene** Lipman's **Portland** Liberty House, Lipman's **PENNSYLVANIA Bethlehem** The Bethlehem Hotel **Broomall** Lady Bug **Camp Hill** Schleisner's **Carlisle** The Bon-Ton **Chambersburg** Eyerly's **Hanover** The Bon-Ton **Harrisburg** John Wanamaker **Hazelton** Fowler Dick & Walker **Hershey** Bowman's **Jenkintown** Bonwit Teller, John Wanamaker **Lancaster** Gimbel's, Ormond's **Lewistown** The Bon-Ton **McKeesport** Cox's **New Castle** Strouss **Philadelphia** Bonwit Teller, Sears, John Wanamaker **Pittsburgh** Carlton House, Sears **Reading** Whitner's **St. David's** B. Altman & Co. **Scranton** Oppenheim's **Sharon** Strouss **State College** Lady Bug **Uniontown** The Bon-Ton **Wilkes Barre** Fowler Dick & Walker **York** The Bon-Ton **RHODE ISLAND Providence** Cherry & Webb, Peerless **Warwick** Jordan Marsh **SOUTH CAROLINA Columbia** Davison's, Sears **SOUTH DAKOTA Sioux Falls** Younkers **TENNESSEE Chattanooga** Loveman's, Sears **Knoxville** Almart, Sears **Memphis** Franklin Simon **Nashville** Cain-Sloan **TEXAS Austin** Scarbrough's **Beaumont** Joske's **Dallas** Fairmont Hotel, Titche's **El Paso** Popular **Houston** Battelsteins, Joske's, Sears (Wayside, Westwood Mall), Warwick Hotel **San Antonio** Sears **Wichita Falls** McClurkans **UTAH Salt Lake City** Joseph Magnin **VERMONT Burlington** Magram's **VIRGINIA Charlottesville** Miller & Rhoads **Fairfax** Corner House **Hampton** Miller & Rhoads, Rices Nachmans, Korvettes **Martinsville** Globman's **McLean** Woodward & Lothrop **Newport News** Rices Nachmans **Norfolk** Rices Nachmans **Portsmouth** Rices Nachmans **Richmond** Miller & Rhoads **Roanoke** Heironimus, Miller & Rhoads **Seven Corners** Woodward & Lothrop **Springfield** Korvettes **Virginia Beach** Miller & Rhoads, Rices Nachmans, Sears **WASHINGTON Everett** Bon Marche **Seattle** Bon Marche, I. Magnin **Spokane** Bon Marche **Tacoma** Bon Marche, Liberty House **Walla Walla** Bon Marche **Yakima** Bon Marche **WEST VIRGINIA Beckley** Stone & Thomas **Charleston** Stone & Thomas **Fairmont** Parsons Sauders **Wheeling** Stone & Thomas **WISCONSIN Beloit** Weise's **Janesville** Weise's **Madison** Manchester's **Milwaukee** Boston Store, Marc Plaza Hotel **Racine** Goldblatt's

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LETTER FROM PARIS

(Continued from page 56)

fad in present-day literature) like Pierre Jakez Hélias' successful book on Brittany, *Le Cheval d'orgueil*, and the equally popular *Memoirs* of Marcel Pagnol. . . .

What's "in"? **Parisian men growing beards:** like writer François Nourissier's, or the monthly more luxuriant beard of Julien Besançon, which punctuates his TV program *l'Evénment* (*Outstanding Events of the Month*), or the very black beard of Paul Barba-Negra, who has deciphered the secrets of Versailles and Mont-Saint-Michel in several very beautiful, short documentaries. Barba-Negra invents a sort of "sacred geography," where axes of construction, orientation, and architecture are directed to the sun. . . . Also "in" are Parisian men who take their very young children everywhere with them (**Vadim** was the first). It's no longer the housewife who pushes the baby carriage—how the streets of Paris have changed! . . .

Art flash: The Louvre has made some important new acquisitions, but most exciting of them all is a portrait of Sigismond Malatesta that was painted by Piero Della Francesca in about 1450. The Louvre bought it from an American dealer who obtained the painting from the Contini-Bonacossi family (Florentine antique dealers); price—about 7.5 million francs ($1.5 million). It is being examined by Madeleine Hours's unique Services de Restauration du Louvre—is the painting authentic or not? . . .

Salvador Dalí will have works on show, for four months in 1979, at the Centre Georges Pompidou. . . . **Henry Michaux**, at seventy-eight, has returned to painting and has an exhibit at Le Point Cardinal Gallery (3 rue Jacob). . . .

Euphoria—found in watching a fifteen-minute film showing **Calder**, like a big, debonaire bear, playing with his little wire sculptures (much applauded at the Centre Georges Pompidou) . . . listening to the record *Oxygène*, by composer Jean-Michel Jarre (who has set up house in Paris with Charlotte Rampling and children) . . . dancing (as **Paloma Picasso** and **Yves Saint Laurent**—who's always in black and white, with fire-engine-red socks—do) in the 1920's music-hall decor of the new, hypnotizing discothèque Théâtre le Palace. Run by Fabrice Emaer (of Club Sept), the disco is open Thursday to Sunday only (8 rue du Faubourg Montmartre). . . .

White, everywhere—as in *La Femme au col blanc* by Modigliani and the sculpture *Toilette de Venus* by Rodin. Both were musts to see when shown at the Grand Palais. . . . White has never been worn as much as it was this winter (you'd see women in white pants with red fox jackets, in white flannel shirts and white pants for skiing, in white silk capes/ponchos or tunics). But for spring, it's pastels: Three new boutiques have opened in the heart of the Left Bank, on the rue des Saint-Pères: **Aquarelle** (for home decorations, materials, eiderdowns), **Sabbia Rosa** (for the most feminine lingerie in the world), and **Bleu Pâle**.

Which brings us back to blue—the blue of the Paris sky in June, the blue of **La Porte Bleue** (a jewelry shop) or of **La Main Bleue** (the punk discothèque where one must have been, at least once, to be really in the know). ▽





Get him set for
summer with
a great new cut,
a great scent,
a great sun-care system

Men's Looks Now

HAIR NEWS

Some of the best men's cuts are coming out of Kenneth's and Le Salon—where Calvin Klein has his hair cut by Raymond Camacho. "For a neat look," says Raymond, "hair should be about ¼- to ½-inch below the natural hair line." . . . Cleansing news: a very gentle new Conditioning Shampoo—Colorado Sage by Jess Bell. And for musk lovers—Monsieur Houbigant Musk Natural Protein Shampoo.

To give a man, then steal from him: Brooks Brothers drawstring/tie-silk toiletries bags, below. $16.50 each.

POTPOURRI IDEA

One thing to do with Claire Burke's basket of Fontana men's potpourri, *above*: Stash handfuls of it (tucked in muslin bags) in the pockets of his tweed jackets when you put them away for summer. Keeps clothes fresh. So does Renaissance Gardens wood-boxed earth/leather potpourri for men.

A wonderful way to enjoy cologne and have it do something really good for you at the same time: as a soothing after-shave balm. New to try: Jovan Sex Appeal for Men Moisturizing Balm, *above*.

For men who shave daily, it's wonderful to find that something has actually been made easier and—if that's possible—more pleasant. Now in this category: the Eltron 770 electric shaver; Chess for Men and Bill Blass scents—to splash and slather post-shave.

SUN-GUARDING

He may *think* his skin is tough; but, when he's out in the sun, he's up against the same problem you are: burning. So screening is a must! Which brings us to a new line of sun products from the people at Aramis. The lineup, *at left*: Solar Shield Cream, Deep Bronzing Oil, All-Over Skin Soother.



B and B
The romance never goes out of some marriages.

Perhaps some marriages are still made in heaven. But one heavenly marriage is made only in Fécamp, France. It's B and B. Benedictine and Brandy.

With unmatched finesse, the intriguing and enticing liqueur that is Benedictine is wed to fine Cognac. The result is what every marriage should be—unvarying delight. That's why when there is romance in your soul, there should be B and B in your glass. B and B "On the Rocks."

86 Proof

From Benedictine Fécamp, France

1877 Centennial 1977





for the face

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is sexy. And so is
clean, silky skin.

That's why we felt
the need to develop
a new line of health
and beauty treatments
for your face.
Skincare that treats
your skin
as the original it is.

We've done just that.

By shampooing your face
with one of our
Treatment Cleansing Bars
or Emulsion,
conditioning it with one
of our Skin Vitality
Toners and protecting it
with something
as original as our
specially developed
moisturizers,
your face will be glowing.

A feeling which could
only come from Sassooning.
Because,
If you don't look good,
we don't look good."

—Vidal Sassoon



At fine stores

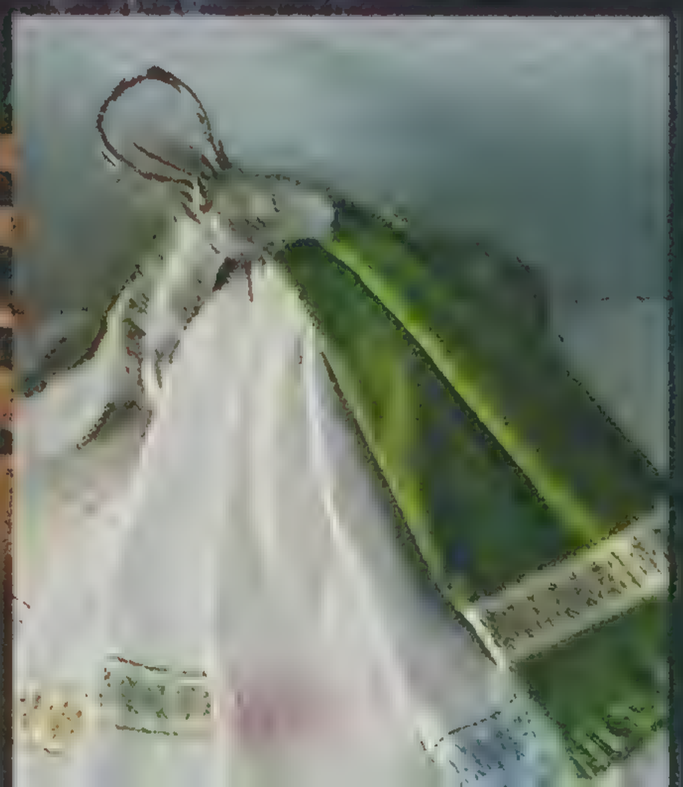
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Mood. It's a certain feeling for luxury, for quality. Royal Family has it with soft plush towels in a virtual rainbow of colors. Royal Family also offers extra luxury in exclusive new Comfortcale,™ the very cotton sheet, available in selected patterns.

Mood. It's designers like an Oscar de la Renta, constantly seeking the new and different for Cannon, anticipating fashion trends so you always have the last word in bed and bath decor.

Mood. Elusive, profusive—a very personal matter. And the beauty of it all is, no matter what your mood, Royal Family has the mood to match it.

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Available in eight refreshing forms: Cologne/Afterbath Splash, Cologne Concentrate and Spray Mist, Bubble Bath, Hand and Body Moisturizing Lotion, Cologne Concentrate Creme Soap, Anti-perspirant and Deodorant Spray, and perfumed Dusting Powder At cosmetic counters of fine stores everywhere.

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BUF-PUF



BUF-PUF gives your skin a fresh, tingly, alive feeling and a vibrant glow. With BUF-PUF your skin looks and feels better...is nicer to touch.

Developed by a leading dermatologist, BUF-PUF is a unique, non-medicated cleansing sponge that gently buffs away dirt and dead skin cells as you wash. This mild buffing is called epidermabrasion and it helps even the cloudiest complexion take on a new brightness.

BUF-PUF is also available with a contoured, re-usable handle as BUF™ BODY SCRUB to help smooth the dry, rough skin on hard-to-reach areas of your body.

Available in pharmacies and other stores where health and beauty aids are sold.

For your face and body

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Nonmedicated cleansing sponge

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SUBSIDIARY OF 3M COMPANY

Lingerie: Summer Cool

At-home,
on the beach—
"un-dressing"
too pretty to hide!





WHERE TO LOOK . . .

. . . for some of the easiest summer clothes: the lingerie department. . . . *Above,* the slip to live in at home—a long white cotton voile chemise, tucked and inset with Chantilly lace. Roland Comerford Importer for Joelle, $100.

Summer essential, right: a sheer strapless bra—Risque by Lily of France, of nylon with embroidered trim, $12. Hand-scalloped white silk satin bikini, Montenapoleone, $35.

The news of terry . . . *Above:* Best version of the classic wrap robe to own, to double as cover for a bathing suit—a white kimono, cotton terry outside/velours inside. Cathy di Montezemolo, $90. *Right:* Bill Tice's white-edged light-blue terry sarong—a towel to wear! For Swirl, of cotton/polyester, $24.

All prices approximate



Far left: The ease of a nightshirt . . . for day—in white, to slip over pants or a maillot. Olgalon by Olga, of nylon tricot, $25. Elsa Peretti of Tiffany diamond earstuds. *Left:* Not for sleeping only—Geoffrey Beene's summer pyjama—red-and-white checked shirt, striped shorts. For Swirl, of cotton/Avril polyester, $40. Hair, Alice for Xavier, New York; makeup, Sandra Linter. Stores, next to last pages.

Errol Sawyer

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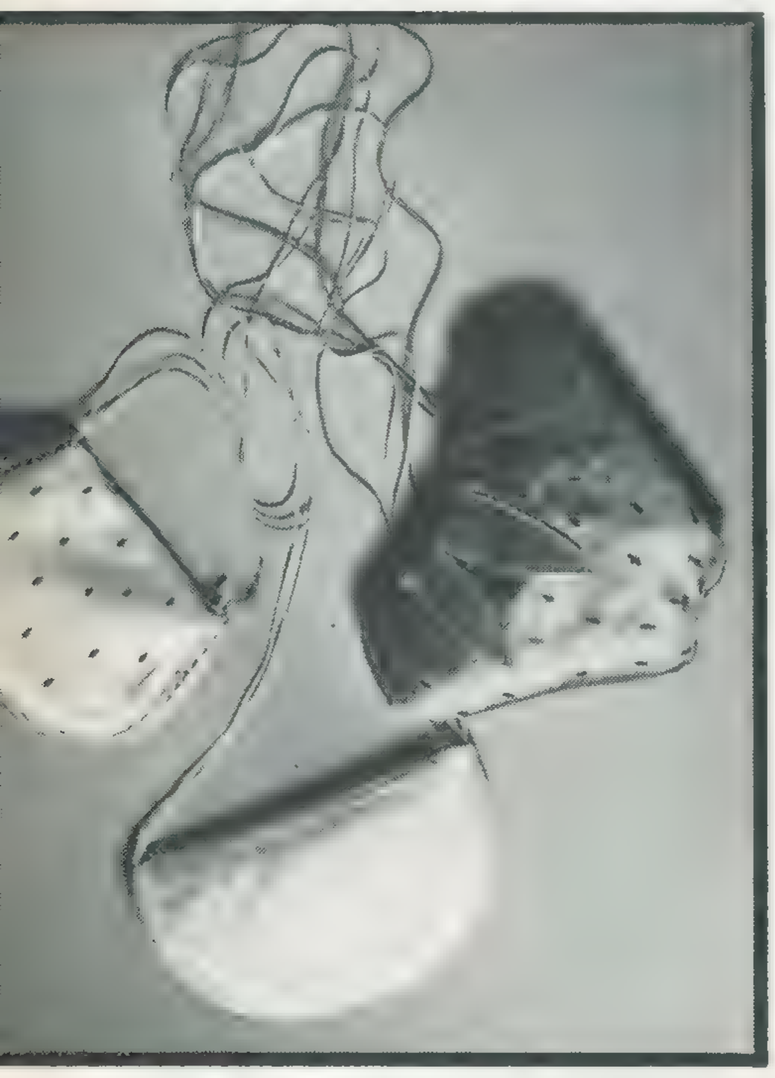
Rare taste.



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1978 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

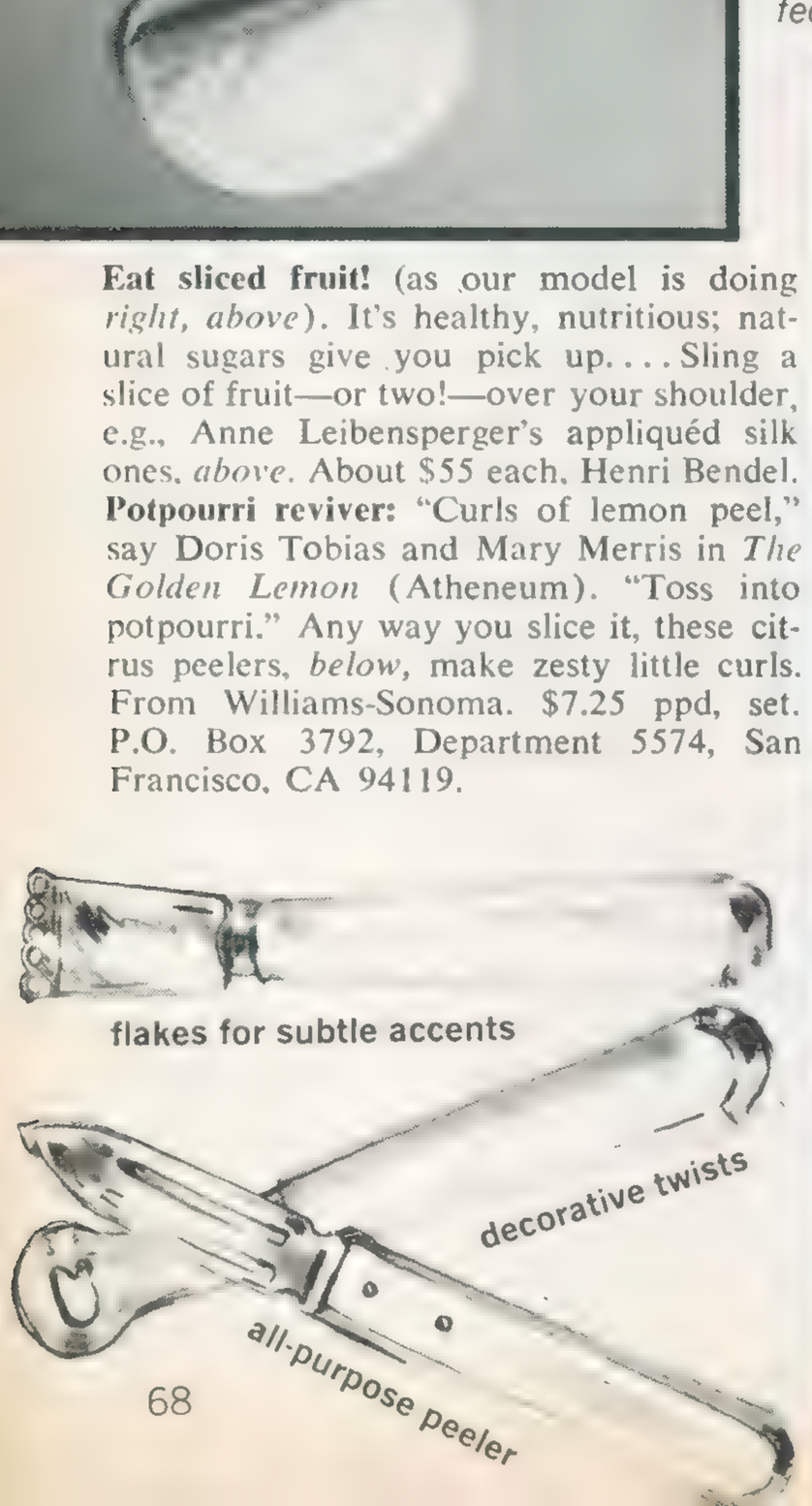
Beauty Now

This summer—enjoy fruit all these refreshing ways



Have a fresh-fruit facial! Tomatoes and limes are natural astringents, avocados moisturize, papayas scrub. For how-to tips, check out "Beautiful Skin" (McKay), NYC face man Mario Badescu's new book full of make-them-yourself treatments—and treats. West Coast: stop at Susan Tarjan's Beverly Hills Salon (213/278-2274). She'll whip up a blended pickup for dry skin: 1 cake baker's yeast, ½ ripe avocado, 2 tablespoons cream—feels delicious!

Eat sliced fruit! (as our model is doing *right, above*). It's healthy, nutritious; natural sugars give you pick up.... Sling a slice of fruit—or two!—over your shoulder, e.g., Anne Leibensperger's appliquéd silk ones, *above*. About $55 each. Henri Bendel.
Potpourri reviver: "Curls of lemon peel," say Doris Tobias and Mary Merris in *The Golden Lemon* (Atheneum). "Toss into potpourri." Any way you slice it, these citrus peelers, *below*, make zesty little curls. From Williams-Sonoma. $7.25 ppd, set. P.O. Box 3792, Department 5574, San Francisco, CA 94119.





"Many fragrances have a citrus note—you may not notice it, but it's the key to giving scent a lift"

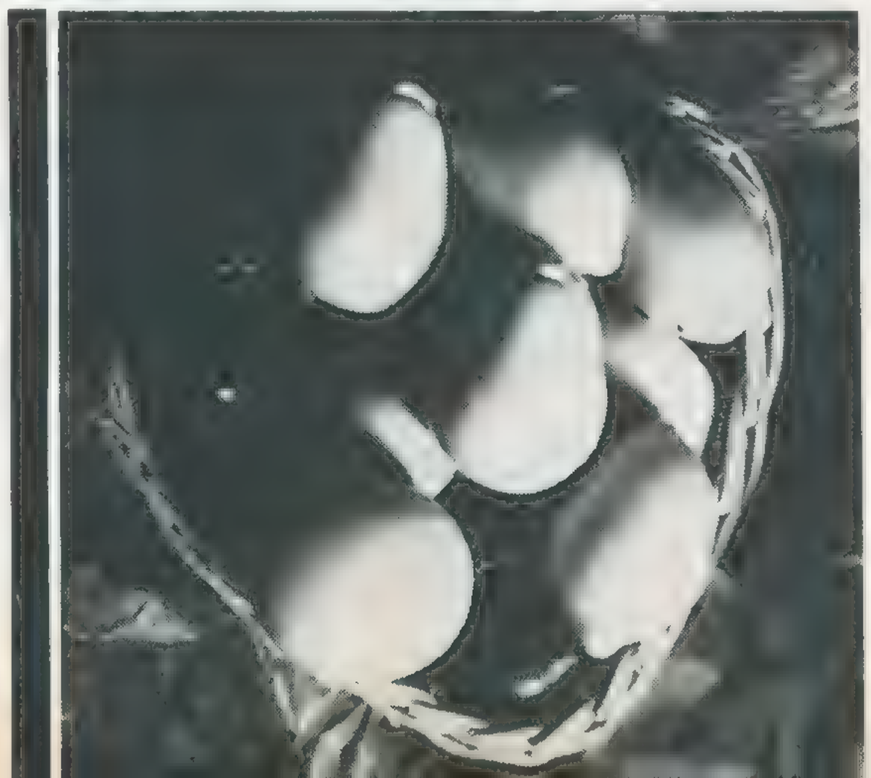
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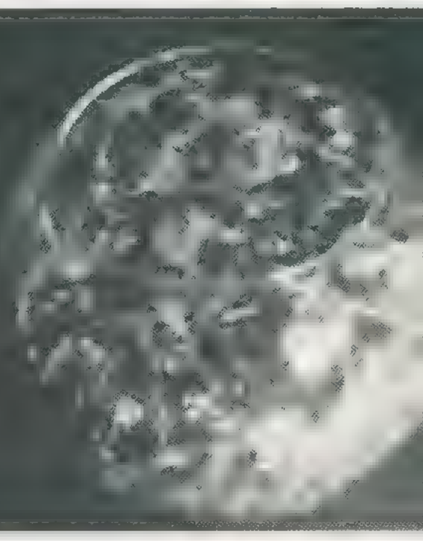


Peachy skin: It looks like a peach milk shake, but actually it's Aida Grey's Cleansing Peach Milk (right). Use one spoonful, then splash with cool water. $6.00 ppd. Aida Grey, 9549 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.



Face food: the Orange Peel Masque by Bonne Bell, left. Put on, peel off—and off come dirt, impurities. Leaves skin clean, scented.





Skinny sweets: these 7-calorie candies—in 8 flavors. We love them! To order: Golden Apples, (212) 946-1808.

BASKET OF FRUIT

Looking fresh from garden and orchard, a delicious array of summer soaps, *left*. Ripe Estée Lauder Aliage pears, $9.50 for three. Strawberry and lemon soaps from Self Center, Macy's, NYC. Crabtree & Evelyn's wonderful English fruit-based soaps—orange, tomato, apricot. Cambridge Chemists, NYC.

Everybody needs it...

New Ogilvie Hair Repair Shampoo.

It does more than just clean your hair. It actually repairs it.

Today everybody is blow-drying, heat-curling, perming or bleaching—leaving hair split, stripped and dried out as never before.

Now, Ogilvie scientists have developed a unique shampoo formula that actually repairs externally damaged hair.

A REMARKABLE RECONDITIONER in Ogilvie's new Hair Repair Shampoo is salon-tested and proven to do more than just clean and condition your hair.

It actually repairs split ends. Builds body. Makes your hair glow with a healthy sheen and leaves it thicker and more manageable. And the beauty of it is, it's so simple.

ONE-STEP HAIR CARE is here! No pre-conditioning; no after-conditioning. Ogilvie's unique new Hair Repair Shampoo does it all—and more!

You know it's special the moment you pour it. It's a richness you can feel; thick and silky and slippery-smooth.



Use it shampoo after shampoo. To get your hair into peak condition. . . and to keep it that way.

OGILVIE
HAIR REPAIR SHAMPOO
What your hairdresser does in the salon, Ogilvie does at home.



Beauty Now

Pretty summer looks: nails wearing soft pales or high gloss or a simple, natural glow

Shine nails with tints of color . . . but first get them in shape: At John La Joie's in L.A., seek out Margo of nail-wrap fame (213) 652-3740. NYC: Valery Benedek can tackle any nail problem (101 E. 84th St.). Home remedy: Bendyne's Living Nail strengthener — a really helpful tip!



Great with this summer's fashion: nails lacquered in pale beiges, desert tones. Among the prettiest seen — Jennifer O'Neill's range for Cutex, *left*. . . . Another great look: nails wearing nothing but a glaze of shine. Get it with Chanel's glossy Top Coat brushed over Base Coat. For beautiful color, slide a Chanel "classic" in between!

POLISH POINTERS: Enamel dries fastest, lasts longest when applied in thin, thin coats, allowed to dry *completely* after each. The shorter your nails, the paler polish should be; dark polish on short nails makes fingers look pudgy. For healthy nails: use non-acetone-based polish remover, such as the one Maji Nail makes. More good care: the whole line of "pH plus" nail-care essentials from Redken. Amusing: teeny Lee Nail Charms to apply on a toe, Nail Glaze over. By Lee Nails.





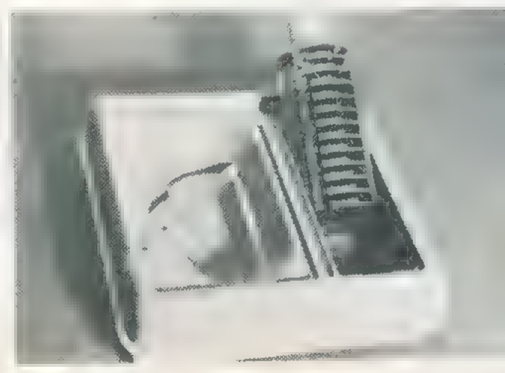


NAIL GLEAMERS

Summer/easy/new, left: Sheened bare nails kept super clean with natural-bristle brushing. (Brush, Kent of London.) Buff! — and always with paste, soft chamois. The roll here, $9 from Boyd's, 655 Madison Ave., NYC. . . . One "color" we love: Dior's pink-tinged Base Longue Durée.

MANICURE TIPS . . . these from nail whiz Moi (38 E. 63rd St., NYC). Best nail shaper: a diamond file so smooth you can go both ways and round rough edges. To remove worst nail ridges, Moi massages nails with cuticle remover cream, then slides a for-pros-only cuticle "cutter" along the surface of each nail. . . . To give yourself a super manicure: check out Helena Rubinstein's new Skin Life Lasting Nail Colors, along with their Skin Life Cream for Hands.

NAIL DO'S: *Dry nails peel, dry cuticles go ragged! One aid: nail/hand cream – puts the moisture back. So does Jovan Hot Oil Kit, right. Use with their new Flash-Dry – sets nail polish – honest! – in sixty seconds.*



There isn't a single inch of you we haven't thought about.





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Special Face Cream



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I grew up in the Orient... and I've got a secret

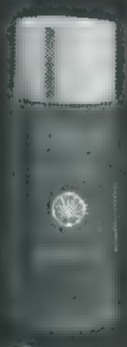
Ever since my teens, I had had problems with my skin. A severe acne condition had left my facial skin rough and unpretty. Nothing I tried seemed to help...until I visited Hong Kong, where a beautiful movie star friend introduced me to "Milo".

Milo is an amazing skin cream, made in Switzerland, which beautifully changes the skin texture. After using Milo for a short time, my face became smooth and tight and I actually looked much younger!

I learned I could depend on Milo to keep my skin looking radiant, but when I came to the United States, I was dismayed to find that it was not available here. I tried just about everything else without success. So, in desperation, I started importing Milo from Switzerland. Soon my friends started trying it and the word spread. I receive thousands of letters from customers who feel that "nothing can compare with Milo".

Many years have passed since I first visited Hong Kong...but I never have to lie about my age. Most people think I am much younger. Milo is my secret. You must try it and see that I am telling you the truth.

Emily Gordon



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Inexpensive sunglasses to buy in trios, stash where needed. *Top to bottom, above:* Polaroid aviators, $6; red "Annie Hall's" from Panoceanic, $7; mirrored Foster Grants, $6.

Eyes only



Summer eye roundup: inexpensive sunglasses, made-to-order eyewear, makeup news

Made-to-order eyewear:
Colors. Re lens tints, Ultimate Spectacle (1032 Third Ave., NYC) has over a hundred to choose from, does prescriptions ($45), non-prescriptions ($8). For frame color, check out Meyrowitz. Their crystal-clear frames can be dyed all colors. Newest: Meyrowitz's tricolor lenses "pink-up" cheeks, help myopic glasses look thinner. Shapes. Lost a pair of glasses? Can't find a certain style? Lugene Opticians will make them for you. From $50. . . . Amusing/odd shapes (e.g., the "soccerball" frames glasses-collector Elton John bought) at Optique Boutique (8653 Sunset Blvd., LA). From $175.

Three eye protectors—for sunning. Sunglasses that are big and dark enough to shield eyes from too much glare everywhere in sight (q.v., Mya's Chameleons in the picture *above*). For soothing: camomile eye pads, *above left.* Dampen with cool water, place over eyes. $5.50. Boyd's, 655 Madison Avenue, NYC 10021. For sleeping—anywhere! Black-satin shade *above right,* Trina.

Makeup rule for soft-contact-lens wearers: never line inner rim of eye with pencil. Soft contacts will absorb pigment.

Gentle way to trim, neat brows: Moi's honey of a waxing method. 38 East 63rd St., NYC 10021.

MAKEUP NEWS. For glasses-wearers: a curved eyeliner brush that slides—and fits—neatly behind glasses. Finally! you can see what you're doing. . . . For contact-lens wearers: a non-oily makeup remover—Eyenet Liquido—that won't "crawl" into eyes or fog lenses. Evermond, 2120-A N.E. 162 St., N. Miami Beach, FL 33162.

GLOSS FOR EYES, LASHES

Best summer eye "makeup" to own — a small-size tube of Vaseline (goes everywhere). A slick across lids shines, protects them. A tinge brushed on lashes is all the gloss you need.

This summer's eye: neutral grey, from palest to deep smoke—it works with everything you wear, doesn't look harsh in bright sun. (Aziza has some of the best.) Or the look of a bare lid, mascara on lashes—lots of it, applied in thin, thin coats. One to try: Maxi-Thick, Max Factor's new water-base mascara. P.M.: glimmering color. Such as Madeleine Mono's Arabian Lights Crayons.

Store information, next to last pages.



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Anthony Martin designer sunglasses: sunglasses that are as expressive as your eyes, that help people see you as you see yourself.

Sunglasses that are simply outrageously beautiful.

What's more, Anthony Martin is the first designer eyewear that is missing one big thing: a big price. But one thing is for sure: wear a pair and you'll never have to stand in anyone's shadow.

For more information on our sunglasses and ophthalmic eyewear, write P.O. Box 287, Fords, N.J. 08863. At your vision care specialist and better stores.

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Once a week is not enough.

If you have dry skin,

you probably think the ultimate treatment for it is a long soak in a tub with bath oil. But your busy schedule may only permit that luxury once a week. And that's not enough.

Dry skin needs help every day. Every time you bathe or shower. Or it gets itchier, scalier, harder to live with. And that's why Neutrogena® Body Oil was developed.

Neutrogena Body Oil is a new concept in dry skin treatment, for women who don't have time to soak in a tub. It's a pure, light, natural sesame oil formula that gives you the "soaking-in" benefits of bath oil, but in a non-greasy form, so it can be put directly on your skin.

Doesn't it feel greasy? No. Unlike ordinary bath oils which are made from mineral oil, the unusual sesame oil formula of Neutrogena Body Oil is quickly absorbed by your wet skin. You apply it right after you shower or bathe. No waste. No staining your clothes.

Safe and mild. Medical tests have shown that no other oil tested is less irritating. That's why dermatologists can recommend it.



It's more expensive to put sesame oil in our formula, but the results are well worth it to your dry skin. Try it today. And tomorrow. You'll want to use it every day. Because nothing will make your dry skin feel better.

Neutrogena® Body Oil

THE DRY SKIN TREATMENT YOU CAN USE EVERY DAY

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I am woman



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Think of organizing your cosmetics, jewelry, lingerie, everything in a pretty Celebrity travel ensemble. Think of saving space with mirrors that fold and even hangers you inflate. Think of us for so many travel needs, from shoe mitts to sewing kits. And while you're planning your trip, think about a little travel insurance: our handy packettes of spot remover, detergent, nail polish remover and more—because you never know what you'll run into on the road. Before you go, stop. At a Celebrity counter. At fine stores everywhere.

Celebrity



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YOU WRITE US

(Contined from page 22)

Body talk
For many years, I had thought that one of Vogue's chief purposes was to display (if not sell) clothes. Why, then, this overwhelming preoccupation with nudity?

Each of us has a nude body, and although we might fantasize about swapping it for the more beautiful body on page X of Vogue, we cannot run out to the store and do so immediately. We can, however, run out and buy the Halston pictured on page Y, or the Ralph Lauren on page Z.

I think you reached the nadir with the nude breast on page 304 of the April issue, the breast which nearly gets in the way of the man's shampoo (if not his eye).

I sincerely hope that this latest trend toward male nudity ends with the April issue.

Phyllis Kalman Hurvitz
Morris Plains, NJ

Vogue Men—female feedback
Who *goofed* on the April issue of Vogue? I don't subscribe to the magazine to look at *men's* fashions (?!)—so publish a separate issue if you want to.

I also don't like to look at nude bottoms on men and women (pages 209 and 220). I get the magazine to look at *clothes* (remember clothes?) on bodies—if I wanted to look at nudity I'd buy another type of magazine. Where has all the "class" gone?

Joanne Perry
New York, NY

I loved your article "Are You in Love with a Plain Clothes Man?" [April '78]. I used to think I was alone—crazy for caring how my PCM dressed. At least, I'm at the point where I can get him to buy, *once* a year on his birthday, *a* new shirt. I almost died when I found out he worked on a film in Yosemite wearing his eighth-grade cowboy boots, the toes taped together with silver gaffer's tape!!!

Lisa Kuhn
San Francisco, CA

I don't mind fifty extra pages devoted to the men; but, if it cuts into the women's portion of my favorite magazine, I'm sure it will cease to be my favorite and, after a few issues, Vogue won't be a portion of my reading material either.

No Name
Los Angeles, CA

EDITOR'S REPLY: *The fifty-odd pages devoted to men's fashions in April Vogue were added for that purpose—definitely not subtracted from women's fashions or feature material.*

Due credit to the doctor
In the article by Melva Weber in the February Vogue about my work in injecting spider veins, I am described as "creator" of the technique. On the contrary, I gave full credit to its originator, William T. Foley, M.D., who was for many years chief of the vascular clinic at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, and is at present Emeritus Clinical Associate Professor of Medicine, Cornell University Medical College, and Research Director of the William T. Foley Foundation, New York. Miss Weber will remember that I referred her to Dr. Foley's article on the technique in the May 1975 issue of *Cutis*.

Richard Perkins, M.D.
New York, NY

Back on our heels
So high heels are back, according to your latest issues! Wonderful! Why don't you see if you can revive the ancient Chinese custom of foot binding, then women would really have to hobble around.

In these days of women wanting recognition for their abilities and fulfillment for their lives, doesn't it seem ridiculous to further designers' aspirations to put us all on those spikes that hamper our efforts? Much of what we see as chic is training our eye to see it that way. A few years back, we thought very short skirts were the way to look, now our eye has become accustomed to the opposite. So why not do the same with shoes, and train ourselves to see a shoe we can move in as attractive, and get on with our busy, productive lives?

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Between Us

Door openers . . . breadwinning wives . . . the athletically inclined . . . and more

By Lorraine Davis

OPENING SOME DOORS: BUSINESS AND LAW

In an enlightened move to bring more women into graduate education in the fields of law and business, the Exxon Education Foundation has set up a pilot project that they call Improved Access Program. The Foundation asked three schools in each field to submit proposals, has already awarded grants of $84,000 to $100,000 to law schools at the University of California at Berkeley and University of Chicago and to the business school at Stanford.

These funds are intended to help women over thirty who are already working in "support positions" in these fields to gain full professional status. Applicants must first be admitted to the schools, then can apply to the financial-aid officer to see if they are eligible for an Exxon fellowship; decisions on people and amounts are made by the schools.

At Berkeley, the Exxon awards, averaging about $3000 each, will be called Joanie Caucus Awards—named after the Doonesbury cartoon character (drawn by Garry Trudeau) who is supposed to have started at Cal's Boalt Hall Law School when she was thirty-nine.

WHEN YOU'RE THE BREADWINNER

The hardworking wife who supports her husband through long years of professional training only to see her marriage dissolve when the man reaches full earning capacity got a break when the Michigan Court of Appeals in Lansing awarded $15,000 to Susan Moss, divorced after seven years from her husband, Lee. She worked as a guidance counselor while he attended medical school.

IT'S CHILLY ON THE HEIGHTS

Women who have reached managerial and professional posts may find negative male reactions multiplying; handling sensitive egos may become more important than the skills that got them the jobs. Coping with such success strain is one of the aids that a supportive group like the 110 Center for Business and Professional Women can offer. This Long Island organization, which takes its name from its location at Polytechnic Institute of New York on Route 110 at Farmingdale, New York, provides a forum where urban and suburban women executives and professionals can exchange ideas and experiences, attend programs dealing with such topics as women in relationship to the law and the economy, successful communication, assertiveness training, handling stress, managing money. "Realistic" is the way Fran Slotkin, acting executive director, who helped to launch the project, describes the 110 approach. Early reactions from male business executives were skeptical or condescending, but the year-old group now has more than one hundred individual members and five corporate members that send employees to the supper seminars.

ADULT ATHLETES, CONTINUED

First, it was the no-longer-adolescent kite flyers in Colorado; then we heard from the ice skaters in Kentucky; now, it's women in Delaware County, PA, who have met for practice in synchronized swimming, stunts, and water ballet weekly, even in blizzards, for twelve years. All are married, some have careers, some children, some grandchildren; all enjoy "this artistic and exciting way to stay trim."

Phyllis Raymond wrote: "Our group is a collection from diverse backgrounds, including our coach, Peg Miller, who is also sewing teacher, nurse, hairdresser, pilot, museum guide, and college dean. . . . We probably were influenced by watching Esther Williams movies in our younger days. . . . In private we often call ourselves the Sea Niles, but in public we say we are the Suburban Synchronized Swimmers. Come and see us swim!"

SISTERHOOD IS UNISEX

If you can't join 'em leave 'em. On June 21, the United States Jaycees, until now an organization restricted to boosterish young males, will vote on whether to maintain their single-sex rule, a stand that had caused the Chicago chapter, on April 27, to vote to withdraw unless women were granted membership. (The Chi group has admitted women since '74 and been censured for it!) The J-C's had best consider the example of another letter society—Phi Beta Kappa. When the separate-but-equal ΦBK Alumni and Alumnae in New York voted, in 1971, on merger, the men voted *not* to accept the women; the women voted *pro* joining the men. Result: after giving fair warning, the women, with leadership of feminist lawyer Doris L. Sassower, opened their rolls to *all* graduating Phi Betes and achieved instant sexual integration when the young men joined their ranks. The men's club finally closed its doors for lack of members, joined the mixed group (called ΦBK Graduates). Jaycees take note.

OWN-BUSINESS OPTIONS

Going into business on your own is often a good way to sidestep discrimination in established firms. Get expert advice June 13 and 14 or July 11 and 12—"Starting Your Own Business: The Ultimate Career Decision," a two-day workshop led by Mildred P. Tuffield, manager of her own business consulting company, at Hunter College's Center for Lifelong Learning, in New York.

EXTRA-INNINGS LIFE

Working on the weekend may sound like going into overtime; but "a change is as good as rest," and a switch from mothering to a paid job that uses your other skills and training, while your husband takes care of parenting, can be a real refresher. Or, if your Monday-to-Friday job stifles or frustrates, the weekend is a time to explore more rewarding possibilities. In her paperback book *Jobs for Weekends* (Berkley), Roberta Roesch opens out ideas from mural painting to baseball ushering. She tells of unexpectable small businesses, offbeat teaching jobs, unique consulting services. Whatever your special dream, there's probably a way to get it started on Saturdays; and this little book screens some dreams you've never slept on.

Do you store shoe boxes of canceled checks, keep shopping bags of yellowed tax forms, stuff bureau drawers with bales of sales slips without knowing why—or if—you should? The U.S. Consumer Information Center, Dept. 638F, Pueblo, Colorado 81009, has the right new booklet for this dilemma: "Keeping Household Records; What To Discard."

YOU'LL HAVE TO GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO FIND OUR LIPSTICK. BUT, THEN, SO DID WE.



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Sorry. You won't find pH Plus™ Conditioning Lipstick in your market, department or drug store. It's only sold where other Redken products are: In select hairstyling salons. That's because your hairstylist is a licensed cosmetologist. She knows what's best for your hair and your face. Right down to your lipstick.

You'll find pH Plus Lipstick is worth going out of your way for. It's packed with hard-working emollients, protein and vitamins (just what your lips need for summer). Yet, unlike other creamy lipsticks, our conditioning color lasts and lasts. Without caking up. Or going dry.

Our new Island Coral colors are worth going out of your way for, too. They're warm, exotic and sunkissed. And the freshest, new colors for lips also come in coordinating nail colors.

Island Corals. Creamy, conditioning corals. From the company who knows all there is to know about conditioning. If you don't already know where to find them, check your Yellow Pages Telephone Directory for a salon that uses and sells Redken. We may have made it a little inconvenient to find pH Plus Lipstick. But we knew you'd understand. You can't expect to find something this special just anywhere.

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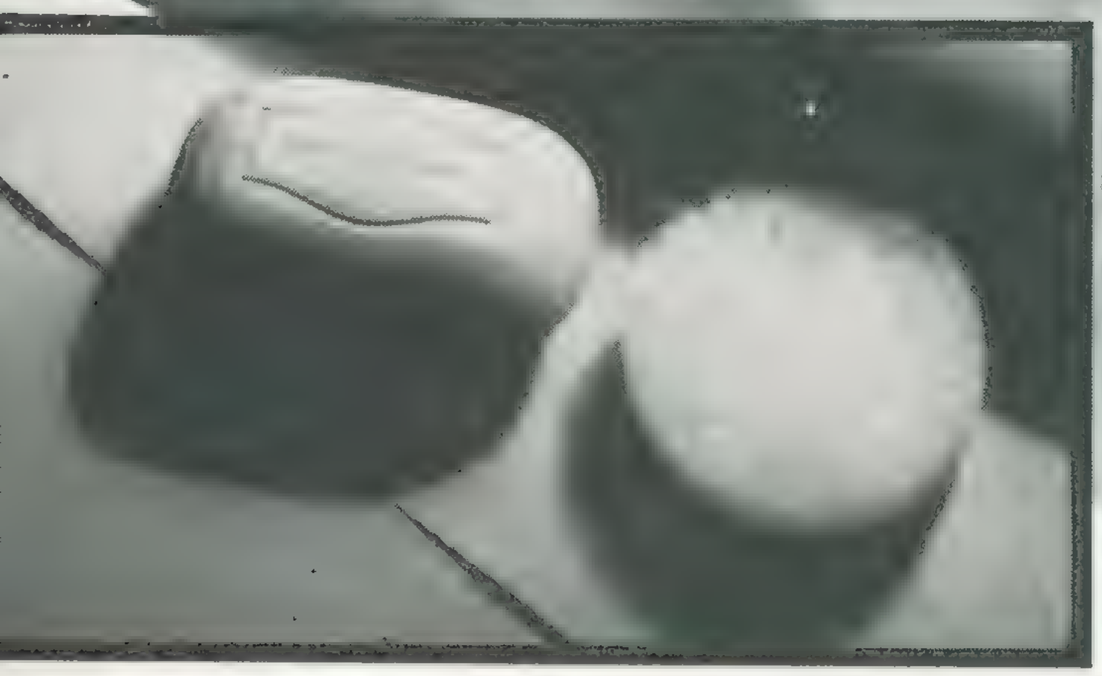
After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report Aug. 1977.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Body Now

Head to toe:
scrub and slough—
fast route to clean,
smooth, healthy skin...



Healthy reason to scrub . . . according to Norman Orentreich, M.D., one of this country's leading dermatologists. Our bodies' ability to shed dead skin cells gradually slows as we get older. By using a scrub aid, you can rev up the cell-sloughing process to act years younger. That's youth for you — the look anyway!

Slough duo for oily skin, above: naturally abrasive Oatmeal Soap, a mild slough puff. Scrub 'N Puff kit, Dorothy Gray.

FOOTNOTE: Not-to-forget scrub spot—feet. Scrubbing makes feet sleeker, prettier, keeps them healthy, too; removes dirt, debris, reduces chance of athlete's foot. One scrub we like: the Buf Kit with soap, foot lotion, and Buf-Ped—a Buf-Puf for feet!

Anything that sloughs skin is by definition a scrub. Best: natural abrasives—almond, oatmeal, sea salt, ground pumice — come as cleaners, soaks, or masks. Example: Georgette Klinger's Deep Pore Cleansing Mask. For elbows, too.

Natural scrubs, *below:* Jumbo sponge (Caswell-Massey, NYC) and, for hard-to-reach spots, aloe mitt (Crabtree & Evelyn). Use with soap or a body oil—all smoothness, shine.





And a few scrub finds: . . . If you're ever at La Costa, don't leave without a turn at their Epsom- and sea-salt rub—brisk, invigorating, toning. It leaves skin like silk. . . . **Summer pickup:** Spearmint Leaf Body Scrub—chock full of almonds, rosemary soothers, mint. Potions Eternal. . . . **Dry skin:** Irma Shorell's moisturized Bodybrase/35. . . . **Worth hunting:** Borghese Clean Skin scrub, *left.* Elysée Almond Meal Facial Scrub.

Above: Peter Catalano for P.C. Designs braided-leather bracelet.

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Why milk may be causing your stomachache

Lactose intolerance and milk allergy: different causes of similar distress

By Veronica McNiff

Letty Alexander had been having what she called "stomach problems" for two or three years. Though at first the discomfort was not severe, it gradually became chronic. She wondered if she were heading for an ulcer; so, when she experienced painful cramps in her intestinal tract, felt bloated, and quite often seemed to have diarrhea, she reached for a glass of milk to settle things.

She also played down her problem by attributing the symptoms to career and homelife pressures and to the stress of living in an urban environment; but the syndrome did not diminish. If anything, it got worse by degrees. Eventually, Letty began to dread eating, so fractious had her gastrointestinal tract become. Her appetite declined, and she ate mainly what she termed "nursery foods"—cereal, milk, and bland preparations, thinking this plain diet would bring peace. Meanwhile, of course, her level of nutrition fell off, as did her sense of well-being.

One evening, Letty felt so washed out when her husband came home that she asked if he'd mind cooking his own supper —she'd like to rest. Her husband said it was all right with him, but did she realize her stomach problems had become a theme of their life? She was, he pointed out, frequently under the weather; and her *joie de vivre* seemed affected. Letty was surprised to realize how her intestinal plaint had accelerated. Without realizing it, she had gastrointestinal problems most of the time.

At last, therefore, Letty made a doctor's appointment. Her internist made a number of tests and then suggested she stop all milk products for three weeks. Letty was astounded, since she had always believed, as so many of us do, that milk was a great panacea for whatever ailed you. By now, she was drinking large quantities to soothe what she'd privately diagnosed as a pre-ulcer condition and to supplement her diet, since she knew she was eating poorly.

She left the doctor's office in gloom. No milk in tea or cream in coffee . . . no yogurt with honey, no butter on breakfast toast. No more of the cream sauces she loved, and goodbye to the pleasures of the cheese board.

After two or three days, Letty felt both better and worse. The symptoms were definitely abating, but the annoyance of foregoing milk products overshadowed the improvement in well-being—at least initially. But, at the end of three weeks, Letty felt fine. The cramps, gas, bloating, and diarrhea were 85 percent cured.

"She wondered if she were heading for an ulcer"

She returned with the good news to her doctor, who had successfully diagnosed a hard-to-pinpoint gastrointestinal problem said to affect an estimated 20 percent of all American adults: lactose intolerance.

Many of us never learn this condition is affecting our general health and comfort, since the problem may be so low-grade that our inability to assimilate milk goes undiagnosed, lumped instead under the heading of a "nonspecific gastrointestinal complaint."

In addition, lactose intolerance—caused by a deficiency of an essential digestive enzyme, lactase—has only recently been recognized through research performed during the last decade. As yet, there are few specialists in the field, and it is not at all uncommon for lactose intolerance to be confused with milk allergy — at least among lay people.

One of the first to pioneer research on lactose intolerance is Norton S. Rosensweig, M.D., whose initial studies on milk intolerance at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland, helped define its widespread predictability among certain ethnic and racial groups.

Dr. Rosensweig, currently chief of the division of gastroenterology and nutrition, North Shore University Hospital, Manhasset, Long Island, NY, and associate professor of medicine, Cornell University Medical College, New York City, sees large numbers of milk-intolerant patients, and said, "While lactose intolerance is not usually apparent at birth, my feeling is that it is predetermined by genetic factors.

"It's the lactose in milk that is the villain," he said. "This is a relatively large molecule, a 'double' sugar known as a disaccharide. Before it can be turned to use by the body, the lactose must be broken down within the intestinal tract into glucose and galactose. These 'single' sugars are called monosaccharides.

"But some of us lack the ability to break down lactose, and the result is the kind of symptoms Letty Alexander described. The onset of the symptoms vary from person to person, but usually takes place about one

(Continued on page 84)

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MILK DISTRESS

(Continued from page 82)

and one-half to two hours after ingestion. It rarely occurs before fifteen to twenty minutes, and may take as long as twenty-four hours."

When you swallow milk, said Dr. Rosensweig, it passes through the stomach and into the small bowel. Normally, this is where digestive enzymes act to break down lactose into the single sugars—and these are then absorbed through the bowel wall into the body and used to make energy.

For someone who is lactose-intolerant, a specific digestive enzyme—lactase—is conspicuously deficient, though rarely completely absent. Since the lactose cannot be broken down by the body in such cases, it cannot be assimilated into the tissues and must remain in the center of the bowel.

"What's more," said Dr. Rosensweig, "lactose has what's called an osmotic property. That is, the ability to draw water out of the body tissues into the bowel." Graphically, he explained that the fifty grams of lactose in a quart of milk, consumed by someone who is lactase-deficient, will bring into the bowel no less than a quart of water from the tissues.

Dr. Rosensweig continued. "This sudden rush of fluid distends the intestine—and it *hurts*. The muscles contract, and you get cramps, rumblings, air and bloating, a marked feeling of discomfort. The fluid, still containing the intact lactose, then moves on, impelled by muscle spasm, into the large intestine. Here bacteria act on the lactose, producing gas. A fair amount of this can be caused by just a small amount of the milk sugar. The body attempts to rid itself of this irritant substance as soon as possible, so the process culminates in diarrhea."

As Dr. Rosensweig pointed out, normally, adults have an unlimited tolerance for milk. When lactase deficiency is present, the condition appears early in life; in America it seems to become clearly present by age eighteen or so.

"One glass of milk may not make you ill—but two might"

"If you do have a lactase deficiency (and hence are lactose intolerant)," said Dr. Rosensweig, "one glass of milk may not make you ill, whereas two might. Each of us has her own level of tolerance, but fortunately most can at least have milk in coffee."

To confirm diagnosis, a person with suspected lactose intolerance is given a solution of lactose in water and, subsequently, their blood-sugar level is determined.

If the digestive enzyme is present, the lactose will be broken down normally and pass into the bloodstream in single-sugar form. The lactase-deficient person, unable to digest the lactose into single sugars then fails to show a rise in blood sugar that normally results from ingesting the milk sugar.

Treatment? Dr. Rosensweig said regretfully, "It hasn't proved possible to stimulate lactase production in humans, so you're really stuck with the problem. You have to find your own level of tolerance for lactose. This could be anything from one glass of milk per day to none at all."

Surprisingly, there's more lactose in skim milk than in whole, but yogurt has just half the amount of regular milk, and cultured buttermilk's lactose is already partially broken down by the action of its cultures.

Should you suspect a lactose-intolerance problem, visit your doctor to have it checked out. If you're correct, you will be supplied with a list of milk products and foods containing lactose, enabling you to adjust your diet to maintain gastrointestinal composure.

Potentially great news for the lactose-intolerant is a new product, Lact-Aid, which comes packaged, like artificial sweetener, in powder form. Add it to milk, and, in twenty-four hours, it splits from 70-90 percent of the lactose into its single sugars, glucose and galactose. In this form, the milk—which now tastes slightly sweeter and richer than whole milk—can be comfortably digested by people with lactase deficiency. Lact-Aid is just becoming generally available after several years testing, and should not be confused with sweet acidophilus milk, which is no more easily digested by the milk-intolerant than regular, untreated whole milk.

Until you can find Lact-Aid at your local supermarket, you may order it by mail from the manufacturer. A box of thirty packets, each capable of adapting one quart of milk, costs $4.50, plus 50 cents postage, from the SugarLo Company, P.O. Box 1017, Atlantic City, New Jersey 08404.

Meanwhile, an entirely different milk problem—milk allergy, is occasionally mistaken for lactose intolerance; but, though the symptoms are sometimes similar, the causes are radically different.

As Director of the R.A. Cooke Institute of Allergy at The Roosevelt Hospital, and Associate Professor of Clinical Medicine at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, both in New York City, Michael Grieco, M.D., is very familiar with the miseries suffered by his milk-allergic patients. "All of them are children, more often male than not, and often from an allergic family. The allergy can start as early as two weeks or as late as five years; but, fortunately," said Dr. Grieco, "it's generally outgrown by the age of six or so." The symptoms do sound a lot like lactose intolerance: cramps, bloating, colitis, diarrhea, vomiting, and a general failure to thrive.

To clarify the difference between the two problems, Dr. Grieco began with a definition of allergy, explaining, "The word itself refers to altered reactivity, and suggests the reaction is to something in the environment. These substances, in this context, are called antigens. They react in the patient's system with specific antibodies, produced by a cer-

(Continued on page 90)



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Summer looks/London: braided hair, above, pinned with flowers. At Leonard. Double--and treble--wound perms, London Sassoon. Ricci Burns easy look for day; plaited hair for evening.



Sun/wash

Shampoo to use all summer long: sunscreening Shampoo de Pantene. Easy/day look, *left:* slick wet hair, twist, top knot; Garren at The Plaza. Bonwillum comb.

RIBBON HAIR

Smoother, sleeker, *cooler,* ribbon-knotted or -braided. *Top to bottom:* Karl Lagerfeld's ribbon-tied curls. Alexandre's trailing braid, plaited with ribbon. The Chadwicks' side-twist—caught up off the face and pinned back.

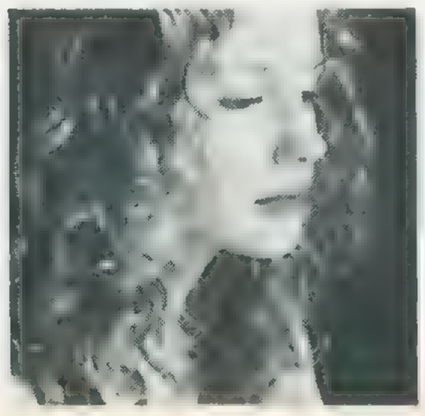


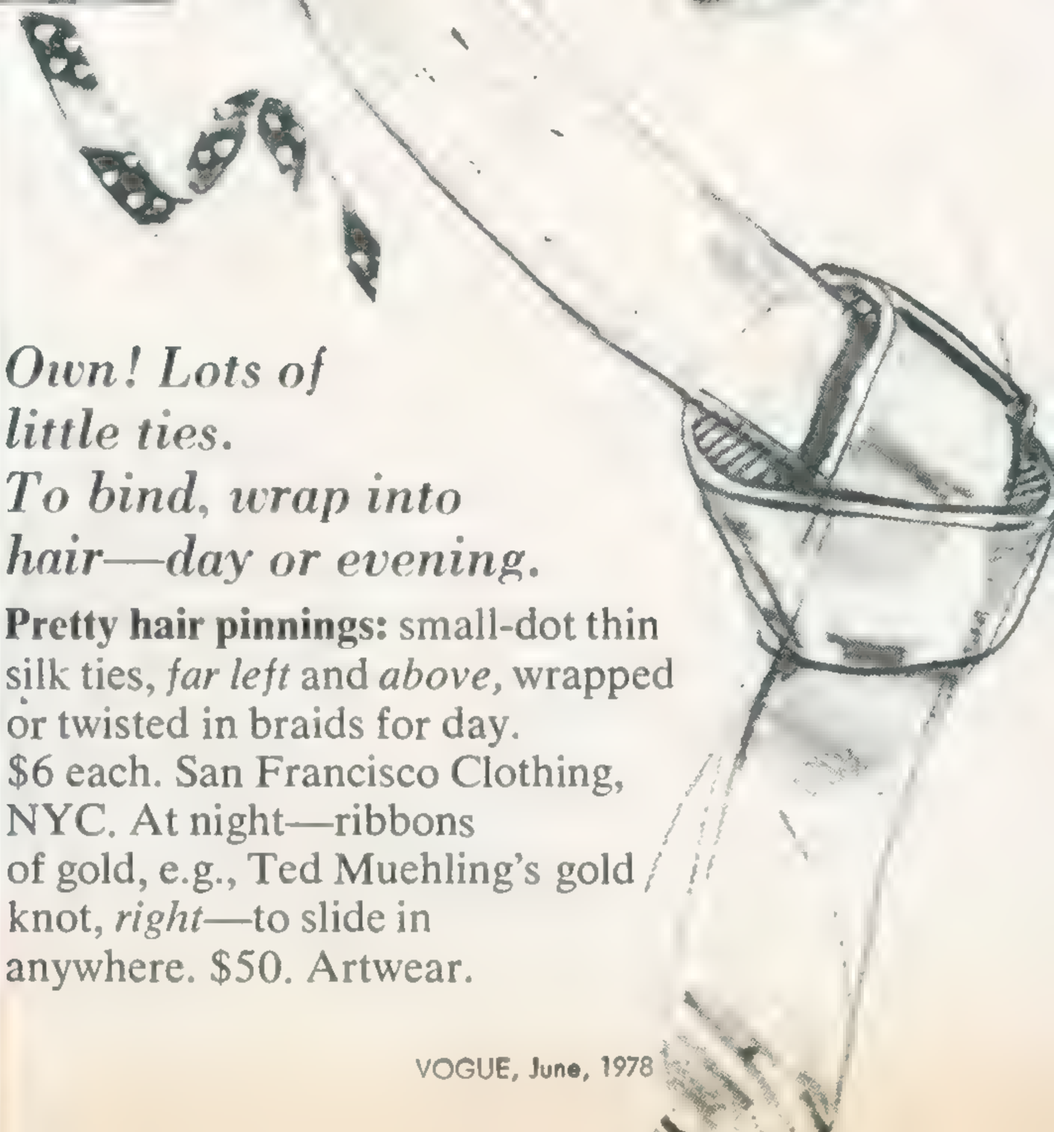


Pleaching!...

every which way. Left, Howard Fugler twists hair on the sides and back with silk cording and braids it into one neat tail—do that for day. Unwind for soft curls at night, below.







Own! Lots of little ties. To bind, wrap into hair—day or evening.

Pretty hair pinnings: small-dot thin silk ties, *far left* and *above,* wrapped or twisted in braids for day. $6 each. San Francisco Clothing, NYC. At night—ribbons of gold, e.g., Ted Muehling's gold knot, *right*—to slide in anywhere. $50. Artwear.

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Hair Now

Color for hair—lightening, brightening a whole new way

TALK ABOUT BLONDS

From twelve top American colorists, members of Clairol's Presidential Hair Colorists Council, news about blonding. "If you want to go blond," says Lyal McCaig, of the Capitol Beauty School, Omaha, Nebraska, "don't go for one color. Go for a multidimensional effect: color on color, tone over tone—all lights and shadows. Blonding should hit the hair where the sun would." . . . "Lights can be put into any haircolor," says Don Estes of La Casa de Don Salon, Visalia, CA. "We take medium brown hair and bring gold into it, adding natural-looking highlights—that's important. No one should have stripes of blond any longer; streaking is very fine, very subtle."

"You don't have to go lighter all over," Don continues. "Use color to give a sense of movement. Go two or three shades lighter for a softer look."

"Haircolor should warm, brighten, condition," says Dianne Narron, The Hair Affair, Raleigh, NC. "We use color/conditioners, such as Sun Flicks and Luminize; they keep hair healthy."

SHORT TAKES ON BLONDING

On the subject of hair length and color, David Daines of Davian says: Short blond hair, especially if streaked, should always have a soft line to it. One of the prettiest ways: the tone-on-tone shading done by Antonio Capparelli. His secret — up to three different blonds on each strand — very natural, very soft, very pretty. 700 Madison Ave., NYC.

SHIMMERING SHINE: It's all over. Beautiful sunlights, gleaming and moving through hair. And it works for every shade. Nothing is prettier for grey than a shimmer of L'Oréal's salon color—Pearl Ashene.

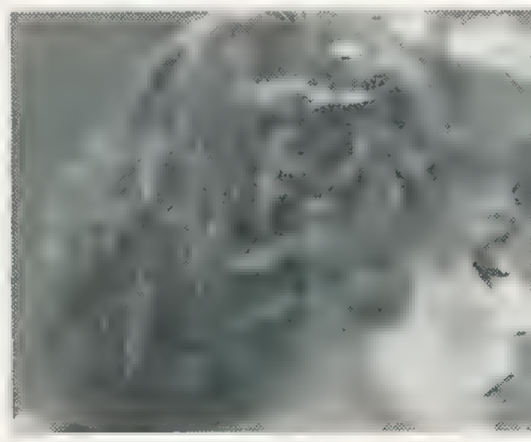


Subtle quiet shades of blond — that's what new blond is all about. Color on color that takes yours a few steps lighter, brighter, but doesn't ruin hair health. The kind of blond color you see here, *above*. Soft. Natural-looking. Modern. And what's more — no dark roots, no monthly upkeep! . . . Another way of "blonding": Elsa Peretti's ribbon-of-gold wiré headband. About $300. Tiffany. Alpha sunglasses, *above*. The Lens and Eye, NYC.



GOLD DUSTING—to perk up hair in twenty minutes. One way Roux is doing it: With a plant mister, left, filled with twenty-volume peroxide, a salt shaker with Roux White Speed Bleach. It's available in salons only; ask your colorist about it.

Cut, color, curl: don't think about changing one without the others. Perfect example: the soft/easy look here, Nubest & Co.



Cut/color/curl: Star colorist Leland Hirsch, Nubest & Co., tells us the shorter, more layered, or curlier your hair, the fewer blond variations it can take. Colors don't blend as well, look as natural. He cuts first, then colors. 1482 Northern Boulevard, Manhasset, NY (516/627-9444).



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MILK DISTRESS

(Continued from page 84)

tain kind of immunoglobulins (found in the body's tissues and called IgE), in conjunction with cells in the body and in the blood."

When antibodies and antigens meet, they interreact and a number of chemicals are released—most importantly, histamine. It's then that the condition of allergy is provoked. The manifestation of this may be hives, asthma, hay fever, eczema, diarrhea, or bronchial, nasal, and gastrointestinal upsets.

Dr. Grieco said that most of the common and powerfully allergic substances are proteins (though some are such chemicals as penicillin and aspirin). "The milk-allergic child reacts to milk's proteins—casein, lactalbumin, and lactoglobulin—and *not* to the milk sugar, which is the factor in lactose intolerance; nor is there an enzyme lack.

"Once sensitized to milk's unmetabolized proteins, the milk-allergic child creates antibodies to them within the system. The result," said Dr. Grieco, "is that the next time milk is swallowed, an allergic reaction occurs. In the gastrointestinal tract, this takes place in the walls of the small bowel. The histamine released contracts the muscles, causing all or any of the symptoms outlined."

"Milk allergy appears to make one troublesome skin condition much worse"

As the child's body matures, however, it becomes able to break down the whole-milk proteins into forms acceptable to the body's chemistry, and this sidesteps the allergy situation. Eventually, he or she outgrows the problem.

Until this happens, Dr. Grieco recommends such a child should not drink milk, and that's the cure—as indeed it may also be for eczema. For reasons not yet understood, it seems that for some children, milk allergy appears to make this troublesome skin condition much worse. "If you take the milk away," says Dr. Grieco, "the skin gets much better. And as far as nutrition goes, you can substitute soybean milk or Nutramigen, a milk product with the proteins already broken down into amino acids. I happen to think Lambase best; this is a milk substitute made from lamb, one of the least allergenic foods in our diet."

Dr. Grieco, a quick-speaking, amiable man with a ready smile, said of preventive feeding for potentially allergic children, "I don't like to deny food to anyone unless it's clear they can't tolerate it. The only way to know you are allergic is to eat a food three times at spaced intervals; and, if you find that you get worse each time you restore it to the menu, then get to a specialist and have yourself properly tested for allergy." ▽


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Summer appeal: fresh, light approach to warm-weather eating

Dorothy Lichtenstein's surprising salads, cool ways with fish, easy fruit desserts

By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale

For more on Dorothy's food, photos, see page 148.

Is there a-'seventies, avant-garde philosophy of food? Faster than a speeding Cuisinart, we answer yes, after talking to Dorothy Lichtenstein, the slender, beautiful wife of top Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein.

Dorothy has been through the gourmet food mill, has studied cooking in Paris, and can produce a *demi-glace* or a Sauce Mousseline with the best of them. But, with her consuming interest in a thousand other things, she has created for herself a minimal cuisine, refreshingly light, made with products of pristine purity, centered on vegetables and salads ("I could live on raw peas," she says). In brief, she enriches her life not her sauces.



Dorothy Lichtenstein in conservatory-dining room; Warhol portrait on wall

But how does a young woman who flies a plane, thinks nothing of driving two thousand miles across the deserts of North Africa, dips into est and psychoanalysis, studies biology, reads omnivorously, gardens, rides, plays tennis, collects American antiques, and makes her husband happy find time to cook?

"As a friend of mine says, 'I would tell anything about my sex life but I'd hate to tell about my eating habits.'" But, in fact, her eating—and cooking—habits are admirable ("I simplify my life as much as possible") and very "now." Having a Cuisinart helps, Dorothy says: "Although it sometimes makes me feel replaceable, it's wonderful for quantity cooking."

And everything is presented with appealingly personal style ("A lot of cooking involves esthetics"). For example, instead of serving fish baked in "scales" of rich pastry, as the French do, Dorothy dresses a whole fish, poached to plump, dewy perfection, with overlapping "scales" of palest green cucumber slices edged by the crisp dark green of their peel. Then, a crunchy carrot curl to outline the fish's head, a rosy radish in its mouth, a spicy caper as its eye. An amusing example of Dorothy's style is the Lichtenstein silverware, out of the great days of French Wagon-Lits dining cars, acquired at an auction.

To keep all her friends happy, she offers, with the fish, a choice of green mayonnaise aromatic with chives, tarragon, and parsley or, for herself and others who like to eat more lightly, zigzagged lemon halves ("I use lemons on practically everything, and always add more than they say") and a bowl of fresh dill. It would be difficult to eat more attractively with fewer calories.

Part of the Lichtenstein food philosophy comes from Italy, Dorothy's "favorite place to eat because it hasn't been swamped by shelf life. Everything you eat there is fresh, from the region, and in season." But Dorothy's way with pasta is also pared down, simplified. Instead of Spaghetti alla Bolognese with its delicious, but oh-so-rich meat sauce, Dorothy chooses ziti with asparagus tips. The contrasts of texture and color, the bright-green asparagus and the velvet-smooth white ziti, both cooked *al dente*, delight the eye as well as the palate. To add: just a dot of butter and the lightest dusting of Parmesan cheese.

Her summer spaghetti salad, served at room temperature, is soothed with the blandness of melting mozzarella, accented by the welcome green sting of freshly cut basil and the incomparable acid-sweetness of ripe tomatoes.

Also served at room temperature, is earthy, lemony Tabbouleh: a salad of raw bulgur wheat, with explosions of chopped scallions and mint gently tempered by safflower oil, the oil Dorothy prefers.

For the past eight years, the Lichtensteins have lived a quiet, almost reclusive life in a small town by the sea. Unlike most of us, Dorothy's definition of the perfect houseguest is "the one who cancels at the last minute." But when friends come to visit as, of course, they often do, Dorothy enjoys having them share in the cooking, even contribute their special creations. And Roy "is good about outdoor barbecues." Dorothy's and some of her friends' recipes start here.

ZITI WITH FRESH ASPARAGUS

four to six servings

1 pound ziti (a kind of large macaroni)
36 asparagus stalks, fresh and green as possible (or 1 pound fresh string beans)
2 tablespoons oil
Salt and freshly ground pepper
¼ pound butter
¼ cup chopped fresh chives or parsley
1 cup freshly grated imported Parmesan cheese

Bring large pot of salted water to a rolling boil for ziti. Bring another pot of water to boil for asparagus.

Most ziti come in short lengths, but if you buy the long kind, break them into 3-inch lengths.

Cut asparagus so tips are same length as ziti. (Reserve stalks for another use.) Clean well. If using string beans, trim ends and cut as near to length of ziti as possible.

Add oil to ziti pot to prevent sticking. Gradually add ziti and cook just till *al dente*, that is, tender but still firm "to the tooth." Drain immediately.

Meanwhile, boil asparagus till somewhat soft when pierced with a knife but still firm and bright green. Drain immediately when done.

Place carefully drained ziti and asparagus in warmed serving bowl or platter. Add salt and pepper to taste, 2 or 3 tablespoons of butter, the chopped chives or parsley, and ¼ cup of grated cheese. Mix well and serve immediately, passing remaining butter and cheese.

ANCHOVY AND PEPPER SALAD

two servings as a first course, four servings if part of mixed antipasto or buffet

1 tin flat anchovies
4-ounce jar roasted red pimentos
Juice of 1 lemon
Freshly ground pepper

Optional garnish:
1 hard-boiled egg, finely chopped
4 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
1 tablespoon drained capers

Drain anchovies, reserving juice. Drain pimentos; slit each carefully and open it out to lie flat. Arrange pimentos on a serving dish. Sprinkle with a little anchovy oil, lemon juice, and pepper to taste. Lay 2 or 3 anchovy fillets over each pimento. Garnish with chopped egg, parsley, capers.

OLIVIA'S GREEN MAYONNAISE

approximately one cup

2 tablespoons chopped fresh chives
2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar (or 2 tablespoons chopped fresh tarragon plus 2 tablespoons vinegar)
Pinch of dry mustard
½ teaspoon salt
2-3 dashes freshly ground white pepper
1 whole egg
1 cup Wesson oil or safflower oil

(Continued on page 94)



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SUMMER APPEAL

(Continued from page 92)

Place all ingredients except oil in blender. Blend on low speed for 30 seconds. Immediately remove cover or inner cap of cover and, with blender running, pour oil in gradually but not too slowly. It all should be poured in in 20 seconds. Sauce shouldn't fail to thicken; but, if it does, transfer to small pitcher. Put another whole egg in blender and blend on low speed for 30 seconds. Then, with blender running, pour failed mayonnaise in gradually and watch it turn into a great success.

QUICK CARROT SALAD

three to four servings

5 carrots, peeled and trimmed
1 Bermuda onion, peeled
3 tablespoons safflower oil
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
2-3 tablespoons homemade mayonnaise such as Olivia's Green Mayonnaise
Garnish: Fresh beets, boiled then peeled and sliced, or a can of whole baby beets, drained

Grate carrots in Cuisinart or other food processor. Slice onion in food processor. Place carrots and onions in a bowl. Add oil, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Add mayonnaise and mix well. Taste and correct seasoning. Arrange on a serving platter and garnish with beets around edges of platter. Keep cool—but do not refrigerate—till serving time.

MUSSELS MARINARA

six to eight servings

3 quarts mussels
12 shallots, sliced thinly
1 onion, sliced thinly
2 tablespoons safflower oil
2 tablespoons sweet butter
4 cloves minced garlic
½ cup clam juice
½ cup dry white wine
1 bay leaf
3 heaping tablespoons chopped Italian parsley
1 or 2 sprigs fresh thyme (or 1 teaspoon dried)
1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper

Clean mussels carefully, discard any with open shells; pull off "beards"; keep cold till ready to use.

In heavy pot large enough to hold mussels, sauté shallots and onions in oil and butter over low heat till translucent but not brown. Add garlic for last 2 minutes of sautéing.

Add all remaining ingredients; cook, covered, over low heat, 10-15 minutes.

Raise heat and add mussels. Cook, covered, just till all shells are opened. Discard those not open. Serve hot in soup bowl, with crusty Italian bread.

POACHED SALMON WITH CUCUMBERS

about six servings

5- to 6-pound fresh salmon, cleaned but with head and tail intact (or substitute a sea bass, bluefish, or weakfish)

Court-bouillon:
2 cups clam juice
2 cups dry white wine
12 peppercorns
1 tablespoon salt
1 bay leaf
1 onion, peeled and quartered
3 stalks celery with green leaves attached, coarsely chopped
Few sprigs parsley

Garnish:
1 cup Olivia's Green Mayonnaise (see recipe, page 92)
2 to 3 cucumbers
Bunch of watercress
2 lemons
Optional: carrot curl, radish, caper

Wash salmon well and leave at room temperature while preparing court-bouillon. Place all court-bouillon ingredients in fish poacher large enough to hold salmon. Bring to boil, then cover, reduce heat, and simmer for 20 minutes.

Add salmon, and, if necessary, enough water to cover fish. Bring to boil again, then lower heat and poach fish at slowest simmer for 30 to 40 minutes or just till fish flakes easily when tested with a fork. Do not overcook or fish will break when transferred to platter.

Let salmon cool in poacher. Drain, then dry carefully by patting salmon with paper towels. Carefully remove skin on top except from head. Transfer fish to serving platter skinned-side down. Then remove skin from upper side.

Wash cucumbers well but do not peel. Slice as thin as possible. Decorate skinned salmon, except for head and tail, with overlapping rows of cucumber slices arranged to look like fish scales. With paper towels or a bulb baster, remove any liquid that accumulates in platter.

Surround fish with watercress and lemon halves cut horizontally in a decorative zigzag. If you like, outline fish's head with a carrot curl, pop a radish in its mouth, place a caper over its eye.

Serve cold with Olivia's Green Mayonnaise. Dieters can use lemon halves.

ASPARAGUS CHICKEN SALAD

four to six servings

Breasts of 3 chickens, skinned, boned, trimmed of tendons and fat

Marinade:
7 tablespoons oil (mixture of French peanut oil, such as Huilor brand, and olive oil)
4 tablespoons lemon juice
1 medium onion, sliced
2 tablespoons Herbes de Provence (available in specialty food shops) or mixed dried herbs such as thyme, tarragon, rosemary, chervil, basil, or parsley
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon freshly ground white pepper

24 fresh asparagus tips, approximately 3 inches long (reserve stems for another use, such as asparagus soup)

(Continued on page 96)

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SUMMER APPEAL

(Continued from page 94)

1-1½ cups Blender Vinaigrette Dressing
(see recipe for Mixed Green Salad, page 99)

Cut chicken into rather large cubes and place in bowl. Mix marinade ingredients together, add to chicken, and mix well. Marinate for at least 8 hours, or overnight. Stir or turn chicken from time to time.

A few hours before serving, wash asparagus tips and clean well.

Drain chicken and discard marinade. Steam chicken cubes in a steamer over boiling water. Arrange cubes as much as possible in one layer for even steaming. Test after 3 or 4 minutes for doneness. Do not overcook.

Boil or steam asparagus tips just till tender but still firm and bright green. Drain carefully.

Half an hour before serving, toss chicken with half Blender Vinaigrette and mound it in the center of serving platter. Arrange asparagus around it, spooning remaining dressing over asparagus. Or toss chicken, asparagus, and dressing all together, gently but thoroughly. Serve at room temperature.

TABBOULEH: CRACKED WHEAT SALAD

eight servings

2 cups cracked wheat (sometimes sold as bulgur)
2 cucumbers, peeled, seeded, diced
1 tablespoon salt
3 medium-sized ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded, diced
2 cups finely chopped Italian parsley
2 tablespoons chopped fresh mint (or more to taste)
1 cup finely chopped scallions

Dressing:
6 tablespoons safflower (or olive) oil
5 tablespoons lemon juice (up to 10 or even more for lemon lovers)
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Garnish:
Slices of one lemon
4 tablespoons chopped parsley

Soak wheat in water to cover for 30 minutes in a rather large bowl as it will quadruple in volume. Squeeze soaked wheat by handfuls to get rid of as much water as possible; spread on a dish towel and leave to dry near a sunny window.

Place cucumbers in bowl, salt and cover them with a weighted dish to help release their water. After 30 minutes, rinse under cold water, drain well, dry on paper towels.

In a large serving bowl, mix wheat, cucumbers, tomatoes, parsley, mint, and scallions.

Mix dressing ingredients well and pour over wheat mixture. Toss well. Taste and correct seasoning, adding more oil and lemon juice if you like. Serve at room temperature, garnished with lemon slices and chopped parsley.

BUTTERFLY LAMB, BROILED OR BARBECUED

eight to ten servings

7-pound leg of lamb (have your butcher butterfly it)

Dry marinade:
3 cloves garlic, crushed, or passed through garlic press
4 tablespoons mixed dried herbs (such as Herbes de Provence)
1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon dried thyme

1½ cups tamari soy sauce (the sugarless organic sauce available in health-food stores)
Salt

Wipe lamb with a dry cloth; dry with paper towels. Combine dry-marinade ingredients and rub into lamb on both sides. Place in a large deep glass dish and pour tamari soy sauce over it. Marinate

(Continued on page 99)



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Agree is available in three formulas. Regular, For Extra Oily Hair, and Extra Body with Balsam.

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SUMMER APPEAL

(Continued from page 96)

in refrigerator for 24 hours or up to 3 days, turning occasionally.

Three to 4 hours before cooking, remove lamb from refrigerator and let it come to room temperature in the marinade. Turn once during this time. Drain lamb well, pat dry with paper towel, season with salt.

If not barbecuing on an outdoor grill, preheat oven broiler to its highest point with door closed *one hour* before broiling. **Dorothy's tip:** Leave door of broiler partly open while broiling; the circulation of air gives a drier heat, more like broiling out of doors over an open fire.

Broil lamb 5 minutes on fat side. Turn and broil 10 minutes on other side for rare lamb.

Let lamb rest in warm place for 15 minutes before carving. Serve with Tabbouleh Salad.

MIXED GREEN SALAD

six to eight servings

1 Boston lettuce
1 curly lettuce (or substitute 2 other lettuces, *except iceberg;* romaine and chicory, for example)
½ pound fresh snow peas or raw shelled garden peas
½ pound fresh mushrooms
6 radishes

Blender vinaigrette dressing:
1 clove garlic, peeled and cut into 3 or 4 pieces
½ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper, or a bit more to taste
2 heaping teaspoons Dijon mustard
1 cup safflower oil (or ½ cup each safflower oil and French peanut oil)

Wash lettuces and dry very carefully.

If using frozen snow peas, thaw but do not boil.

Remove stems of mushrooms and reserve for another use. Wipe mushroom caps clean with a damp cloth, and slice.

Wash and trim radishes but do not peel. Slice fine.

Arrange salad ingredients in a bowl with lettuce leaves at bottom and around sides, and other ingredients decoratively arranged in center. Blend all dressing ingredients except oil at low speed till well mixed, about 30 seconds. Then, with blender running, pour in oil gradually as though making a mayonnaise. The result will be a creamy though not thick dressing. Present salad with dressing in separate bowl or pitcher. Just before serving, add dressing and toss well.

MIDNIGHT SOUP

six servings

1 fairly large clove garlic, crushed
2 medium-sized onions, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons safflower oil
1 ounce dried Chinese mushrooms, stems reserved for another use, caps soaked in warm water for 20 minutes, then drained and sliced

(Continued on page 100)



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New pieces are added constantly, and the Museum publishes special catalogues of these every few months; the 116-page full-color Christmas Catalogue will be issued September 1. In addition to the reproductions, this year's catalogue illustrates new Christmas cards, stained glass, art books of particular interest, prints of rare Chinese and Japanese paintings, snowflakes, stars, and bells in gold and silver, together with more than one hundred other unusual presents including the 1979 Calendar, *Treasures from the Far East.*

To put yourself on the mailing list (most of the reproductions can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself), send the coupon below with $1.00 to cover mailing.

Above: *Footed Bowl.* The exact purpose of this five-thousand-year-old Egyptian "walking bowl" remains somewhat of a mystery, but perhaps it is significant that many centuries later, a bowl with feet was used as the hieroglyph "to bring." The Museum's copy, like the original, is unglazed terracotta burnished by hand. Diameter 5". Price $15.00, shipping $2.00. Add state and local taxes for delivery within N.Y. State.

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Stendhal
PARIS

SUMMER APPEAL

(Continued from page 99)

4 carrots, sliced diagonally
2 parsnips, sliced diagonally
4 cups shredded cabbage
(1 medium-large head)
Salt
Few slices tofu bean-curd cakes (available in Chinese stores), cut into 24 cubes
3 scallions, the white part and most of the green, cut diagonally into ½-inch slices
Optional garnish: tamari soy sauce

In large heavy pot, sauté garlic and onions in oil over low heat till translucent. Add sliced mushroom caps; sauté 3 minutes. Add carrot and parsnip slices; sauté 5 minutes. Add shredded cabbage; sauté lightly about 2 or 3 minutes. Season very lightly with salt. Add 5 cups boiling water; simmer 1 hour.

Just before serving, add cubed tofu and scallions, cooking 2 or 3 minutes longer, just till they are warmed. Pass tamari soy sauce separately in cruets.

FRESH APPLE CAKE
ten to twelve servings

2 eggs
2 cups sugar
1½ cups vegetable oil (such as Wesson or Mazola)
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
3 cups flour
1¼ teaspoons baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
3 cups freshly grated apples
2 cups chopped pecans

Optional garnish:
1 cup heavy cream, whipped till stiff
1 tablespoon Calvados liqueur or apple brandy

In large mixing bowl, beat eggs well. Add sugar, oil, vanilla, lemon rind and juice, and salt. Beat till well combined.

Sift flour before measuring. Sift again with baking soda and cinnamon. Add this mixture gradually to egg mixture, beating thoroughly after each addition till all is well mixed. With wooden spoon, stir in apples and pecans.

Grease bottom only of 10-inch angel-food cake pan, flour it lightly, shake out any excess.

Bake in preheated 325° oven for 1½ hours or till toothpick inserted in cake comes out clean.

Optional: Whipped cream into which is beaten tablespoon of Calvados, passed separately or mounded in center of cake.

SUMMER SPAGHETTI SALAD
four to six servings

1 pound mozzarella cheese, cut into small cubes
5 ripe tomatoes, peeled and coarsely chopped
1 cup fresh basil, coarsely chopped (if fresh basil is not available, substitute fresh watercress, but never dried basil)
1 large clove garlic, minced or passed through a garlic press
2 tablespoons salt
1 tablespoon oil
1 pound fine spaghetti, such as spaghettini, vermicelli, or thin linguine
Salt and freshly ground pepper

Bring large pot of water—at least 7 or 8 quarts—to rolling boil.

Put cubed mozzarella in one small bowl, tomatoes, basil, and garlic together in another.

When water is at rolling boil, add 2 tablespoons salt and 1 tablespoon oil. Cook spaghetti just till *al dente,* tender but still firm "to the tooth." Do not overcook.

Working quickly, drain spaghetti and return it at once to still warm pot. Immediately stir in mozzarella. Heat of spaghetti will melt mozzarella cubes slightly. Add tomato-basil-garlic mixture and mix well. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Transfer to serving bowl and serve at room temperature.

MARINATED SCALLOP SALAD
four to six servings

1 pint fresh bay scallops (or sea scallops if bay scallops are not available)
½ cup fresh lime juice (or a bit more)
1 large green pepper, finely diced (or ½ pepper and 1 stalk whitest celery, both finely chopped)
2 scallions, white part and most of the green, finely chopped
2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh parsley, flat Italian parsley if available
3-4 dashes Tabasco sauce, or a bit more to taste
2 tablespoons safflower oil
Salt and freshly ground white pepper to taste
Garnish: 1 ripe avocado, juice of lemon

Marinate scallops in lime juice, turning often, for 1 to 2 hours (or even up to 3 or 4 hours if you prefer a more "cooked" taste). Drain off most of the lime juice but not quite all.

Add green pepper, scallions, half the parsley, Tabasco, and oil. Toss well and chill till ready to serve. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Peel and slice avocado. Sprinkle generously with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Garnish salad with avocado slices, sprinkle with remaining parsley, and serve.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUES
six servings

6 meringues (the best you can buy)
1 pint Häagen-Dazs honey ice cream
1 pint whole ripe strawberries
Optional: ½ pint heavy cream, whipped

Fill shells with honey ice cream. If you like, top each with a mound of whipped cream. Garnish each with 1 to 3 whole ripe strawberries. ▽

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Beauty Q & A

A few of your most-often-asked summer beauty Q's answered here. . . .

Q **Where I live, it's hot and quite humid a lot of the time; eye makeup is a real problem. By the end of the day, it's a mess—no matter how I've applied it. Is there *anything* that works?**

A We called makeup expert Sandra Linter, who—just back from a trip to Tahiti—gave us her solution. Borghese makes just the thing—The Eye Primer. It helps prevent eye color from creasing and also gives a wonderful look all by itself. As for actual shadow, powder color stays longer than the creamy kind and helps absorb any excess oil or perspiration.

Q **I have a problem with my cuticles. The day after I give myself a manicure, they look as ragged as ever. What am I doing wrong?**

A Cuticles really do need regular daily care. And cutting, tugging, or pushing them with harsh metal instruments does more harm than good. Gentleness is the key. Get in the habit of nudging the cuticle back with a towel just as a matter of course every time you dry your hands. Cuticles are moist and more flexible then. To help this habit along, work in a smidge of Dior's Crème Abricot last thing at night.

Q **Some of my friends have been talking about a new instant "face-lift" you can give yourself—with something that's sold for shrinking hemorrhoids. They say it's fabulous as a skin tightener. And I gather lots of people use it. Is it really safe?**

A According to Robert Auerbach, M.D., associate professor of dermatology, New York University, "These hemorrhoid preparations contain benzocaine, a local anesthetic which—rather than shrinking hemorrhoids—simply anesthetizes them and makes them less painful. The anesthetizer can be absorbed by mucosal tissues, but not by the skin. Using one prob-

ably isn't going to hurt your skin, but it isn't going to help it either."

Q **I have always wanted to have pierced ears, but am not sure of the best way to go about it. Should I see a doctor, or is it all right for a nonprofessional to do it?**

A We put your question to Ann C. Hill, M.D., clinical assistant professor of dermatology at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, and she gave us a complete rundown on the subject. Ear piercing, Dr. Hill says, does not have to be done by a doctor, but sterile conditions are a must—in order to avoid infection. Also important: discuss placement and angle of the hole before you begin—there are no second chances!

Dr. Hill pierces with a stainless-steel post earring (she just screws on the back afterward), but high-grade gold —18k, 22k, or 24k—is just as good. Your first earrings should remain in place for six weeks. Don't even take them out when you wash your hair. Twice a day, every day, during these six weeks, cleanse the lobes with a cotton ball soaked in alcohol. Gently twirl the post around to insure even healing. Add a daily dab of antibiotic ointment (no prescription needed). At the end of this time, you should be able to try other earrings. But choose ones that are lightweight. And avoid costume jewelry until your ears are completely healed.

Q **Whenever I wear lipstick, it seems to "creep" over the edge of my mouth, especially at the corners. Is there some way of keeping it where I want it?**

A We asked makeup expert Rex if he knew a good way of coping with this. His special tip: When you apply foundation, blend it over your lips, too. Then dust them lightly with powder. Next, line them—top *and* bottom—with a dry, matte pencil, the same shade as your lipstick or a bit darker. Blur lightly to avoid a hard edge. Fill in with lipstick, being careful not to go beyond the pencil line. And, if you use lipgloss, apply it to the middle of the mouth only.

Q **I have a problem wearing perfume. My skin is so dry and so sensitive that I don't like to put anything on my skin that has alcohol in it. What's the best way to get around this?**

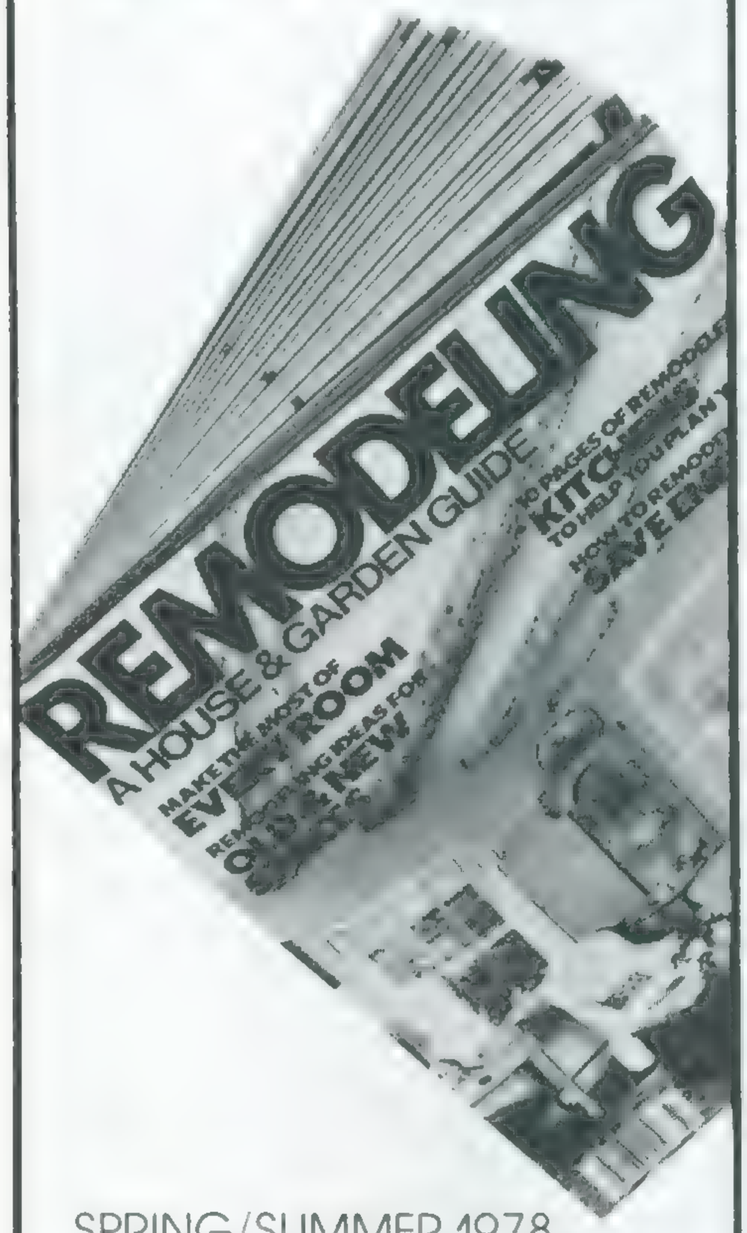
A There are actually any number of ways you can enjoy fragrance. Scented body lotions, bath oils, soaps, sachets, dusting powder are a few of the many —and, of course, you can always spray perfume through your hair. Or on your underwear, so the warmth of your body brings out the scent. And here is another good idea: Prince Matchabelli's Aviance perfume. It's a water-based Roll-On Silky Skin Perfume. Solid perfumes with wax bases are another thought. Two to try are Wind Song and Cachet—and there are many, many others. Incidentally, skin holds solid fragrance very well and so it is wonderfully lasting.



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Horoscope

By Maria Elise Crummere — **June**

Aries: Time to speculate. **Taurus:** Prosperity plus new love. **Gemini:** Quick opportunities. **Cancer:** The best of two worlds. **Leo:** A new ally. **Virgo:** The impasse is ending. **Libra:** Embrace the unexpected. **Scorpio:** Authority test. **Sagittarius:** Significant decisions. **Capricorn:** Organization time. **Aquarius:** Release on the way. **Pisces:** Confusion reveals truth

Aries

MARCH 21–APRIL 19

When a history-making planet changes signs, so does your destiny. Mars, your planet of action and initiative, does just that this month. The first half of the month, Mars in the Fire sign Leo creates a new financial flow that makes this a favorable time for speculation on a new course of action. It's also a good time to expand in the field where you are an authority. Then, on the 14th, Mars enters Virgo and it now becomes the time to come up with and present an idea that should bring the month to a joyous end.

Taurus

APRIL 20–MAY 20

With your ruler Venus in the beneficent sign of Cancer, your path improves. Buy a new home or decorate. Best time to organize your new prosperity is before the 15th, when comfort is as important to you as love. After the 17th, single Taureans start attracting new loves: one may even lead to marriage! Get down to business; go directly to the top with your ideas. Expect the happiest of times at full moon, on the 20th. Use tact on the 26th in handling a surprise turn of events. Take care not to reveal too much.

Gemini

MAY 21–JUNE 21

This busiest of months has you juggling commitments. You may find yourself resisting getting down to work the first week, but urgent new projects will keep you racing to meet deadlines mid-month. After the 18th, things quiet down and you may fall in love—if you are free. Your financial status grows by leaps and bounds this month. Practical management will be necessary in order to explore the many unusual opportunities available. These opportunities will come quickly, since your own history-maker, Mercury, changes signs from Taurus—ruling money—to Gemini—ruling communication—to Cancer—ruling your public . . . all within the same month!

Cancer

JUNE 22–JULY 22

When Jupiter meets Venus, it spells love at first sight; and this month you have both of these planets in your sign to bring you the best. Jupiter will stay in Cancer longer, guaranteeing prosperous times as well as filling you with important ideas. The first half of the month is best for communicating your ideas. At mid-month, when Venus changes signs, routine takes over. But new people—who have the answers—still offer you fulfillment and help you reach your goals.

Leo

JULY 23–AUGUST 22

Saturn, the history-maker, is still pursuing you and doing its best to block the path of your ambition. But the end is in sight, and Venus will relieve tensions and bring a peaceful period after the 18th. Agree to a new contract on the 19th and look forward to progressive improvement in your affairs. At the same time, a new ally that you have earned and deserved will enter the scene.

Virgo

AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

That Saturn is in conjunction with Mercury the first week of the month creates an impasse. But, when Mercury moves into Gemini, you get closer to good Jupiter and all begins to go your way. You will now be in a position to reach influential people, but make your point before the 19th. Your uncanny ability to tune into situations and know how to deal with them makes you a winner on the 23rd. An especially gratifying weekend is in store the 23rd, 24th, 25th. On the last day of the month, an old problem is resolved.

Libra

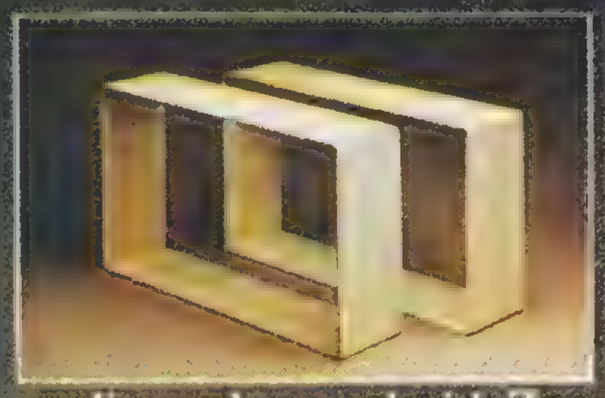
SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

The state of inertia that you have had to endure for some time will change as Uranus, planet of change, will stimulate your Venus on the 2nd. You'll then get involved in new projects that have great potential and surprising possibilities. Move quickly and accept what is offered on all fronts—especially since Jupiter will endorse new contacts. The ultimate result: a change in your life style. On the 26th, do not be foiled by a superior; stand firm and true because your authority is respected. You'll win on the 29th.

(Continued on page 107)

The Naked Hartmann

The only way to tell them apart is to see them dressed.



The way to sell you on Hartmann in rugged vinyl at $97 is to tell you about Hartmann in luxurious Ultrasuede® at $275.

Look deep down inside a Hartmann in Ultrasuede.® You won't find Ultrasuede.® You'll find wood. A light basswood frame that rolls with the punches and bounces back without breaking.

Explore the interior of a Hartmann in Ultrasuede® and you'll find that it's hand tailored for fashion and quality and treated with Zepel® stain repellent.

Inspect the handles and you'll find that they've been shaped and sewn by our hands so they'll be comfortable in yours.

Feel the corners and you'll find them square, not round. That creates space when you need it.

Tap the sides. They're soft so they swell out while you're packing things in.

Even the locks are specially crafted for durability and protection.

These are naked facts. But what may surprise you is that what's true for Hartmann in Ultrasuede® is also true for Hartmann in vinyl. The frame, the interior, the handles, the corners, the sides, the locks—they are all created equal.

Now dressing a Hartmann is something else. That's a matter of taste and pocketbook.

But whatever you choose for the outside—vinyl or Ultrasuede®—the fact that it's Hartmann assures you that what you have going for you on the inside is uncompromised.

With Hartmann, beauty is always more than skin deep.





What's true of our framed luggage is also true for our soft carry-on luggage. Again, the construction on the vinyl at $76 is the same as that of the Ultrasuede® at $215.

Hartmann.

Linings treated with ZEPEL® SOIL/STAIN REPELLER

Hartmann Luggage available also in four price points (series 1) industrial belting leather; (series 2) Halston designed Ultrasuede® fabric; (series 3) tough woven fabrics with belting leather trim (series 4) nylon fabric with vinyl trim or all vinyl. Each Hartmann can be matched to other pieces for complete sets. For brochure write Hartmann Dept V-5 Lebanon, Tennessee 37087



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Umpire William Sears then had the honor of throwing out the first woman.



You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



Fashions: Jerry Silverman Sport

16 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 104)

Scorpio

OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

With history-maker Saturn holding your ruler, Mars, captive the first half of the month, initiative is not in your hands. But be patient: changes after full moon on the 20th work in your behalf. The planet of extremes, Uranus, continues to occupy your sign and is ready to alter your life. Something happens on the 30th that gives a hint of significant things to come.

Sagittarius

NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

Your ruler, Jupiter, is now in Cancer, presaging great improvements in your life. This is a time of emotional satisfactions, when decisions made now could affect the next twelve years. Jupiter is the happiness-bringing planet. How you use the gifts and luck that Jupiter brings is of prime importance. Don't fail to get the best out of every opportunity. Key words now: financial advancement, peaceful home life, love. Best time to take a trip: the last week of the month.

Capricorn

DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

Powerful Saturn is making a last brave effort to organize your life, particularly your love life. Mars, now in conjunction with Saturn, could make trouble, but this ends on the 14th. You may have to take a stand on a legal or moral issue at month's end to secure support from mate and friends. Ultimately, your own inner strength will get you what you want.

Aquarius

JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

Leo in history-maker Saturn has been in opposition to your birth sign for over two years and has held you captive at times, frustrating business expansion and love. But restriction will end very soon now and you will feel a new surge of energy. You will meet influential friends and one in particular will play an important role to dispel confusion and doubt at the month's end. It's time then to try something new.

Pisces

FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

With your own history-maker, Neptune, in Sagittarius, the romantic sign of ideas and ideals, you will find yourself yearning for unknown satisfactions. The 11th could be a day of discontent. After the 17th, the fog lifts and emotional anxiety disappears. You will join a group in a pursuit that will stimulate you. Around the 25th, Venus—ruling love—and your ruler, Neptune, harmonize in a trine, and a personal victory is completely yours. Work with the aspect; seek and you will find what you wish.



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rejuvenate!

Your surroundings need a beauty treatment now and then. If it's now, start by reading DECORATING: A House & Garden Guide. It's full of ideas for simplified summer decorating to give your house or apartment a new lease on life . . . especially with "Color: The Almost-Magic." Throughout, carefree comfort is as much a consideration as marvelous looks. Look for the summer edition of DECORATING at your favorite newsstand starting May 16, or write for it at the address below.



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Design: Ideas and Trends



Mini-posters . . . fast food in style . . . beaux-arts book and lobster trick

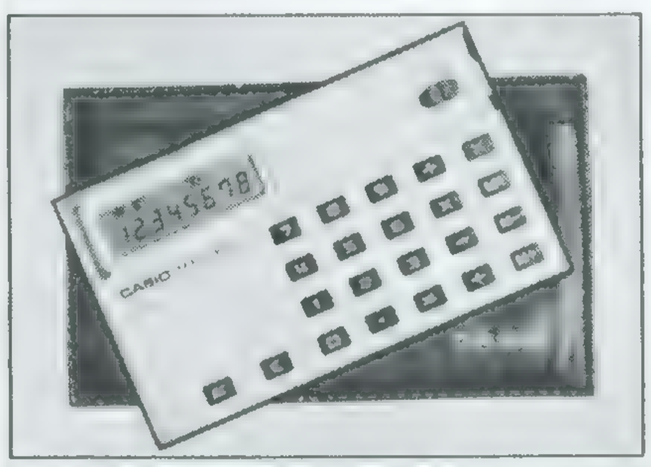
Reduced from their normal super-sizes, the twenty-nine knockout posters in *Posters by Painters* (Harry N. Abrams) will fit neatly into 12 by 16-inch frames. The mini-posters representing the original creations of such artists as Alexander Calder, Victor Vasarely, Ernest Trova, Man Ray, Roy Lichtenstein, Saul Steinberg, René Magritte, Andy Warhol, Robert Indiana, David Hockney, Gustav Klimt, and Miró were chosen by Evelyn and Leo Farland, owners of the Poster Originals gallery in New York City, $8.95.

"THE LAYERED LOOK COMES TO FURNITURE," SAID INTERIOR DESIGNER JOHN SALADINO OF HIS CHAISE WITH CHANNEL-QUILTED SIXTEEN-FOOT BEDROLL CURLED INTO BOLSTERS AT EITHER END (REMOVABLE FOR CLEANING).



Fast food and undistinguished architecture need not go together like hamburgers and French fries: one Chicago speed-eatery looks great

One of Chicago's most outstanding architects, Stanley Tigerman, has designed an Arby's® restaurant with great style and, yes, even elegance. The various mechanical systems in the playful interior are painted jazzy red, yellow, and blue, counterbalanced by the serenity of rough-sawn cedar walls and fresh green plants.



Slim is beautiful: not only for fashion but also for most of the best-designed electronics equipment. Though not quite as thin as a credit card, Casio's LC-78 Mini Card calculator ($29.95), at less than ⅛-inch thick, comes close.



(Continued on page 110)

Beach Legs

How to get them. There you are. Just you and your legs. Either they're dazzling smooth or you can spend the rest of the day under water. Well, no shaver gets them smoother than the new Bic Lady Shaver. It lets you shave really close because it's got a special guard bar to protect you from nicks.

How to keep them. Some shaving methods can be either painful, irritating or expensive. Bic Lady Shaver gives you weeks and weeks of super smooth shaves for pennies.

How to use them. Walk slowly to the water.



STORE COUPON

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SHAVE 10¢ OFF

on your next purchase of a two-pack

BIC Lady Shaver

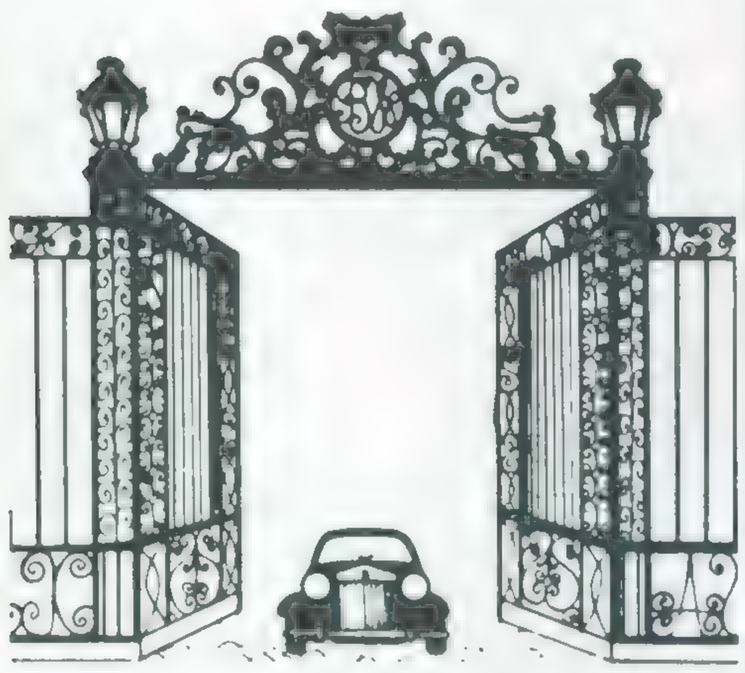
Good only on the purchase of 2 Bic Lady Shavers, when you present this coupon to your retailer

Mr. Retailer: Bic Pen Corporation will redeem this coupon for 10¢ plus 5¢ handling if you receive it on the sale of 2 Bic Lady Shavers. Invoices showing purchase of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented must be shown on request. Failure to do so may void all coupons submitted for redemption. Coupon may not be assigned or transferred. Customer must pay any sales tax. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Good only in U.S.A. Cash value 1/20¢. Coupon will be honored if presented by retailers who are specifically authorized by Bic to redeem coupons. For redemption, mail to Bic Pen Corporation, P.O. Box 1377, Clinton, Iowa 52734.

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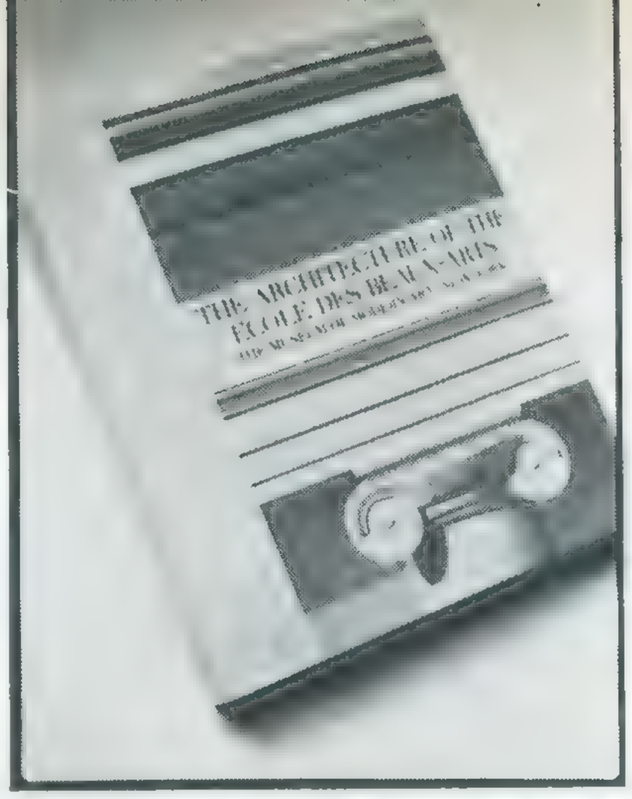
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Design: Ideas and Trends

(Continued from page 108)

A RARE EVENT IN THE BOOKMAKING ART: "THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE ECOLE DES BEAUX-ARTS," BASED ON THE 1975 SHOW AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART IN NYC, AND PUBLISHED BY THE MUSEUM WITH DISTRIBUTION BY THE M.I.T. PRESS, WITH 401 ILLUSTRATIONS AND FOUR ESSAYS, INCLUDING DRAWINGS BY STUDENTS AS WELL AS A SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF MAJOR BEAUX-ARTS BUILDINGS BOTH HERE AND IN FRANCE, $45.





Now renovated at a cost of about $22 million, the 1923 Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel still has its grand-scale Italian-Spanish Renaissance lobby (above) with vaulted, hand-painted ceilings and a two-story-high marble Galleria. Both lobby and Galleria were painted by Italian artist Giovanni Smeraldi, who trained at the Vatican and was responsible for the murals in New York City's Grand Central Terminal.

Architects/developers Gene Summers (a key Mies van der Rohe architect for sixteen years) and Phyllis Lambert preserved the original architecture and painting in the public areas, modernized 1072 guest rooms. Jim Dine's twenty-six new artworks, in the guest rooms, include lamp bases, wall friezes, prints and rugs.

Fashion has not been overlooked in the Biltmore refurbishing. Each member of the 600-member staff has been outfitted with uniforms by motion-picture costume designer Bill Jobe. He approached his hotel assignment as if it were a film production. Scene one opens with the doorman in top hat and tails, military braid.

—BARBARA PLUMB



The most amusing *hummer-knacker, casse-homard, casca-langostas*—lobster cracker—to come along since the genus was invented, a very functional sight gag, parodying its appointed task. Aluminum Cracky ($4.50), from West Germany, at Manhattan Ad Hoc Housewares in New York City.



Simplicity itself, reliable quartz alarm clock from Braun has matte-black plastic case, click second hand. Fits in palm of the hand, runs one year on alkaline C battery, $50.

Is your depression a real tiger?

How to tell "the drearies" from an actual illness —and what to do then

By R.W. Shepherd, M.D.

You handle depression in much the same way you handle a tiger—which is to say: don't panic if you think it's creeping up on you; and, if you must face it, learn something about the nature of the beast beforehand—that way you may escape without a mauling. What is depression? How do you recognize it? Have you got it? What to do to prevent it?

What is depression?

There's depression and depression. One kind is a clear psychiatric illness with generally known causes and generally effective treatment. This depression is one of the most common diseases of our time. About 4 percent of the population suffer from it; and, of these, one in five gets treatment; one in fifty requires hospitalization, one in two hundred is a suicide. And the other depression is depression in the everyday sense of the term, the swings of mood we all know, the blues, the drearies, the days when nothing seems worthwhile.

Depression in its milder and moderate forms is more common in women than in men, about two to one. This is due in part to the cultural effect that allows women to admit their feelings more openly than men, in part to the influence of physiology on mood, menstruation in particular, and in part to the less driven role of the non-working woman. Anyone with time on her hands tends to become preoccupied with herself and her inadequacies, hence the high use of psychiatrists by middle-aged housewives. However, since women admit depressive feelings earlier than men, they are generally less subject to serious or terminal forms of depression. The highest incidence of suicide from depression is in men over the age of fifty who live alone.

The line between the "blues" and depression is not easy to draw. No two days are the same, and what you sail through one week grounds you in melancholy the next. What is more, a great many people have mini-depressions from time to time: women with premenstrual blues, about a third of women at the menopause, and both men and women under business and social pressures and at anniversaries and celebrations. Behind almost every adult Christmas is a mini-depression. Those who say that Christmas is for children must admit the passing of their own childhood, and all that went with it.

Rule one: If you want to avoid serious depression, learn to bury what is dead, mourn it, get up and go on. Depression is largely an illness of those who won't let go.

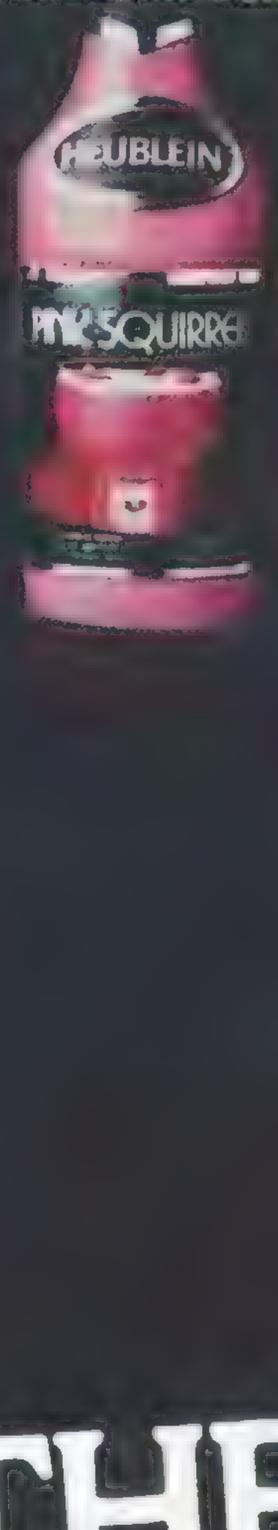
Depression is a disorder of mood, an emotional illness rather than a mental illness. A "nervous breakdown" is generally a depression, though it may also be psychosis, a mental rather than an emotional illness, where the person's mind breaks with reality. Common to all cultures, developed or primitive, depression differs from anxiety, which is more related to tension and stress and therefore specific to industrialized societies. Many social and familial factors influence depression: emigration, economic independence, divorce, illness, old age, and so on. Those who lose a parent under the age of fifteen suffer a higher rate of depression in later years than those whose parents survive into maturity.

Depression may be precipitated by many causes, physical, social, psychological; but the underlying thread is damage or loss of self-esteem. The actual loss may be the trigger; but, for clinical depression to exist, there must be an unconscious doubt relating to self worth. Depression is a diminishment of the self-image, a mourning for part of oneself. What shows on the surface has little to do with the inner reality, and this is what makes it so difficult for ordinary people to deal with depression in others. They see the outer reality but not the unconscious uncertainty; and, because they themselves prefer not to be sad, they urge others to cheer up, to have a drink and to look on the brighter side. To the deeply depressed, nothing is more demoralizing. Many suicides follow the despair of those who find no one to take them seriously.

Rule two: If you meet someone obviously depressed, don't try to cheer that person up. Let her talk, agree with her that things indeed look bleak, and try to get her pointed towards professional help. Phrases like "I can see how you feel, but you can't go on

(Continued on page 112)

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You always look better—feel better, too—in the clothes you wash in Woolite.

DEPRESSION

(Continued from page 111)

this way" are much more effective than exhortations to be cheerful or admonitions "not to let things get you down this way."

Depression differs from grief, though they look very much alike. Grief is time limited, whereas depression is not. Grief works itself out, if mourning is allowed to take its course, so that over a period of months the pain of loss is transferred from the blind depths of one's being into the kinder reaches of memory.

But, in depression, the mourning is for oneself, or for that part of oneself feared dead since nobody loved it. It may be a fantasy from childhood, but the feelings surrounding this mourning are real; for, if the fear is that "nobody loved me," the explanation is "that I must indeed have been unlovable." The wound to the self-esteem is quickly followed by anger and resentment which, like lightning, strike what is closest in reality, a wife, a husband, a son, a friend. But since these were never the reason for the wound in the first place, the resentment rebounds upon itself, anger turns to guilt, guilt confirms the initial fear, and so the vicious circle turns. In depression, as distinct from grief, it's difficult to bury what is dead without first detaching it from yourself. That is the work of therapy.

Depression may also be "masked," that is, appearing to be a form of medical illness. In a recent study, 234 patients were followed throughout the course of their illnesses. The majority were women between the ages of forty and sixty who came for treatment of atypical complaints which did not correspond to the usual presentation of their illnesses. Over 80 percent had been treated medically for at least a year before psychiatric assessment was suggested. Over 30 percent stated that they were feeling "blue" but attributed this to their physical conditions. The classical signs and symptoms of depression such as morning fatigue, insomnia, loss of appetite, impaired concentration, diminished libido, and loss of interest in everyday activities were also explained by supposed medical conditions.

How do you recognize depression?

Lack of energy: Depressed people invariably complain of fatigue, of being worn out. Often, the fatigue is unrelated to work done, though depressed people tire more easily than others. If the depression is acute, these people may miss work, stay home in bed, drink to excess, or take pills. If depression is chronic, they may drag through the day with little bounce or vitality, as though some internal battle were leeching away their stores of drive and ambition. In extreme cases, they suffer what is known as psychomotor retardation, where the whole body slows down almost into immobility.

Affective tone: The emotions are flat with little range. The mood is grey and gloomy, the person dispirited, dejected, forlorn. Or the depressed person may be sour and cutting, sullen or irascible. Aggression and resentment are first cousins to depression.

Insomnia: Depressed people seldom sleep well. If sleep is the balm "that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care," they don't have it. They toss and turn and worry until half the night is done. They take hypnotics and sedatives and often alcohol to help them sleep, so the next day starts sluggish or hungover, and the problem builds upon itself. In milder forms of depression, insomnia prevents people's going to sleep; in more serious forms, it provokes early waking. But, either way, it makes the nights pure hell.

Appetite: Seriously depressed people eat poorly and lose weight. The moderately depressed may peck at their food, use more coffee and cigarettes than is good for them, or go to the other extreme and gorge on fattening foods to satisfy the craving for something inside.

Sex: Sexual function is a barometer to mood, among other things. Any marked lowering of rhythm or sexual routine may indicate the first signs of impending depression. But then it may also indicate a whole range of other things from being bored with one's job or hostile to one's mate to catching the flu. It is a mistake to try to label a global disease like depression, which affects the whole person, on the basis of one symptom, however severe.

Suicide: Most normal people consider suicide at one time or another, even if only as an intellectual exercise. Depressed people look at suicide seriously as a viable alternative to their problems. If they plan suicide, they become dangers to themselves. The suicide factor is measured by many things: depth of depression, general health, previous attempts, age, economic state, marital situation, and so on. But the crucial fact is the presence and the specificity of a plan. Those with general ideas about jumping under a bus, taking pills, using gas, or shooting themselves are much less liable to do it than those with a particular pill in mind, which they know to be effective, or who plan to jump at a particular place, or who have obtained a gun.

Anxiety: Depressed people seldom stop worrying. Their concern spills over into everything they do but never wanders very far from themselves. They are self-absorbed, preoccupied with their health, their bodies, their relationships. They worry about what people think of them, and they are finely tuned for rejection. The smallest affront—a bus driver who snarls, a daughter who postpones a visit—sends them off into dark questions about their competence and likability.

Are you depressed?

If you wonder at times whether your dreary moods are serious enough to be called depression and could require something to be done about them, a check against the list above may give you some idea of where you stand. Three additional pointers might be helpful:

The first pointer is denial. More people spend more energy denying depression than any other psychiatric condition, and some do this to ludicrous extremes. So you have to be careful at times about making your own diagnosis, especially if you are afraid of admitting the dark feelings you have inside you. If you are defensive in discussing feelings, or if you put up a lot of resistance at the idea, say, of seeing a therapist, you may be denying more than you realize.

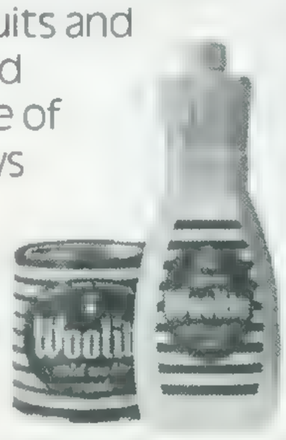
Rule three: If you feel depressed, express it. Depression won't go away on its own. The energy that goes to maintain inner defenses can be spent far better elsewhere.

The second pointer is anger or frustration. If your frustration index is low, if you are easily irritated and you sense that

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you are chewing away on something inside, you may be showing the signs of masked depression. Remember the merry-go-round: Frustration—lowered self-esteem—anger—attack—guilt—frustration. If you're on this circle, you'll have symptoms that show and, generally, in the anger-frustration-resentment league.

Rule four: Let your anger point the way. Legitimate anger gets things done; neurotic anger accomplishes nothing, it makes a lot of noise and gets a lot of attention, but it does very little. It's anger turned upon itself.

The final pointer is function. If you are coping adequately at work, at home, in relationships, and in yourself, you are likely not clinically depressed. Unless you are skilled at denial, you likely have things well in hand even including minor bouts of clinical depression.

But this is not to say that you don't need to take action to clarify any doubts you may have and, if necessary, to do something to prevent your depression from getting worse. No point in waiting for the tiger to have its claws in you before calling for help.

What to do to cope with depression

Accept depression. A good way to get rid of depression is not to fight it. Let go, run with it, don't push the river. As the Gospels say: Resist not evil. To live well is to live with a minimum energy output; life lives itself, if you will let it.

We live in an artificial culture with artificial standards, but do you have to make the social norms your personal beliefs? You've got a far better guide inside you, if you will only learn to follow it. So, let go of what you've been mistaught and learn it over again; and that goes for depression and aggression and anything else from inside you that you care to name.

It's not depression that should bother you, for everybody's depressed at one time or another, but your resistance to it and, of course, its degree of intensity. But you've got a lot more resources inside you if you only flow with the tide instead of fighting it.

Take action. If you are worried about being depressed, do something about it. Nothing is worse than the paralysis of inaction. Be more open about yourself, talk to friends or to those close to you who are sensitive and reliable. At first, if you ask them about your moods, they will deny depression, since that's what you expect them to say; but, once you've opened the door to honest opinion, they'll express it in one way or another.

Though one should never expect a friend to be a therapist, the use of a friend in need and confidence can often avoid the necessity of a therapist. The same goes with priests and ministers and counselors who know enough to listen. Unfortunately, many of them have the answer before they've heard your question; but it's worth a try with those who come well recommended. Don't forget, the important thing is not what you get back in counsel but what you discover of yourself in seeking it.

Finally, if you've done all this and you are still in doubt, or if the level of your depression is serious at any time, you should not hesitate to get a psychiatric consultation for yourself or for a friend who is depending on you. It's relatively easy to get a consultation, much more difficult to get therapy. And you may not need therapy in any case, so why not find out? Better a shrink than a tiger. ▽

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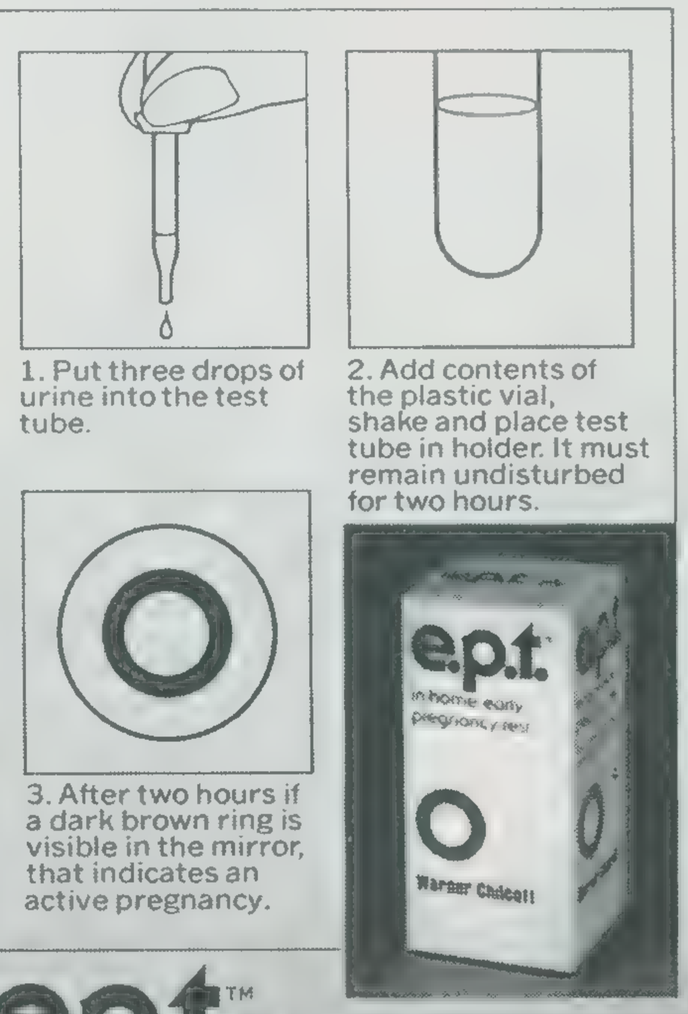
If you get a positive reading, you can assume you are pregnant. Such positive pregnancy readings in our clinical tests proved to be 97% accurate. If your reading is negative, your overdue period should begin soon. If a week passes and you still have not started menstruating, you should take a second E.P.T. test because there may not have been sufficient HCG in your urine at the time of the first test, or you may have miscalculated your period. Negative readings on a first test are about 80% accurate; on repeat testing one week later they are 91% accurate. If your second test result is still negative and your period has not begun, we urge you to consult your doctor as soon as possible.

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For an idyllic day trip out of London, head for Leeds Castle (*above*) in Maidstone, Kent. Opened to the public a year ago, this fairy-tale castle was built by a Norman baron in the early twelfth century and later was home to eight of England's medieval queens. Leeds also belonged to Henry VIII, and among its treasures is Henry's enormous banquet hall with medieval furnishings, tapestries, and endlessly long table carved from one plank of wood.

Other delights at Leeds Castle: a gallery of Impressionist paintings, Queen Joan of Navarre's handwritten housekeeping accounts for the year 1422, rolling grounds with picnic areas and excellent nine-hole golf course.

The castle (restored in 1927 by its late owner, Lady Baillie—it became a museum upon her death in 1974) also serves as a conference center for the medical profession.

See page 122 for further information.

FINDING THE U.S.

Many of us would never go abroad without trusty guidebook in hand but don't think of taking one along when vacationing our own U.S.A. Here, for happy and fulfilling travel at home this summer, four good new guides to America: From Arthur Frommer—who pioneered budget travel with his $5-a-Day series of books—comes a guide to the Northeast for all budgets, *Dollar-Wise Guide to New England,* that zeroes in on the all-season attractions of the six Yankee states from Connecticut to Maine; $4.50 at most bookstores. . . . For a charming look at the Virginia where Thomas Jefferson lived and worked, *Jefferson's Country*—photographs, historical anecdotes, walk tours, restaurants, special events. For a copy, send $3.95 to P.O. Box 26464, Richmond, VA 23261. . . . For another new view of the Old South, *Fodor's Old South*; $9.95. . . . Also from Fodor's, *Only-In-America* compiles the many zany diversions that make the U.S. unique: amusement and theme parks, dude ranches, rodeos, Indian powwows; $9.95.

Best summer-vacation bet: a week in Moscow and Leningrad combined with a week on Yugoslavia's sun-drenched Adriatic coast at Dubrovnik and Split. The price? A low $1440 includes flights from New York, hotels, all meals, theater tickets in Moscow and Leningrad, three banquets at top-notch U.S.S.R. restaurants. For information, see your travel agent, Vogue To Go, or contact General Tours in New York at (212) 751-1440.



CHINA NOW

Even though China is slowly opening up, it's still a difficult country for an American tourist to crack: but two important developments could make getting to China in 1979 a lot easier. Pan Am's super-successful eighteen-day China tours will have many more departures in 1979 (this year, you practically had to get on a waiting list for the waiting list!). But these trips will still sell out fast, so get in line for the '79 application (available in August) *now*. Write Pan Am's World, 200 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017. . . . Also worth looking into *immediately*: Cunard's '79 world cruise on the *QE2*. Cunard has just secured permission for all 1400 of the *Queen*'s passengers to visit Peking, Canton, and other China cities during this cruise. See page 122. (P.S. Fodor's new China guide comes out January '79.)

—RICHARD ALLEMAN



Star Chicago attraction: *Architecture, like that pictured, left. Skyscrapers—first born in the windy city—have been sprouting up there ever since the 1800's. Latest variation: Sears Tower, world's tallest building. To appreciate Chicago's rich architectural heritage, visit ArchiCenter at 310 S. Michigan Ave.—free exhibits; bus, bike, walk tours from $1 to $7. See page 122.*

First-timing Greece? Streetside kiosks can be lifesavers for travelers. Open late, sometimes all night, these closet-sized "department stores" sell everything from guidebooks to toothpaste, postcards to worry beads. For two drachmas, you can even make a phone call.

VERY CIVILIZED SAIL

Paquet Cruises' XVII Music Festival at Sea this year boasts more famous classical artists on board than ever before. A few of the names: Isaac Stern, Mstislav Rostropovich, Jean-Pierre Rampal, the English Chamber Orchestra; many more. Itinerary: Greece, Greek Islands, Turkey, Israel. Also on board: fine cuisine, vintage wines. Price: from $1920 to $4700 for two weeks. (Air fare extra.) Information: see travel agent or contact Paquet Cruises at 212/757-9050. Act fast; space is limited. Sailing September 3-16 from Toulon, France.



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Bermuda: where "more of the same" means "better than ever!"

Vogue's Travel Editor slips back to Bermuda after seven years, finds island life still gentle, civilized, unstuffy



View through 17th-century plantation gate: doll-sized Bermuda "buttery" (house) with pyramid-shaped roof

By Despina Messinesi

The wonder of Bermuda is that it is totally Bermudian. It's a place that doesn't change and that hangs on, tenaciously, to its identity. Visitors (Bermuda's main industry) make no impact on the island—it absorbs them like morning dew. That's why, going back to Bermuda after seven years, I slipped into the scrupulous Bermuda scene as speedily and comfortably as into a well-thumbed classic.

Moored like a ship approximately six-hundred miles off Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, Bermuda is an island where Atlantic Ocean breezes revive like smelling salts. Always in your eyes: dazzling seascapes, blazing flowers, frost-white roofs, watercolor-hued houses, pocket-sized vegetable farms, tropical greens, streams of whirring mopeds, and puffy clouds that race across the sky.

Bermuda's civilized quality has a special appeal: gentle, conventional, but not stuffy. It is fascinating to see how visitors on sun, sea, golf, and tennis holidays (for which the island is famous) adapt themselves and conform to Bermuda's ways. During College Week, it was fun watching college boys—all lanky arms and legs—go for the tea and cakes that are served free at most hotels. One evening, I felt as proud as a mother when I saw them queuing up outside Disco 40, the new "in" discothèque. The crowd looked adorable: girls with shiny hair, in pretty dresses; fellows, with short haircuts, in jackets and ties.

Although Bermuda's terra firma is only twenty miles long (and just two miles wide at its broadest point), distances seem longer driving at the island's twenty-mile-an-hour speed limit. Without skimping on sun/sea, it was a picnic to drive over the island from end to end in leisurely, small doses.

What is so refreshing about Bermuda are the green, unbuilt tracts of land and, of course, endless coves, long strands of sandy beaches, and constant water views. Handsome houses stand behind walled gardens tangled with hibiscus, morning glories, and nasturtiums growing wild. Behind the tree-tall oleanders that line the roads are patches of small vegetable gardens. Many grow the famous Bermuda onion that produces three crops a year. The heady smell of orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees were giveaway guides leading me to citrus groves drooping with fruit. I couldn't get over the freesias that, in flower, looked to me like bits of colored tissue scattered on the trim lawns.

My first foray was to the remote, most western tip of the island, to visit the Maritime Museum that was opened by Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip in 1975. Knowing that I was an insatiable sightseer, the Bermuda Tourist Board provided me with a driver-guide, Teddy Brangman, who turned out to be the perfect pianissimo accompaniment to the exuberant landscape we passed.

"This is Amen Corner, the beginning of the end," said Teddy as we passed the crossroads where two parishes—Paget and Warwick—meet. The doll-sized white houses there, with peaked roofs, are called butteries; they were used for storing victuals before the days of refrigerators and are to be seen everywhere in Bermuda.

Approaching the Maritime Museum, I passed the nineteenth-century Royal Naval Dockyard, a lineup of turreted pale-yellow limestone and Portland stone buildings with elegant pediments and a clocktower like a campanile. "That's the 'Channel-View Hotel!,'" said Teddy, about the Casemates Prison (which does have a super view and is still in use today).

Along the wharves, walls of machine

(Continued on page 118)

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BERMUDA

(Continued from page 117)

shops were painted with the brilliant, sometimes amusing, crests of ships that had stopped in for repairs during World War II. They reminded me of signatures in a guest book. Intrigued by the strange black shapes strung like laundry on the decks of a rusty fishing boat, I asked about them and was told that they were hundreds of shark fins drying. The Korean crew, looking no older than teenagers, invited me aboard. No smell; wet swabbed decks; soft, fresh meat still on the shark fins.

At the Maritime Museum, a gate leads through the fortifications into the Keep Yard, with its handsome stone buildings. There, too, is a lagoon with a water gate that was opened for Queen Elizabeth, when she sailed in by boat for the inauguration of the Museum. Inside buildings designed for ammunition storage, you could spend hours in studying the exhibits of model ships and prints and in reading the names on the bands of sailors' caps.

The beautiful vaulted brick ceilings in the Queen's Hall reminded me of those in Byzantine churches. The Keeper of the Keep, Mr. Little, with his dog Pete following at his heels, jolted me back a hundred years: he was tall, thin, had a beard like steel wool, wore a squashed navy cap and a clanking chainful of keys, and stomped around on a peg leg. He definitely belonged to the scene.

I took an instant fancy to a small restaurant, Belfield-in-Somerset, that's a convenient breakpoint on the way to or return from the Maritime Museum. Set in shaded gardens, the restaurant, in an eighteenth-century house, specializes in Bermudian dishes: paw paw (a tropical vegetable), hopping john (rice and peas), syllabub (a gooey dessert)—and, to my delight, morning elevenses (coffee with shortbread) and afternoon tea with home-baked bread. With only ten tables there, reservations are necessary for lunch and dinner. Closed on weekends. Here, too, unexpected easy-to-take-home antiques were on sale: tortoiseshell, ivories, pewter, Georgian silver, Rockingham china, green Bristol glass.

A few minutes away from Somerset in Sandys Parish, Cambridge Beaches—a resort of bonbon-pink cottages where families return year after year—spreads over the entire twenty-five-acre peninsula. It's peaceful, immaculate, and all beaches—for morning and afternoon swims, for bonefishing, for snorkeling, for picnics and sailing.

Heading back toward Hamilton, the city of Bermuda, I stopped to visit Springfield, one of the properties preserved by the Bermuda National Trust, formed by an Act of Parliament in 1970. I picked the wrong day, and the old plantation house with its broad porch was closed. Drawn to the buttery, I could see beyond the arched doorway in the back courtyard; and, way back in what must have been kitchens, I found the dining room of the village day-care center. Its walls were hung with splashy paintings and collages made of beans, peas, seashells, and pinecones. Seated at low, long tables, the most enchanting group of tots was lunching. I really didn't mind missing the Trust House.

For a view of the Big Bay (as my driver-guide called the Great Sound, dotted with mint-green tufts of islands and white ferryboats determinedly following their commuter routes), we drove up the hillside to Fort Scaur. On one side, the Sound; on the Atlantic side, Ely's Harbour, filled with boats. Fort Scaur is a benign-looking fort with wide lawns and picnic tables. I had no desire to go down into the dark ammunition cells, though. "What do I do with my banana peel?" asked a picnicker. Undoubtedly,



Lime-washing in Bermuda: by law, all roofs on the island must be white

she had read the sign: "I am a park with feelings, please do not litter me with trash 'peelings.' "

The Lantana Colony Club provides its guests with home comforts plus a level of service they might wish they had at home. Set in twenty acres of flower gardens (each path edged by a deep flower bed) along the Great Sound at Somerset Bridge, the cottages here have either screened and glassed-in terraces, patios, or lanais. Maids come in to prepare breakfast: a movable feast served in bed or in sunshine. Guests find, stashed away in their rooms, hair dryers, irons, shoeshine kits. Available is practically all the sports equipment a visitor might wish for—from tennis rackets and sailboats to flippers and water skis. For sun-filled lunches or starry dinners, the glass-walled dining room looks like a huge greenhouse of flowers and hanging plants. (Bermudians host receptions at the Lantana, particularly wedding parties.) The large garden near the gate provides fresh vegetables for Lantana guests. Walking past it, you feel like singing with contentment.

Southampton Parish is known for its broad sandy beaches, for its big and small resort hotels, and for Bermuda's most famous landmark, Gibb's Hill Lighthouse. The lighthouse's flashing beam has been the guiding light of seafarers since 1846; now, it also acts as a beacon for planes.

From the South Shore Road high above

"Bermuda's ocean breezes revive like smelling salts"

Southampton's beach, I had a wonderful view of the Sonesta Beach Hotel spread far below, at sea level. Looking down, I could see the curved span of the Sonesta, honeycombed with balconies; its horseshoe-shaped beach; the long blueness of its Olympic pool; the huge, observatory-like glass dome that covers an all-weather pool; six tennis courts; and the glint of hundreds of parked mopeds.

Driving on, I couldn't miss the Connecticut-red and white-trimmed roadside pub and restaurant, Henry the Eighth. Special, there: Sunday brunch—with steak and kidney pie, beer in pewter mugs, sunny terrace; lunch and dinner are served Monday through Saturday.

At the Southampton Princess, guests find such a plethora of things they need not stray off the vast grounds. An executive golf course provides the green setting for this hilltop hotel overlooking both the Atlantic and the Sound.

It takes more than ten fingers to add up all of the hotel's bars, cafés, and eating places. My favorite restaurant is the elegant, teak–paneled Newport Room that is modeled after the salon of a yacht—its portholes may be imitations, but the Wedgwood china and Irish crystal glasses are real.

The Princess's Games Room is like a mini-Las Vegas—minus the gambling; and most of Bermuda's top stores have branches in the shopping arcades. You can swim in the hotel's outdoor pool or under a Plexiglas-domed gushing waterfall or shuttle down to the Princess's own Beach Club and swim in Bermuda's clean, green sea. There are tennis courts equipped for night play at beach level as well as next to the hotel. So much is going on at the Princess, guests have practically no time to enjoy their cheerful, flower-chintzed rooms.

Note: On Riddell's Bay, the Waterlot Inn —a terrace restaurant where guests arriving by boat may dock—is yet another facet of the Southampton Princess operation.



At Southampton Princess: clubhouse, restaurant on a pink-pink beach

The Warwick Riding School—run by a soft-spoken English girl, Barbara Smith—is the island's only riding stable—with thirty horses. Newest interest there is in dressage lessons; special, for the summer, are breakfast rides over sandy beaches. Particularly nice are the all-year trail rides, always accompanied, over stretches of railroad tracks from bygone days. New in the tackshop: English riding clothes; made-to-order and hand-tooled saddles and harnesses.

Also in Warwick, the White Heron Inn has the island's only two paddle-tennis courts lighted for night games. To reserve, telephone 8-1655.

Not all Bermuda hotels are palazzi. At some, such as the unpretentious Mermaid Beach, some of the larger cottages include kitchenettes—which give guests a feeling of privacy and independence. (I liked the thought that, in winter, cottages rent by the month.) The hotel is located on the Atlantic side of Warwick Parish, where reefs are especially fine for snorkeling and the close-by, offshore wrecks make for fascinating underwater dives.

Fourways, the island's newest star restaurant in Paget Parish, is a fantastic treat: excellent food; good wines; *soignée*, speedy service—"Olympic-trained," said Richard Farge, the manager, of his waiters; attractive dining room, with hanging flower baskets and a quiet piano where, both at lunch and dinner, oldies and goodies are played. There, try Bermuda rockfish. When I ordered it, that day's catch hadn't come in; but before my substitute entrée arrived, the captain rushed to my table to tell me that the rockfish was just then being delivered. That's the kind of personal attention Fourways gives its guests.

Fourways also provides Bermudians with a special bonus: all the mouth-watering cakes and tarts served in the restaurant are also sold in a small, clinically white pastry shop off the patio. They are prepared by the young Parisian chef Claude Koeberle, whose specialties include fresh strawberry soufflés and Petits Fours.

On this visit to Bermuda, I stayed again at Newstead, a luxurious cottage colony in the centrally located Paget Parish. Perched on terraced cliffs, Newstead faces the city of Hamilton, which is directly across the harbor. Many of Newstead's guests return there year after year, sometimes several times during the year. Businessmen also choose it for its convenience to the city—a ten-minute ferryboat ride away.

Being familiar with the layout and routine of a place is a definite advantage. I knew to catch a before-breakfast swim in the saltwater pool, to take a walk along the paths edged with hedges and trees tagged like those in botanical gardens, to take afternoon tea on the terrace. Then: before-dinner drinks in the red-walled bar and a swizzle party "on the house." From the dining room and guest rooms, the coronet tower of the Bermuda Cathedral dominates the night panorama of Hamilton; the mellow glow of the Bank of Bermuda moirés the bay.

Newstead was just as I had remembered it: polished floors in the large rooms, handsome furniture with shiny brass trim, huge walk-in closets, dressing rooms, moss-green towels warming on electric racks. New—and a lifesaver—was the electric valet for pressing pants. (Rain showers do keep Bermuda flowering and green.)

The hilltop Horizons, Newstead's large companion resort of pink bungalows, spreads over twenty-five acres. Like Newstead's, the main building of Horizons has the cozy feeling of a country house: deep armchairs and settees, coffee tables, bursts of flower arrangements. Downstairs is a new pub with banquettes covered in red tartan plaids.

If you're traveling on a tighter budget, try one of Bermuda's many spotlessly clean little guesthouses—they don't break the bank. In Paget, Pretty Penny Guest House is one such place: set in tropical gardens with a pool, Pretty Penny provides bed and breakfast, then you're on your own.

(Continued on page 120)

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BERMUDA

(Continued from page 119)

Shuttling back and forth to Hamilton by ferry was bliss. I enjoyed the one-minute walk down the sloping lane from Newstead to Hodsdon's ferryboat station, an enchanting one-room building the size, shape, and frosted-white color of a Bermuda buttery. There is nothing luxe about the vintage twenty-three-foot ferry with wooden benches—except the fresh view of handsome cliff houses that you get from her deck and the twinkly greetings of her captain, Cecil Smith.

Stores along Hamilton's Front Street are so enticing, they seduce even non-shoppers. Facing the harbor area where cruise ships tie up and mopeds park, Front Street is a short and remarkably pretty span. Brilliantly colored buildings there are so heavily coated with paint, they shine like patent leather. Because Bermuda currency and the U.S. dollar are interchangeable, American visitors know to the penny where they're at.

Pumpkin-colored Trimingham Brothers department store (with its branches around the island) is a Bermuda institution. So are the venerable emporiums of H.A.&E. Smith and A.S. Cooper's. Shetland, lambswool, and cashmere sweaters and Irish tweeds are the main lures here. Wonderful take-home presents are foamy-light mohair throws in pastel colors, French perfumes—and don't forget Vitabath.

Archie Brown stocks Pringle sweaters, and Cécile's, a women's specialty shop, carries European designer clothes, sweaters, bikinis, costume jewelry. You can't miss Calypso's Van Gogh-yellow storefront. Inside, the racks and racks of clothes—holding everything from shirts and bikinis to silky evening things—splash with the clean, bright colors that so perfectly suit the unpolluted Bermuda scene.

For china (open patterns), crystal, and antiques, you can't go wrong at Bluck's. Don't be put off by the old-fashioned name of The Irish Linen Shop: its schizoid inventory ranges from exquisitely embroidered tea cloths to sexy French bikinis.

Across from the ferry terminal, at Front and Queen Streets—where a traffic officer directs from a pedestal (islanders call it "the birdcage")—the Bermuda Book Store Ltd. is tops.

Note: Bermuda's airport has no duty-free shop. Visitors buying liquor should order it at least twenty-four hours before departure date; they can then pick it up at the airport or boat pier.

In lieu of sidewalk cafés in Hamilton, there are restaurants on the lovely broad balconies above the shops—for a snack, lunch, dinner, or people-watching, with a view of the harbor. Rum Runners, on Front Street, has one of the broadest and prettiest white ironwork balconies—in a grape pattern—with matching chairs. People need not dress to dine on the terrace and at the pub bar; but, in the indoor main dining room, men are requested to wear jackets and ties as they must in most hotels.

Bermudians' favorite restaurant for entertaining visitors remains the upstairs Penthouse on Front Street. It has that smooth, cushiony quiet that goes with vintage wines, expensive gourmet food, and noiseless service. Reservations necessary; closed on Sunday.

Little Venice serves, of course, hearty Italian dishes, and the Lobster Pot specializes in seafood. Both places are informal, reasonable, and on Bermudiana Street. (The price of lobsters, however, is like that of gold dust.)

At the nineteenth-century post office on Queen Street, that ordinary business of buying a stamp had unexpected charm. I loved the old-fashioned pens and inkwells, the faded oval photograph of Queen Victoria, and the dangling electric wire for the air conditioner that gave an incongruous touch to the venerable Queen's surroundings.

Next door to the post office is the house where Bermuda's first postmaster, W.B. Perot, lived. The right half of his house is now the Bermuda Library, with its countless stacks of reference books and Bermuda newspapers. The left side of the house is the Bermuda Historical Society Museum. Sweet is the only way to describe the museum's small rooms, with their vitrines of blue Wedgwood, miniatures, crystal vases, and hyacinth-patterned Staffordshire exhibits—all labeled in fine brown script on yellowed paper.



St. James Church: frozen-white tombstones like huge lumps of sugar

After passing the tantalizing Guerlain shop, I turned right at Church Street and came to the new, dazzling white City Hall. Its weathervane is visible for miles, but not its unusual, handsome wind clock. The Mayor and his staff's offices and the Mayor's Parlor (furnished with old cedarwood chairs and tables) occupy only a small part of this imposing building, which also includes a theater and two large upstairs exhibition halls.

In this theater (where Harvard University's Hasty Pudding Theatrical was then performing), the Bermuda Festival takes place every January and February. Scheduled for the 1979 Bermuda Festival season: the Joffrey II Dance Company; *Beggar's Opera,* performed by the Juilliard Theater Company; the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center; organ recitals by Martin Neary, organist at Winchester Cathedral, England.

Next door to the City Hall, I couldn't resist visiting The Bermuda Cathedral. Enchanting there were the needlepoint cushions with nautical motifs of anchors and ships; on the wall, Hamilton's coat of arms —made up of peas, all kinds of beans, grains of rice, and pinecones—was extraordinary.

Going back to a place gives me the same pleasure as watching a favorite old movie on *The Late Show*. So, off I went to St. George's, on the eastern end of Bermuda, where I'd visited seven years before.

(Continued on page 122)

"We bring the children to Bermuda
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Doug and Gail Coupe on the Coupes'
fourth visit to Bermuda.



"We visited the old print shop on Featherbed Alley in St. George's. It's a town that gives you a feeling of history. Of things past."



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BERMUDA

(Continued from page 120)

On the way, I stopped at the small aquarium and zoo in Smith's Parish—where the aquarium label of each fish tank gave the family of fish, its habitat, food, and range of sea; where, in the zoo, there was nothing parrot-like about the "bye-bye" of a large green bird.

Nearby were the Deepdene Health and Beauty Studios, where many Bermudian women are regular visitors. The hotel by the same name is closed, but the beauty farm thrives in a converted stable and carriage house. Their treatments—sauna, whirlpool, massage, facials, shampoo—are as relaxing as a day in the country (only, after them, you look much better).

Strung along the South Shore Road were the elegant Pink Beach Club; the famed Mid-Ocean Club, where visiting golfers introduced by a member may play; and Tucker's Town—a sort of millionaire's enclave—where the real estate runs very high.

The eighteenth-century town of St. George's looks like an indoor and outdoor museum. A new burst of preservation/restoration there is now focusing on the waterfront. A boat pier is being readied for cruise ships. The upstairs Carriage Museum and downstairs Carriage House Restaurant are both in a restored, two-hundred-year-old navy warehouse with stark, bare brick walls. (At the Carriage House: an exceptionally fine salad bar, homemade bread, old-fashioned pepper grinder.) Several Hamilton shops have branches in the well-planned little shopping mall near the waterfront, and an informal indoor/outdoor pub is about to open. It's a completely revived old/new scene.

Returning on the South Shore Road, Teddy drove me around the Camden Estate, now the Botanical Gardens. Gardeners there, as on most of the island, were Portuguese. Pulling up the driveway of the eighteenth-century Camden House that is now going to be used by the Premier for official entertainment, a most attractive woman came out of the house and said: "Teddy, what are you doing here?" It was Mrs. David Gibbons, wife of the Premier, who was checking on the plans for restoring the mansion. Where else but in Bermuda can a tourist bump into the Premier's wife!

Note: Bermuda's water life—whether powerboat or dinghy races, tacking around the bays, fishing off a bridge or in deep-sea—is an all-year affair. But the star event (held only on even-numbered years) is the Newport to Bermuda Ocean Yacht Race, which leaves Newport, this year, on June 16. After the race, a whirl of partying begins.

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Bhutan: "a most exclusive club"

Notes from a magic kingdom high in the Himalayas

By William P. Rayner

Hidden between the Indian subcontinent and the great land mass of China, Bhutan, the Holy Kingdom of the Peaceful Dragon, straddles Himalayan peaks that push twenty-four thousand feet into the air. It is a medieval land where a king rules by divine right and children don the cloth at age five. Men either join the army or the monastery—women pave roads or till the soil. All art is religious, and almost every product is handwrought. Entrance to Bhutan was forbidden until four years ago, and even now Western travelers only trickle in. Bhutan is a most exclusive club—one which I was fortunate enough to visit last fall.

As there are no airports in Bhutan—though they have marvelous airmail stamps—the only way to gain entrance to this country is to fly from Calcutta to Baghdogra on the eastern frontier of India, and then to drive five hours across the Darjeeling plateau country, with its endless tea plantations shaded by acacia trees. Along the way, we pass women dressed in bright red and yellow saris who are stripping the holy green tea bushes of their leaves. Driving in India is rather like running a slalom course: the car is forever swerving right and left, braking and accelerating to avoid pedestrians, sacred cows (the same penalty exists for hitting both), bicycles, carts, and buses with the words "Maximum Load of 60" written on the side (which means sixty families and all their livestock).

It was evening by the time we passed underneath the huge pagoda arch that marks the border of India and Bhutan. There can be no line so absolute in the disparity of its sides. The chaos and energy apparent in India suddenly yield to a Swiss-like orderliness and neatness. The plains turn immediately into mountains; the long-limbed, swarthy Indian is replaced by the compact, high-cheekboned Mongolian; and the traveler leaves one of the most densely populated areas of the globe and enters one of the least inhabited. Bhutan is the size of Switzerland, with one-sixth its population.

Passing through customs, we are presented with travel papers so official-looking they might have been designed in jest by Saul Steinberg. The formality of everything has a charm officialdom can rarely claim. As we eight are literally the only tourists in the country, needing to show credentials other than our white faces seems redundant. There can certainly be no mistaking us for Bhutanese: from the king on down, the population wears long, loose-fitting plaid *khos* (kimono-like robes). These are fastened about the neck and can reach down to the ankles for, at night, they are used as sleeping bags; but, during the day, they are hiked up to the knees and tied low about

the waist by a cotton or woolen belt. The belts create folds in the robe in which daily necessities are stored. Among these necessities: tiny Lhasa Apso and Damtsi dogs that occasionally peek out from between ripples of cloth.

Because Bhutan has been almost totally sheltered from Western influence, its customs seem homegrown to us. Most are, in fact, Tibetan imports swept in by invasions during the ninth century, when nomadic tribes crossed the mountain passes that form Bhutan's twenty-four-thousand-foot-high Maginot Line. Among the nomads were holy men who came to spread the word—Buddha's word. In their zeal, they created the extraordinary fortress lamaseries *(dzongs)* that dot the countryside.

Our first true glimpse of Bhutan comes the morning after Customs. At seven o'clock, our two drivers and our shy guide, Wandi Dupka, corral us into a waiting minibus and an Indian Ford to begin an assault on a road that will corkscrew over fourteen-thousand-foot passes. The route takes us through forests of semitropical ficus, mango, and banana trees that eventually give way to walnut, oak, holly, bamboo, and fir

"You look down the sheer drop and see eagles soaring below you"

as the altitude increases. Giant one-hundred-and-fifty-foot rhododendron trees grow thick and, in the spring, they are said to shower red, pink, white, and yellow flowers. But there are flowers everywhere in Bhutan—and even the most humble cottages have neat little gardens of poinsettia, hibiscus, daisies, and climbing roses. However, as the road curls up the mountain and three-thousand-foot precipices begin to appear under the front fender, I lose interest in the flora and start wondering about the condition of the disk brakes!

Road signs in Bhutan only increase one's malaise, since they are represented by one or another of Buddha's auspicious symbols. The first sign we pass shows two golden fishes (auspicious fishes!) just before we bank a ninety-degree right turn. "How did the driver know to turn right?" I stutter. Wandi, the guide, replies that "as fish see through muddy water, so Buddha can perceive truth through confusion. Thus: turn right!" I should have known.

The trip from the border to Thimphu, the capital, is only about forty-five miles as a crow flies, but it is about one hundred and fifteen miles as an Indian Ford makes its way over the tortuous macadam. And speaking of crows, these birds happen to be sacred in Bhutan, since they spend their days repeating Buddha's holy syllables, *"ah . . . ah . . . ah."* Killing a crow is as great a sin as "slaughtering a thousand monks." But then killing anything is frowned upon by Buddhists. Perhaps the pig is the only thing these gentle people will kill because farmers believe that on Judgment Day (between lives), a pig will shovel black pebbles onto the scale of virtue signifying evil deeds. At the same time, the chicken will load the scale with white pebbles to count for all one's good works. We wound up eating a lot of pork on our trip—but no chicken.

After six hours of pressing my foot on an imaginary brake on my side of the car, we come upon the ancient Dzong of Simtokha, which marks the entrance to the capital Thimphu. Today the *dzong* serves as a language school for the study of *Dzongkha,* the Bhutanese language. Cities in Bhutan are little more than a cluster of houses surrounding the great *dzongs* that, for a millennium, have acted as administrative centers. The Tashiche Dzong in the Thimphu Valley has thick, sixty-foot-high walls of packed mud. These neatly whitewashed walls support a superstructure of carved timber stained in red and yellow and spaced with intricately carved windows.

Within the courtyard, where barefooted monks in maroon off-the-shoulder togas spend their day in prayer and meditation, there is a huge square tower housing the legislative chamber that meets each spring and fall. The walls inside the *dzong* are covered with tankas, those intricately painted mystic hangings that range from postage-stamp size to seventy or more feet high. The most incredible thing about the architecture of the *dzongs* is that they were literally built without architects: not one line or plan was ever drawn on paper. Also, not one nail secures the joints. In fact, most of the buildings in Bhutan are constructed without nails and employ the Chinese-puzzle principle of interlocking beams that reinforce each other.

Another striking architectural feature of Bhutan: the chortens or stupas—stone receptacles of varying sizes that hold religious relics. There is one such shrine in Thimphu that is a memorial to a recent king, and it has one of the most surreal interiors ever conceived. Upon entering, you immediately see a great glass cylinder rising three stories high. Inside the cylinder: thousands of carved effigies of the elephant-headed god Chenreyzi. The god is represented copulating with a woman while, beneath his feet, he is stamping out evil. The "evil" is represented by doll-sized men and women, painted in Day-Glo colors, who are either writhing in agony or engaging in sexual gymnastics that would inspire a pretzel designer.

One of Bhutan's greatest surprises is the extraordinary dancing that we see. It has been reported that, in fifteenth-century Florence (presumably because of the light), dancing took place during the day. So it is in Bhutan now. One morning, we go to a nearby village where seven men wearing carved animal masks (signifying deer, stag, elephants, eagles) dance with seven barefooted women in tartan kilts. To music made by cymbals and six-foot-long horns, they perform leaps and pirouettes together with adagio movements that combine the energy of a tribal dance with the discipline of a choreographed piece.

Each day in Bhutan brought some new excitement. Our last morning we take small

(Continued on page 128)

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ENIT

BHUTAN

(Continued from page 125)

mountain ponies and trek up to the holy-of-holy Tiger's Den, where hermits live and pilgrims come to worship in the wilderness. This spectacular-looking lamasery, torn from bedrock, dangles precariously three thousand feet above a plain. Five hundred feet above the lamasery, a waterfall arches down and crashes before the entrance gate. Our pony trek takes us through farm country with three-story houses in which cattle bed down on the first floor, the family lives on the second, and grain is stored on the third. Many of the houses are built by streams, and the flowing water rotates the waterwheel used for grinding grain as well as the prayer wheels that accumulate heavenly grace for the farmer with every turn. The distant hillsides are also dotted with hundreds of white prayer flags that flutter in the breeze and supposedly carry prayers to heaven.

During our two-hour ride up an incline with passages so steep that the ponies appear to be standing erect on their hind legs, we pass forests of holly trees, mountain laurel, giant oaks whose naked roots clutch the granite cliffs . . . and on through stands of white pine and firs until we reach a point at which even the surefooted ponies can go no further. Here, we alight and hike the last quarter of a mile to the sanctuary, edging across, at one point, an eighteen-inch-wide path cut in the mountain face. Not a stroll for those suffering from vertigo! To look down the sheer drop and see eagles soaring *below* you is a terrifying experience.

Legend has it that the founding guru of the lamasery arrived on this inhospitable ledge riding a flying tiger. However, our practical guide Wandi assures us that, in fact, it was built in the eighth century by Buddhist monks who cleared the area of dangerous tigers and pushed them back to the southern jungles where they remain today. Whatever its genesis, I shall never forget coming upon Tiger's Den for the first time and seeing its eight chapels with their walls hewn from the granite cliffs and covered with religious paintings—all set against the spectacular panoramic view of snow-capped Himalayan peaks. And everywhere: a majestic silence broken only by the prayers of hermits, the soft wind passing through the pines, the waterfall. It was like being in another world.

GETTING INTO BHUTAN:
Our journey to the remote land of Bhutan was arranged by WEXAS (The World Expeditionary Association—a British organization with a stateside office that specializes in off-the-beaten-track vacations). We had no idea what creature comforts we would enjoy but found we had no reason to worry. Both the Motithang Lodge in Thimphu and the smaller Olathang Lodge in Paro—with its bungalows, large bathrooms, and wide verandas that overlook a pine-covered valley—were wonderfully cozy. The food was delicious. Our first night in Paro—at the Olathang Lodge—the chef presented us with pork cooked with radishes, ginger, and chili; potatoes sautéed with onions and cheese; *fen* (the local spaghetti) tossed with a meat sauce fortified with tomatoes, onions, red chili, and ginger; two vegetables; salad; *anul* cheese (like a Greek feta). All was topped off with chilled custard pie rich as a Vienna torte! A cuisine of this sophistication in a primitive land was something none of us expected. (More on WEXAS, phone: 212/697-6126.)

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Health

By Melva Weber

New hope for the needle-shy... new help for skin sufferers... new makings for body parts... plus: what not to eat

KICK THE SALT HABIT

High blood pressure and high salt, or sodium, intake go together; and the average American sodium level—scandalous at three to five and one-half teaspoons daily—constitutes a real health hazard. Lot B. Page, M.D., professor of medicine at Tufts University School of Medicine in Boston, pointed out that heredity predisposes to high blood pressure; but two other factors—high salt intake and obesity—actually trigger it.

The craving for salt, established early in life, becomes as addictive as smoking, said Dr. Page. Among eighteen societies in the world that are free of high blood pressure, not one uses salt in the diet; whereas people whose traditional diet includes much salt have very high rates of hypertension, or high blood pressure.

Dr. Page added that American youngsters begin early to eat salty snack foods, that the average diet includes such high-sodium foods as cold cuts, pickles, canned soups, cheese, and salted chips, that we should all instead restrict our sodium to less than two grams—three-quarters of a teaspoon—of salt daily. Usually, we can manage on a tenth of that.

SKIN SAVER

New treatment approach to the disfiguring skin disease psoriasis is in the works at Duke University Medical Center in Durham, North Carolina. There, researchers identified the protein enzyme—chemotactic proteinase—they believe is responsible for the excessive buildup of white blood cells that causes the skin disorder. The research team, Gerald S. Lazarus, M.D., Charlotte Thomas, Ph.D., and Fred J. Yost, Jr., Ph.D., now are testing various enzyme inhibitors to try to subdue the guilty substance, with encouraging results.

NEEDLE-HATERS HEAVEN

Those who quake (or even faint) at the sight of a hypodermic needle can relax: a device, called Dermatron, that puts local anesthetic drug through the skin and into body tissue without use of an injection needle has been developed by doctors and engineers at the University of Utah. The drug is driven into the body by a slight electrical charge. The machine looks like a pocket calculator, takes six or seven minutes to deliver local anesthesia that lasts ten to fifteen minutes.

Stephen C. Jacobsen, Ph.D., and Robert L. Stephen, M.D., originally worked out the method for dialysis patients, who need treatment as much as three times a week and require preanesthesia before insertion of the large dialysis needle. Other uses: minor surgical procedures on fingers and toes; plastic surgery, where use of Dermatron anesthesia avoids the tissue bloating that happens in standard injections. In the works: Food and Drug Administration approval before marketing of the device.

NEW GROW-IN BONES AND TEETH

Time was materials used for such body implants as bone and tooth replacements were meant to be chemically resistant to body tissues and fluids. Now, Battelle Institute researchers in Frankfurt, Germany, have moved on from these "bioinert" materials to "bioactive" ones made of special ceramics. These substances, according to Battelle, behave like parts of the body, can bond with bone, can even dissolve as growing bone tissue replaces the artificial part.

Animal studies have used the dynamic ceramic for plugging bone cavities, bridging jawbone defects, repairing leg bones, closing surgical openings in the skull, and making tooth implants that really take root.

EATING MEAT CAN BE A PAIN

A veritable epidemic of an extremely painful disorder, kidney stones, is going on in America, according to Fredric L. Coe, M.D., of Michael Reese Hospital and Medical Center, Chicago. Stemming the epidemic, he adds, calls for a simple change in dietary habits: more cereals and grains, fewer flesh foods such as meat, poultry, fish.

Excessive eating of flesh food is likely to produce an excess of purines, compounds that form uric acid; a tiny crystal of uric acid may build layers of calcium around itself and grow into a kidney stone. Uric acid also causes gout. High-purine foods include anchovies, sardines, liver, beef, pork, lamb, chicken, shellfish. Men are more likely than women to become "purine gluttons," said Dr. Coe.

DO-IT-YOURSELF PREGNANCY TEST

New and available without prescription at your drugstore: E.P.T. for Early Pregnancy Test, a kit to detect pregnancy as early as nine days after a missed menstrual period. The kit tests a few drops of urine for the presence of the pregnancy hormone HCG, or human chorionic gonadotropin. Made by Warner/Chilcott, the E.P.T. kit costs about $10.

To make the test, collect a sample of early-morning urine, put three drops into the test tube with chemical reagents, add purified water from the second vial. Close the test tube and shake it for ten seconds; replace it in its holder and leave it undisturbed exactly two hours. If the answer is pregnancy, a definite dark-brown ring appears in the bottom of the test tube.

The test is 97 percent accurate for positive pregnancy; but, if the reading is negative, you're only 80 percent certain of no pregnancy. If menstruation doesn't start within days, a second test is recommended one week later. If the test is still negative, it's urgent to see a physician to find the reason for the missed period. An ectopic or tubal pregnancy will not register in the test; if that is the problem, you should have immediate care.

Early knowledge of a healthy pregnancy helps you to plan, to start prenatal care early (see suggestions at right).

BETTER HABITS REQUIRED

If your in-house pregnancy test comes up positive, snuff out your cigarette and throw your drink down the drain: there's overwhelming medical evidence that you should completely stop smoking and drinking. It's well-known that smoking mothers produce smaller, lighter babies than do nonsmokers. Now, there's new data indicating that smoking may also cause birth deformities. Richard L. Naeye, M.D., of The Pennsylvania State University College of Medicine, reviewed more than fifty thousand pregnancies, reported in *The American Journal of Pathology* that smoking appears related to increasing risk of fetal malformations.

Barbara Luke, R.N., R.D., a maternal nutrition specialist at New York's Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, is fighting to have a warning label required on liquor bottles, stating that drinking during pregnancy may cause birth defects. "I am personally convinced," she told a senate panel on alcoholism, "that the safest and wisest course for the pregnant woman could be completely to abstain from drinking." Miss Luke added that alcohol in pregnancy causes about six thousand defective births each year.

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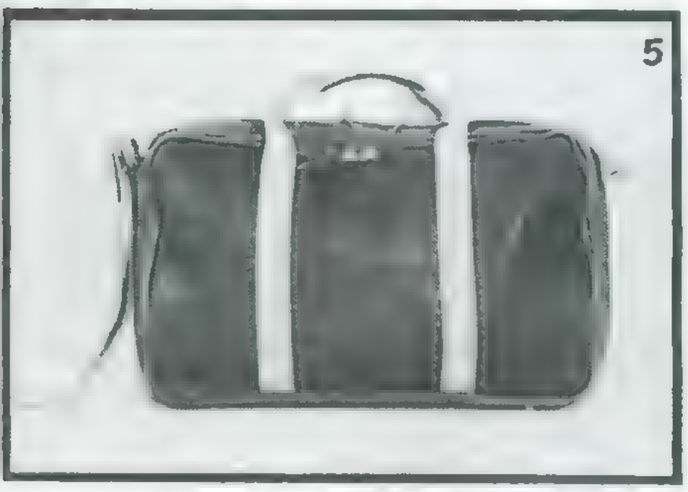
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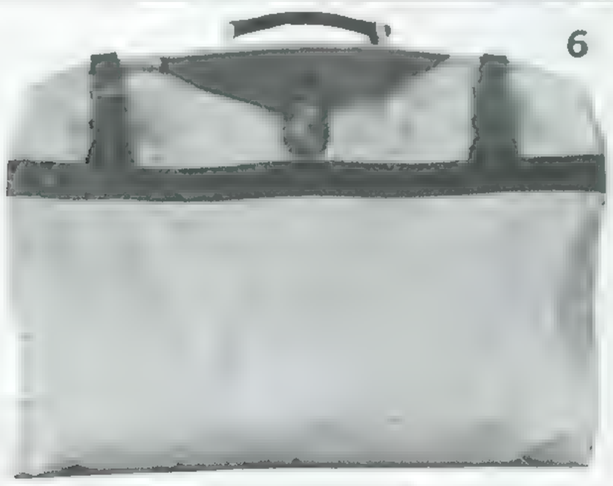
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Somehow in summer you're on-the-move a lot — it's part of the fun. Here are the extra bags to toss things in. They're soft, unlined, unconstructed — like your clothes. They're lightweight, and expandable — there's always room for one thing more. And all perfect "apartment" luggage folds compactly or squashes down to store under a bed or on a shelf. **1.** Just zip, unzip the bottom to change the size. Summer-white waterproof nylon. Henry Rosenfeld, $37. **2.** Khaki quilted nylon, tan leather handles. Pullman-size opened; folded, it's pancake-flat. La Bagagerie, $90. **3.** It's in the bag — all your gear for a day's outing, even a racquet — goes into this off-white tote with webbing top, pigskin trim. Bob Lee for Hunting World, $150. **4.** Juschi's jacquard duffel, signature canvas, holds a week's worth or more. $370. **5.** No wasting time on check-out lines. Sized to fit under a plane seat; rust leather. By Boyt, $140. **6.** The flight attendant will hang this garment carrier for you. Dupont Cordura nylon, ginger colored. Pegasus, $110. **7.** The perfect weekender — canvas in peach, other pretty summery pastels. Dennis Kyte for Starbuck, $45. **8.** Hartmann's khaki nylon carrier. Just transfer clothes, on the hangers, from this to the closet. $88. **9.** Brown (+15 other colors) parachute nylon suitcase — waterproof, tear-resistant, machine (delicate cycle) washable — who could ask for more? Le Sportsac, $40. Fashion information and stores, next to last pages.

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Summer Specials
What you need now may be hard to find. So--improvise! Use familiar things in out-of-context ways. Here--offbeat ideas,quick treats, small-change finds. Scout local boutiques, antiques, army-navys.

● Newest beach cover ...A man's tucked-front tuxedo shirt, $30 at Brooks Brothers. Or get a recycled one at San Francisco.

● Don't play it straight with beach accessories. Go for humor, whimsy, gobs of color. Conversation-piece necklaces, super over bare bodies...A man's wing collar--$3.50 in white cotton; or $4.50 for ten paper ones (decorate with military stars, fake jewels); Brooks Brothers... Kenzo's red plastic tie...A butterfly bow tie.

The best/coolest scarves...red plaid dish towels, Manhattan Ad Hoc Co. or vivid hand towels from your linen closet--to fold as an ascot; substitute for a bandeau; put on your stomach as a bookrest.

● Nifty beach mats... genuine quilted furniture pads (movers use them) dyed in crayon-brights. Village Stripper, $12.

● "Tops" in bottoms-- . . . the kickiest shorts--men's cotton madras button-front BVDs, in blue, $8, Brooks Brothers. Or buy whites, dye bright. . . The pants of inexpensive shiny satin sleep-pyjamas look great with your most extravagant evening top.

● They go to your head...An antique straw boater, Lifestyles, $25.... Unconstructed, crushable, washable terry brimmed hats, three for $15, Robert Kirk Ltd.... Try a painter's cap from the paint store.

Errol Sawyer

Why the rich look different from you and me.

You cannot help but notice her. There is an aura of difference that goes beyond expensive clothing or being beautifully endowed by nature. And nowhere is it more evident than in her skin. Because she, like many other women, had the good fortune to first discover Orlane on her trips to France.

Needless to say, it was almost no time at all before Orlane became an indispensable part of her beauty regime.

For Orlane created an exceptional skin care system. One which is celebrated the world over. Yet, suitable for all types of skin.

And, today, it is an advantage shared by all women dedicated to flawless skin.



Fluide Eye Baume à la Gelée Royale: Fluide Eye Baume was created specifically to minimize the tiny lines, and reduce the puffiness that often surrounds the eyes. Its rich formula and special properties are absorbed by the skin almost as soon as it is applied. And it can be worn all day long.

Crème Oryane (For the throat): This cream's special combination of ingredients is designed to smooth and beautify skin in the throat area. Crème Oryane is immediately absorbed and works continuously to keep your throat and neck younger and more beautiful looking. Due to its non-greasy formulation it can be worn all day or night.

Body Treatment Lotion: Your entire body will feel softer and smoother from this moisture-rich, non-greasy lotion. Apply after your bath, its emollients penetrate the outer layers of the skin almost instantly. Especially effective on such troubled areas as elbows, knees, heels. Applicator optional.

The entire Orlane collection is sold by trained consultants at finer stores throughout the United States and Europe.



ORLANE
Paris

An advantage shared by
the world's most beautiful women.

Orlane, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019. Paris.

You: The American Woman '78

Summer fashion basics for the way you live now

Certain things are basic to summer. The first being a much more easygoing, freewheeling style of living. No matter how you spend your time the rest of the year, in summer you have more to spend the way you want to spend it—with family and friends, moving around outdoors, or just relaxing in a cool, quiet place. It may be the long weekends, or the extra still-light hours at the end of a day, but there are opportunities that exist now that simply do not exist in any other season. And what you do with them—the pleasures and satisfaction they bring—not only recharges your spirit but carries over into everything else you do.

Just as basic to an American summer—a certain ease of dressing that's simple and clean and totally appealing. The things everyone needs—the backbone-of-a-wardrobe essentials—have an added freshness and charm to them in warm weather. This summer's versions are no exceptions....

'78 summer basics

- Pants that are narrow, but easy—pull-on easy—in a lightweight summer fabric (handkerchief linen, cotton lisle, thin baby-wale corduroy). Pants "dressed" enough—cool enough—to take you through hot working days when you add a matching top. Change that, and you change the mood—to casual anywhere pants-dressing.
- Jeans—the leggiest, skinniest jeans yet. To have in any one of dozens of super colors, from violet to turquoise to khaki to palest pink. Plus white—the color to have first in summer!
- Summer top, bare version—the camisole. Whether it's charmeuse or lace-edged cotton knit, it's a key and the start of a whole new take on lingerie-dressing with more to come.
- Summer top, covered version: a thin-as-batiste shirt, soft and full. Or a slide-on drop-shoulder blouse. Think of these where you would have thought peasant blouse.
- A different kind of T-shirt—the un-classic T-shirt. A small, sliding little top with short, bare sleeves. In a different kind of fabric—shimmered and slinky—and un-classic colors.
- The day in/day out summer dress. '78 options: the revealing of a new *narrow* gauze-thin dress that's loose and breezy and bare, in a deep bright color (which increases the options—i.e., for work, for city-dressing). Or a simple, cool cotton—shirting stripes, crinkled batiste—with slits and sleeves-to-roll and a narrow-falling skirt.
- The T-shirt dress, which like the T-shirt, has changed. Now, it's a bare camisole-top dress or the thinnest cotton lisle with a clean sweep of neckline, narrow skirt. And the colors have changed, deepened—berry, khaki, ink blue, black.
- Best casual shoe: a canvas ballet slipper—flat to the ground, ankle-wrapped, versatile as an espadrille—to wear the same way.
- Newest covering—a soft angora sweater in an extra-pretty shade of peach or blue or mauve.
- Best summer bet: anything in clipped white terry—a pullover, warm-up suit, robe, maillot-and-skirt. It works all around the beach, the tennis court, all around the house.
- Basic and classic—tennis whites. This summer's news: a sleek white body suit for tennis with a little skirt or shorts to pull on over it. Not only the neatest turn to sports-dressing, it's an idea you'll see over and over this summer wherever people are moving/running/exercising.
- Most appealing look at night—something romantic-but-crisp in white batiste and lace. Like...a beautiful "nightdress" dress from an antique shop. Or a modern version—a bare narrow strapless jumpsuit in lacy white, or slightly oversized top and narrow ankle-length skirt.
- The summer bag that's really a bag—i.e., not a basket or piece of straw or canvas laundry tote. But a soft leather pouch in an out-of-this-world color—orange, pink, lavender. The nicest way to own it—as part of a "family": the smallest pouch for keys and change; the largest, the perfect all-around-town bag.
- Last thing—really the first—a well-toned, trim body. A body that's fit enough to make the most of any/all of the above. Fitness is a pleasure in and of itself, but in summer it also happens to increase all of your fashion options from the barest cut-out, cut-up maillot for day to the most revealing lingerie-dressing at night. These are the kinds of clothes that don't work on every body...only on the 'ones that are in shape.

Then there are the added delights of summer...the bits and pieces you can play around with—the things that make the basics work different ways, *your* way. You don't have to spend a fortune on summer clothes—any of the following and a little inventiveness are all you need.

- A hat—a funny, unexpected little hat in crushy terry or soft cotton. Or a straw boater—it flirts all through summer (and this issue, right from the cover!).
- The short unlined jacket—cut like a busboy's jacket—in a basic summer color (black or white). Instant refresher for all your skirts and pants. Instant charm with a lacy cotton-knit camisole peeking underneath...or nothing underneath but a narrow silk print tie.
- A pair of small square-cut shorts in a bright color of terry to pull on over bathing suits, to work out or relax in.
- Two or three tiny bikinis in assorted colors and prints to wear mixed, not matched. It's a lot more fun that way.
- A recycled (or new) man's dinner shirt to cover the above... or as a top with pants and shorts.
- A thin strip of white lace to wear as a neck-tie. It turns the look of a cotton shirt or dress...ditto a vest in white or pale-color linen.
- The surefire trick of rolling up a shirt or sweater sleeve, or rolling up the bottom of shorts. It's something we've said before, but it bears repeating in summer—you'll be surprised at the difference it makes with warm-weather classics.

In a category of its own—whatever fits the description of "un-dressing" dressing. Which, this summer, could be a big loose slide of collarband shirt in white cotton batiste, a thin voile slip with lace, a breezy overshirt and little waist-tie shorts. The kinds of clothes you often find in unexpected places—lingerie/sleepwear/loungewear departments—and the things that follow you from the beach to the backyard, from your living room to someone else's, indoors, outdoors. They go naturally whenever the mood is informal, carefree...they are what the best of summer is all about.

You now: new ways

Families in the sun

Together and outdoors: they're the modern American family... Berry and Tony Perkins, sons Osgood and Elvis, in their vintage Mustang from Bundy Rent-A-Wreck or with (right) Berry's sister, Marisa Berenson Randall, and her baby daughter, Starlite. More about the Perkinses, next two pages.

Americans live, love, play...

Berry Berenson and Anthony Perkins: right-now American family, children their real joy

By Caroline Seebohm

It's not as though Osgood and Elvis Perkins were planned. Both the children were accidents. So, we're told, were most of the great discoveries of our time.

"I never knew any children before," says Anthony Perkins, eyeing his four- and two-year-old sons with paternal wonder. "I didn't have brothers or sisters with children. I'd never even held a baby."

It's Saturday morning in the Hollywood Hills. The sun is shining, breakfast is just over. Tony Perkins is in jeans and a shirt, his familiar taut face turned towards his children who are playing with crayons at his feet. "That's good, Oz," he says. (Can this be the same Tony Perkins who has made a career out of making us nervous? Read on.) His wife, Berry Berenson, wears a red flannel nightshirt. She is writing a shopping list. "Bananas, pineapple, white grapes," she reads.

"*White* grapes?" Perkins queries, helping Elvis prop up a singularly weak-kneed Superhero on the table.

"As opposed to red grapes."

"*Green, seedless* grapes," he corrects her. She writes it down.

They are having fourteen people to a charades party the following night. Berry Berenson is cooking one of her favorite things—chicken with cream, curry, bananas, papaya, grapes (green, seedless grapes), and "any other fresh fruit in season. I just improvise."

Continued

Their house in Los Angeles is rented, "but it looks as though it might be ours," she explains. "Most houses out here look so . . . *decorated*." She looks 'round with satisfaction at what can only be described as modified chaos. What furniture there is is barely visible under heaps of toys, books, unfinished jigsaw puzzles, and the other detritus of an under-five's life. On the dining table are a cassette tape recorder, a toaster, a box of crayons, some coffee mugs, and two lavender-pink roses in a vase. The scene reminds me of a visit I once paid to the great anthropologist/philosopher Gregory Bateson, on whose table, along with the breakfast remains, were *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* and a child's sock. You can tell a great deal from a person's table.

"We have to settle for a house that works for the children," says Perkins. "The days of controlled environments with starched retainers are long gone. The time will come when the children will want their own places. Now, they're with us."

The children have always gone everywhere with them. "Even to interviews with *The New York Times*," Perkins adds. "We got a playpen and never used it. That's very good, Oz." Osgood has completed coloring in Superman in all the colors of the rainbow. ("Osgood" after Tony Perkins's father; "Elvis," an old Basque name meaning fair of face.)

Tony Perkins was an only child. Berry Berenson had a very structured European childhood. They both came to the same conclusion. The Perkinses are a family—make no mistake about it. There's Tony and Berry and Osgood and Elvis; and if you want just Tony and Berry, you'll have to pry them away. Most of the time, their friends come to them.

"We are an in-house operation," Perkins explains. "Most of our friends are people who can enjoy children and play with them. They realize that children are human beings. A surprising number of people can accept children today. They're a novelty."

Children as novelty—that's how far we have come from the world of our fathers, where children were as commonplace as scullery maids. *O tempora! O mores!* Anthony and Berry Berenson Perkins are the new revolutionaries, living with and for their children in a society where single parents are chic and nonparents merit a national organization. The Perkinses believe that the things that are hard to achieve—like bringing up children—are the best things in life.

"I miss sleeping till noon," Berenson admits, "though Tony makes breakfast for the children on weekends so I can sleep late. And sometimes I feel 'goody-goody,' by which I mean I don't go disco dancing or take a trip to Afghanistan, which is what I would have done five years ago. I remember being into records—Country and Western, Black music—now, I can't do that. Tony and I have to make a point of going out to dinner together, just the two of us. But it's nice to be able to put the kids to bed. And basically, it's such a short time you spend with the children. Almost everyone I know says, 'Oh, I wish I'd done differently with our kids.' We want to avoid the self-reproach that could occur."

"The kids will be out of the house soon enough," Perkins agrees. "What input we can give them now—including our sanity—is worth the sacrifice."

"To be a good mother is a full-time job. I've only just started working again after three years. What is the point of having children when you see them for only half an hour each day? I'm sure you agree."

She is voicing an issue that many other women today are just coming to realize. Is this the ultimate resolution of the Women's Lib dilemma? The Perkinses' children have always had one parent with them, yet both the Perkins parents have bona fide careers. He is an actor and now a director, she is a photographer and now an actress. Berry Berenson loves working. "I like to busy myself with hundreds of things." They recently have finished making a film together (a thriller, not surprisingly), entitled *Remember My Name*, in which Tony Perkins appears with his wife. His description of how she worked on the film indicates something of the way she fashions a life that can include children and a career without short-changing either.

"Berry had no self-consciousness on the set. Far less than I. She is very receptive and has a spontaneity that in movies is the cardinal attribute. If you can 'get' that, as the set people say, then all your techniques, theories, and cerebrations are of minimal

(Continued on page 212)

"An organic effort: creating a marriage based on reality, not illusion"

Berry Berenson, right (with husband Anthony Perkins)—wife, mother, photographer, actress. Very much her own woman—an American woman today. Her style: spontaneity. You see it in the unflappable, joyous way she approaches child-rearing, in the way she copes with fashion—mixing wonderful odd pieces in an incredibly inventive way—in her complete lack of self-consciousness when acting (with her husband) in her first film "Remember My Name," in her totally infectious grin.

Arthur Elgort



American woman: straight talk from 14 top people about what really counts today... health, looks, clothes, houses —the works!

Edited by Lorraine Davis

YOU NOW *Continued*

The American woman in 1978: that's you! —not the same person you were last year, a modern woman living a significantly new kind of life. To help us update all the ways your ideas are changing, your new options and opportunities, and the needs and expectations these new choices bring, we invited a total of fourteen experts to talk about what really counts. One group took a look at the inseparables: the interaction of families, jobs, friends, enthusiasms and the ways they affect your time, money, houses, looks, clothes—everything that goes into your "life style." The other panel discussed the overwhelming importance of health and fitness to your whole life, to your energy and your good looks.

We asked each of our guests to tell how, from her or his special point of view, the American woman has changed in her life, looks, and thought—and what those currents mean now and in our future. Here, all the answers.

Paul Mazursky, *filmmaker and writer (most recently of "An Unmarried Woman") and observer of the social scene:* When I talk to women now, one of the dominant themes seems to be confusion about choices. I think my young daughter might want to be an airline pilot. I don't think a young girl twenty years ago would ever have thought about that. And choice is always confusing. What to wear? Who to be? Who you are? I suspect that the Women's Revolution, whatever it really is, is very complicated; and it has opened up a lot of new roads.

There's a new psychology. I think it's fundamentally different. I think it's complicated. I think it's more than the Women's Movement; I think it's life in general.

I think men have changed. Men's relationships to women have changed, and the media reflect this. Today, you'll see commercials in which they'll show a husband and wife, and the woman has a cold and the man is taking care of the baby. Things like that. And these things, which look banal, are very important, because they're telling the mass of women that they have permission to do more than they ever thought. Telling them how to dress, how to think, what to do with their lives—to work, to get married or not to get married. I have to quote my wife. I asked her what were the biggest changes in the last twenty years. She said, "The Pill and the dishwasher."

Mary McFadden, *designer of clothes, jewelry, household goods; imaginative hostess, traveler, art collector:* The woman, I think, has changed a great deal. The competitive woman is no longer really the independent woman of the 'thirties. She now has a man, or several lovers. Which means she really isn't alone. And I think this is a rather interesting point. I think, as time goes by, we will have an educational system that will structure a woman, her emotional energy, and her ability to create into an identity who will say, "Oh, all right," at seventeen, "I know what I want to do. And I can move into that field, and get there, and make something of my life, and not sit around and wait until I'm thirty or forty to say now I've finally found what I want to do."

The economics of a woman have changed; she's now able to make so much more money, she's going to be able to travel more, and she's going to still be able to have the two possibilities: the ease in work-day clothes and the fantasy of evening. And the other thing of course is that she's not going to be tied to the home. Certainly, the kids will be able to go to school earlier. Certainly, some of the men are going to take care of the kids. And certainly, she's going to have more money to get help in these areas.

Stephanie Winston, *president of The Organizing Principle, expert on time and space organization in home or office:* My private clients are primarily women. And I go in and I work with them, if they feel disorganized, whether in terms of their personal time or their paper work or their closets or their kitchens or how to manage their family from a logistic point of view. A good number of these clients tend to be women who are in the forty-to-fifty age bracket. They're women who were brought up to be fairly helpless in their basic perception of themselves—they weren't really expected to be entirely competent. And they weren't really expected to be able to quite master their lives. And, all of a sudden, it's a terribly exciting time in our culture in general and in their lives specifically and they're beginning to assume responsibility for themselves, taking responsibility for their own physical environment in a way that they never did before. And I think they're abandoning the idea of helplessness as in any sense a valid life style.

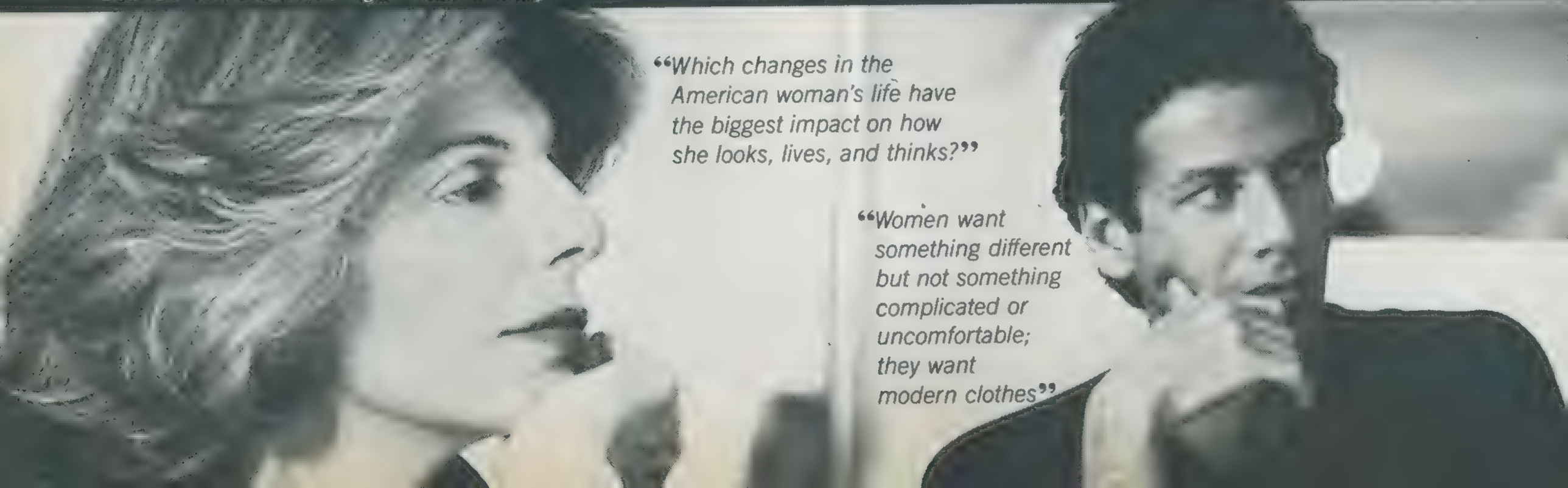
Today, we're seeing an upsurge again of an idea of commitment. In other words, we've spent a lot of time, since the mid-1960's, being involved in ourselves and finding ourselves, basically a kind of narcissistic stage. It probably was essential, however, to get us out of the lockstep of the

GRACE MIRABELLA, *Vogue's editor-in-chief*

"Which changes in the American woman's life have the biggest impact on how she looks, lives, and thinks?"

CALVIN KLEIN, *designer*

"Women want something different but not something complicated or uncomfortable; they want modern clothes"



'fifties. And I think the Women's Movement was a function of that, that basic breaking of old rigidities.

But now, there is a feeling again that we want to be whole people, and that part of being a whole person is making a commitment, whether it's making a commitment to another person or to a work that you take very seriously or to a relationship or to all of the above.

And so, I see something happening that is very, very healthy for women. And in this sense, I think women have been on the leading edge of all the basic profound cultural changes that we've been going through in the last fifteen years or so.

Audrey Smaltz, *former fashion editor of "Ebony" magazine, international fashion and beauty consultant:* I'd like specifically to talk about change and the Black American woman. The Black woman who's twenty-five years old in 1978 writes a script and she acts out that script. Just fifteen years ago, when I was twenty-five, I could not have dreamed of reading such a script.

For an example, there's a young lady in Washington who lives and, until recently, worked on the Hill—the Hill is Capitol Hill—she was special assistant to a Southern Senator. This is a young vital woman. She has her own apartment, her own car, makes her own decisions. And just fifteen years ago, I never would have dreamed that such a thing could happen to a young Black girl. That's very exciting. That's change.

The political arena—now we have many women in politics: we have twelve Black female mayors, all in the Southern area. So, there's a change in race relations, mostly in the Southern cities. The voting rules are more equal, and there is an increase in elective office and in political involvement.

Women are now trying for the same jobs that men have, so we have to have a very keen awareness of how we look. We must be absolutely and completely perfect in the way we look and how we compete with men for the same position; and the Black woman has to have this awareness even more so.

As of 1974, we had almost four hundred thousand Black American women under thirty-five years old attending college. Ten years prior to that, we had less than one hundred thousand—that's change. Today, it's the white-collar jobs that women are into—24 percent of all Black women had white-collar jobs in 1965; in 1974 it was up to 42 percent. The median earnings of the Black woman compared to the white woman in 1967 were 75 percent of the white woman's salary. In 1975, they rose to 92 percent of that salary.

Calvin Klein, *designer of clothes, accessories, linens, cosmetics:* We're talking about modern living and we're talking about self-awareness, and I totally agree with Stephanie on that. But, I think not just women but men as well are still into this thing of knowing themselves because, before you can influence anyone else and before, I think, you can do anything that's valid, you really have to know who you are. A lot of people are still learning about themselves; and, as they learn about themselves, they learn about their bodies. As they learn about their bodies, they start influencing designers. Interior designers, fashion designers, anyone who's concerned with human beings and their life styles, they have to think the way people think and understand what their needs are. And understand about change.

McFadden: I think the important thing is discipline. The people who get to the top are so highly disciplined; whether it's a woman or a man, it's about the same deal. But the statistics are all still going toward the men, and I think it's because of the discipline.

Klein: We talked about commitment before. And maybe the commitment for someone at that really top position is so enormous that it frightens a lot of people, but maybe more women than men. Maybe a man grows up thinking this is what he has to strive for. He's been told that's it: you've got to become the President of the United States. Maybe a lot of women just don't feel that kind of commitment about a career . . .

Winston: I think most men are willing, in principle, to acknowledge that women in management can be terrific. But, boy, a woman better not become the boss, because the men won't stand for it. And I think the reason comes not out of malice or anything of that kind but rather from the fact that it would require such a profound change in men-women attitudes.

Mazursky: I suspect that there is an awareness on the part of management, when they give a woman a power job, of the probable reaction of the men who are working for her. So, it's tricky.

McFadden: I'd like to argue against that. I think if a woman performs at the bottom line and she brings a company up from nowhere, so that every man in that business has doubled his salary or tripled his salary and couldn't have done so anywhere else, that the men will admire that woman.

If you can produce a product that's going to bring in millions, you can have all the men you want, and they're not going to be so upset to work for women if they're going to make much more money with you than with someone else.

Carol Bellamy, *president, The Council of the City of New York, political and Women's Movement activist:* I think women today in fact are willing to take some risks, more than men. I think it's a matter of talent, interestingly enough. But, there are a number of difficulties that I think we can find.

I don't like the term Women's Movement, because it sounds as if that were a particular thing. But, I do like to talk about women moving, because I think that particularly today women are moving. They're moving at different places, different times, different speeds. The problem which that could create is that you may not have liked what was going on, but you're not sure what your future is going to be. And that creates incredible anxiety.

We do not, as women, yet, have the supportive services men have. Not that life is wonderful for men; it's miserable, it seems to me. But . . . there are many kinds of supportive services out there. And, as women, we really don't have that yet. We're kind

(Continued on next page)

"When we work at things we like, we're conflict-free about work. We love it, and that gives us energy"

AUDREY SMALTZ, *shopping consultant*

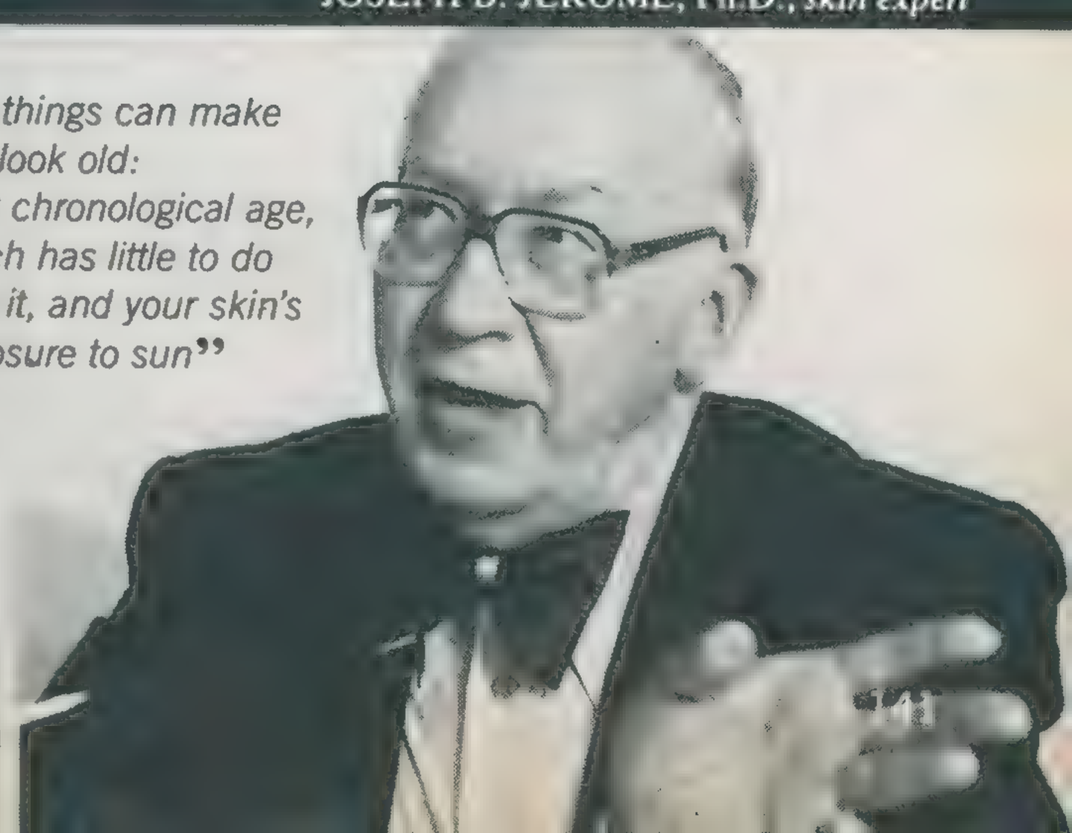


"We must be and look perfect when we compete with men for the same positions"

Harry Benson

JOSEPH B. JEROME, Ph.D., *skin expert*

"Two things can make you look old: your chronological age, which has little to do with it, and your skin's exposure to sun"



of afraid to put a hand out and see if somebody will support us a little bit. And that's why I think the New Girl Network, whatever it means, is just so important.

How have these changes affected clothes?

Mazursky: I don't think a lot of women think about clothes in quite the same way anymore. I don't think it's quite as drastic a choice if Jack or Harry doesn't like what she's wearing. Now, what a woman wears has to do with envy and power and all kinds of complicated things; but, as women become self-sufficient, or more self-sufficient, their choices change.

As a matter of fact, I think a lot of men are going through enormous pain and confusion about their own roles, now that they've become aware to some degree of the fact that they've been chauvinistic. And I think more men than not have become aware of it on some level, even if they joke about it. They're now probably confused.

What's happened is that somehow, probably since the Second World War, there's been something out there that makes women say: "Hey, I can do what I want to do." And it's fabulous. But the chance is just slight, you know; I think capitalism always absorbs revolutions. It gives you a quick gain and then you get absorbed into the mass. And that's the nature of it. So whether it'll accept the Women's Revolution and then slowly absorb it so that men still have the power is really the key question.

Winston: I think it is a tremendous, tremendous bind that many women are in. On the one hand, we're changing and forging ahead. On the other hand, the psychic barriers are so very, very strong. And so, there is a real confusion, which I think shows itself and is expressed in the reluctance to use power that many women have. Or they don't realize their own economic power.

You know, there is tremendous power there, if we actually will use it in a direct way. And I think that's getting back to the question of commitment; I think that this is where women, as a mass, still in many ways have not committed themselves to using their power.

Klein: The important thing is the number of dollars that women control. If women don't buy something, they can influence the people who make the product so easily. Or when they do buy something; again, the influence seems to come from the consumer. And so, when it comes to a home for a family, the woman is in control in that area, and when it comes to the clothes, both for men and women.

Bellamy: It's time we finally cut through the sense that women are in the work force for pin money. Every week in this country, forty-one million women bring home paychecks. It isn't this week's fad. It isn't the chic thing to do to go to work. It is a reality, it's an economic reality. It's not something that just happened. It's not something that we should treat as cute.

Klein: Somehow, I find there are more women who appreciate things that make sense—things that we're talking about, clothes, new fashion—than men. So, I don't think there are enough women making those decisions in my industry. I wish there were more because I'm not so sure that everyone really understands what women need and the way they live today.

And the first question about a garment is: does it really feel good? Because you look good, but does it feel good? Does it make sense? Can you move in it? Are you comfortable in it? All of the things that I think about today. Because I think these are the things that influence what we do, as well as the visual thing of how you look. So, I would like to see more women in a business that seems to me would attract many women.

How have economics, inflation influenced our clothes buying?

Klein: Well, it's changed in that women won't pay the same price for clothes because values have changed. Clothes are just not that important anymore. Again, there are always the exceptions; but, generally speaking, a lot of designer-made clothes were $1000 or more retail. Now, there aren't a lot of women willing to pay that price. It's more important to put the money in the house, or to put it into traveling.

Women's influence on the business people to change is based on what they will buy. They may pay a big price for a couch, because they see it's something that will last and they'll use. But not for a dress. The values have changed not just for fashion, but it's the total woman. It's beauty, it's health, it's everything that designers are concerned with today.

Bellamy: I think there's the matter of time —no time. I think there's a matter of where one's interest is. And so, I think it's utility. I think that women have other interests; and, particularly if they're in the work force. They go out there, they still make 60 percent of what a man makes for the same job. So, there's still that discrepancy getting greater. They come home and they still have to fix dinner at night. And you're talking about wanting them to have the time to look for the clothing, to choose the clothing, to choose the furniture that might be appropriate, when in fact they're really doing many, many other things right now. They don't have the time to do that.

Klein: I don't have the time either. But I still have a sense of myself, and I don't like things packaged for me. I don't want to call a store and say send me a room of furniture. And I don't want to wear the same clothes that everyone else wears because I just need something on my back. And I still have a sense of individuality. And I think, in the end, the women who buy our clothes feel that. They want to do something different. They don't want something that's so complicated that it doesn't fit in with their life style, that's uncomfortable, but they want modern clothes.

Smaltz: In a way, that's how I got my business established, because women have so many choices, there's so much in the stores, they don't know where to go and what to do. I predict that there is going to be an increase in small stores where that woman can come in, sit down, and I tell that woman, I'm the authority. You need this, thus, thus and so. This is your life style. I put it together for you. And I'm making money doing this.

I don't know what is going to happen to the department store itself, because there's too much. If you want a white skirt, you have to go into ninety-nine different little sections of a store to find a white skirt. I go into a woman's wardrobe. I say, this is what you need. And that's what she wants.

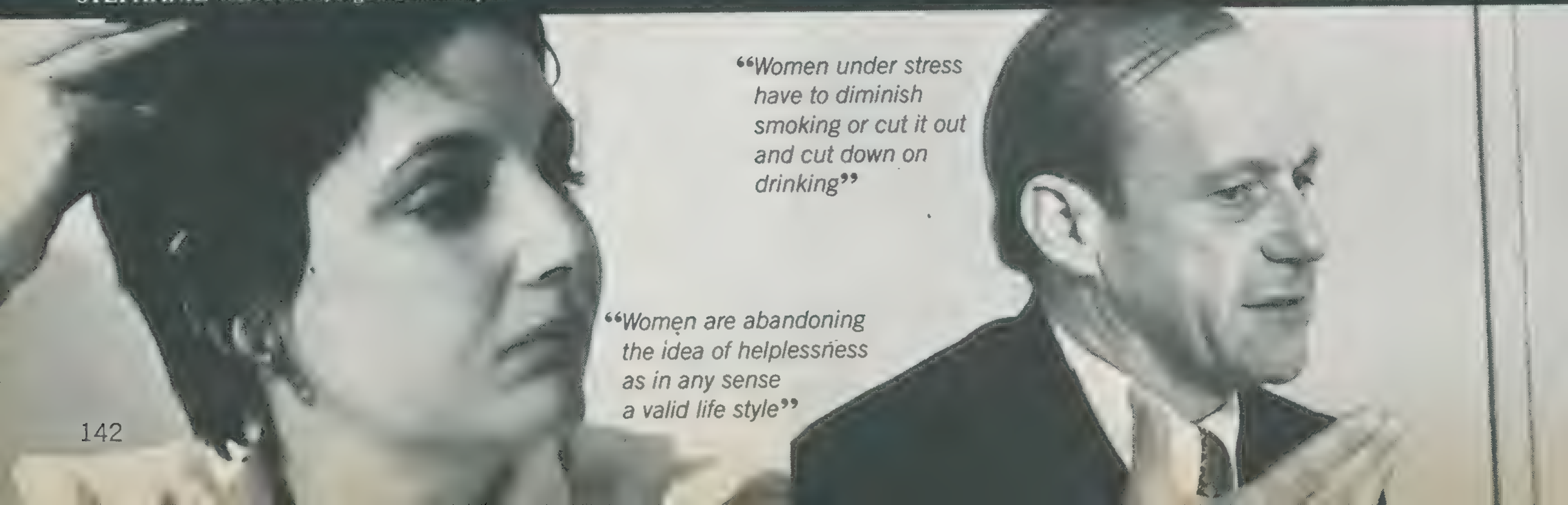
Klein: Audrey, that's a luxury that very few women can afford.

Smaltz: Well, I don't think it's a luxury for me to organize someone's wardrobe. I think I'm saving her many, many dollars and lots of time, and we're both happy.

The woman that I've been dressing, I would say she makes $25-$35,000 a year, and this is not just Black women. I have white clients as well. And she wants to spend about $2-$3000 on her wardrobe. And she wants to look a certain way. I can show her how to put silk shirts together with the skirts that she has, and the gilets or vests together with blazers, and just expand a wardrobe for her—and she's amazed. And these women have most of the clothes in their wardrobes when I begin, but they

STEPHANIE WINSTON, *organization expert*

WILLIBALD NAGLER, M.D., *sports physiologist*



"Women under stress have to diminish smoking or cut it out and cut down on drinking"

"Women are abandoning the idea of helplessness as in any sense a valid life style"

"We are seeing more cancer of the cervix in younger women as sexual relations start earlier"

just didn't know how to put them together.
Winston: I personally fall into the category of a person who reads Vogue and who shudders, if you know what I mean. The magazine is so beautiful and the models look so lovely and so together, and then I look at myself and go Oh, God!

I saw that ad for Calvin Klein's makeup with the different faces coordinated, and I said Thank God. I don't know how to put together my shadow with my rouge with my lipstick. I mean, the whole thing is maddening. And so what I do is I choose a couple of things that I do know I look good in, and I wear them all the time.

I was shopping today and I saw some of Calvin's things that were beautiful. There was one lovely blue top; but I said, what will I wear it with? And I went into my panic fit and I didn't get it!

I would really appreciate it if, let's say, with a particular top, you had a tag and that this tag said, "This top would look good with these colors, these styles. Wear narrow pants with this top because . . ."
Klein: But I think if you're really interested and you read Vogue, you'd have the information. I don't think it's that difficult.

Carol, do you think about how you look vis à vis your constituency?

Bellamy: There are several levels of answering that. I should tell you that, when I decide I'm in a campaign, I don't wear pants. Sometimes I do. I like to wear pants. We have a joke in my office that the turning point in the campaign came when I started wearing colored blouses—so the TV camera could pick them up.

I am not young, but I am younger than some people might accept; and so, I also have an image difficulty there. I prefer not to get into close marching orders in terms of how stiff I must look to appear older or to appear more sophisticated, as if I'm going to make decisions. As a politician, you face a number of things: people anticipate what you're going to look like, what you do look like, and whether that impacts on what you wear. And I think it does. I think it very much does.

I could choose to wear a navy-blue suit every day and take the easy way out. But, instead, I really care about what I wear and I just don't want to wear the navy-blue suit.

Paul, in making a film, do you think about how the leading woman is going to look from the view that if she looks too good she won't be taken seriously? If she looks less good, she's obviously more intelligent?

Mazursky: With glamour movies, the concern was always that the woman look "glamorous." But in my films, I'm always striving for a certain kind of reality, so my concern is that the woman, just as the man, wear what I think the specific of her world is. I want her to look attractive, etc. But I don't want her to look unreal.
McFadden: What about the uniform? I think it's the easiest thing in the world to put on, at least every four weeks, the same thing, to feel comfortable in it, and to have no decisions to make every morning. You do that, Calvin. I do it. My grandfather had one hundred grey suits and one hundred of the same tie and never made a decision. I mean, I think it's a fascinating other way of looking at dressing: you're comfortable and you don't think about it. I wear more or less the same dress every day. I have absolutely no problem.
Klein: I think comfort is really important because everyone is so busy doing things, working or moving or accomplishing something, that comfort relates in fashion to all of that. But I don't know about uniforms. That word scares me. That sounds like computers and numbers. I think again it depends on which woman we're talking about, because there's been this whole thing in the last year of power dressing for women, which we're probably all tired of anyway. Power dressing—a woman should dress like a man, so that she's an equal, and she wears a man-tailored suit to work, so that she's not too feminine, and she can sort of grow from being a secretary to a higher post in the company. We're dealing with women who've achieved more than that, people who have more security about what they buy, and they're into much more feminine clothes.

I think women who are more secure, who've accomplished something in the business world, they don't need a uniform. They don't need to look like a man, but they can wear pants and feel good about that, too.
Mazursky: That's probably different, a little bit, on the West Coast than on the East Coast. On the West Coast, where I lived a long time and to where I still go back, the basic uniform for women is the dungarees or the cut-offs and the little blouse that you can wear all year—it's still going on. And it's a uniform. And it's very confusing to people that run shops like Gucci because they don't know if you have the money or not when you go in.

Stephanie, doesn't the existence of your business reflect change . . . would a private individual have hired you a few years ago?

Winston: I would say that ten years ago it would have been fairly inconceivable that somebody would actually pay out money to somebody else to help them to simplify their lives in their immediate home environments. It's making that decision: "Yes, this is the kind of life I want to lead; in order to lead this kind of life—which is a more simplified life—I need to be able to find what I need when I need it. I need to get where I want to get to when I want to get there. I have to be able to establish my files, my money, my anything. Because without having these things under my control, I'm really helpless. I'm in chaos."

I would say this is a new perception, one that people have had of themselves fairly recently.

My private clients tend to be women, as opposed to my business clients. However, I would say, apropos of this, that a lot of people think that women are more disorganized than men. That is not true. Because when I work in offices, my main clients are mostly men; and they're just as screwed up as women. But women are more likely to admit it. They don't have the shame about it. And also, they have more urgency to get themselves together.

(Continued on page 146)

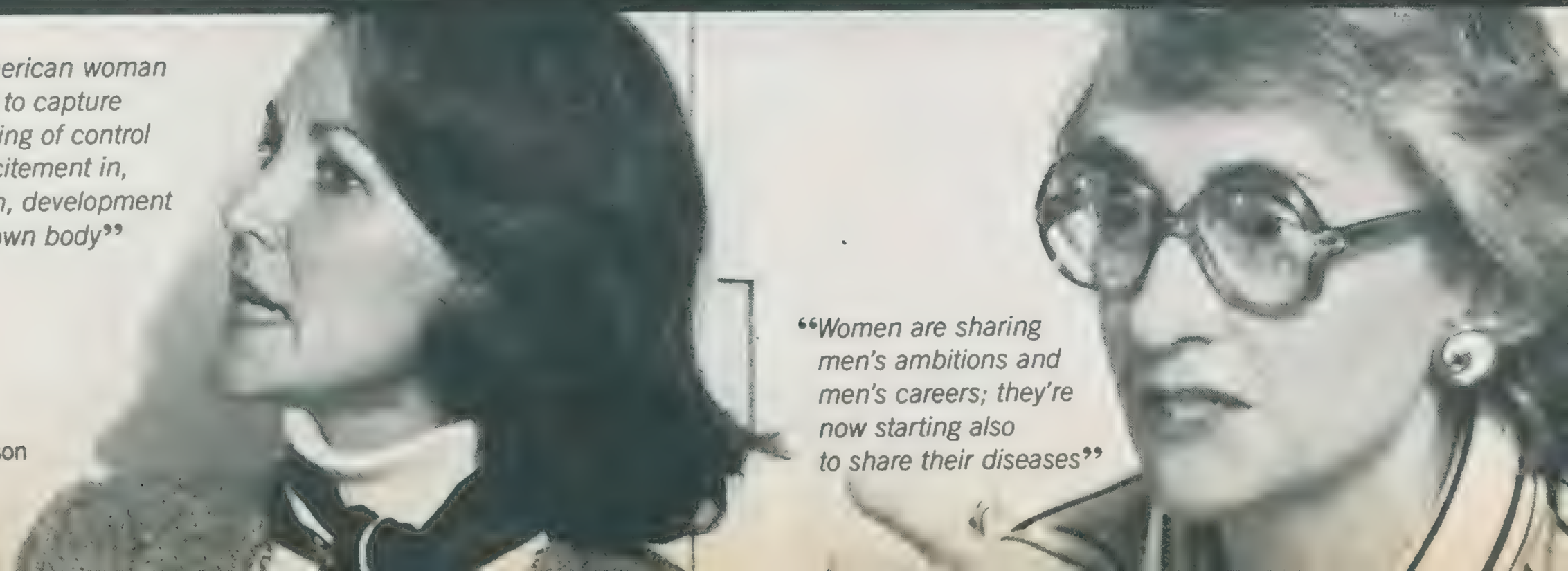
SHERRYE HENRY, *radio interviewer*

"The American woman has got to capture the feeling of control and excitement in, fun with, development of her own body"

Harry Benson

ELIZABETH B. CONNELL, M.D., *gynecologist*

"Women are sharing men's ambitions and men's careers; they're now starting also to share their diseases"



PATTI HANSEN

ROSEANNE VELA

RENÉ RUSSO

YOU NOW

Continued

odern appeal —real vitality, Vogue-cover looks of four American heroines



"I call them The Four Heart Attacks. Certainly not fatal!" says photographer Richard Avedon of Roseanne, Patti, Rene, and Beverly, at left. And who could know better! Look at the cover. Look at pages that follow—from pages 154 to 175, to be exact. It is Avedon's photographs of these four great Vogue-cover heroines that so vividly make the point of the entire issue: you now. Theirs are the looks that are changing the whole meaning of beauty today. The glorious charge of health and vitality and fitness each of them has. The clear, clean skin. The thick, shining hair. The strong, wonderful bodies. The extraordinary sense of well being. The "high" of health! That's their attractiveness. And the message gets across to the four million of you who see Vogue each month. (After all, among them, they have been on thirty-five Vogue covers.) It's what American good looks are all about! On these pages, makeup by Way Bandy; hair, Harry King. All earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany.

"The biggest problems are not going to be urban problems, they're going to be suburban problems"

Jack, where are we headed in housing . . . what changes do you see?

Jacquelin Robertson, *architect and urban designer:* The phenomenon of the age in which most of us at this table grew up was the dream of our parents to get out of the city and live in the suburbs. And the phenomenon of our own particular time is that the suburbs are boring as hell; let's get back to the cities. So that the reurbanization of America by people who've had either money or education or both to afford to travel and to taste the world has resulted in a profound intellectual renaissance of urban values. In fact, almost no intellectuals say they hate the city; nearly all of them say they hate the suburbs.

Women, as they begin to go to work and stay in the working environment of the city, begin to say: Maybe it's better to walk to work, then I could certainly carry out all the things I'm now going to have to carry out because I'm working. I could shop, entertain, do my business, get home, change my dress, all within a reasonably small radius. Those women are going to fix a whole new set of real-estate values. They're going to reinforce the drive to recapture the center city.

One of the big ironies of the next fifty years is that the biggest problems are not going to be urban problems, they're going to be suburban problems. The biggest planning problems in the United States are in the suburbs right now. The outer ring that was built since the Second World War was built like junk; so we're not going to be able to reclaim it very easily. In the next twenty years, we're going to have a ring of absolute physical junk surrounding the city, in what now are considered to be the best areas.

We've finally realized we can't build new housing for everyone, and we are now looking at recapturing old. Fortunately, the old housing was well built. We won't be able to recapture the stuff we just built.

Today, everything is much, much smaller than it ever was. In fact, one of the values of old housing, of nineteenth-century areas, is that they gave you slightly more space for the dollar. And these old buildings give you some reference to a system of values that the commercial culture has abandoned, except in the most superficial way. That is, those references to grandeur, style, formality, all the things that our everyday life has shunted aside. I mean, we eat off plastic plates and we run, run, run, run all the time. The notion of having a seated dinner, which seems profoundly silly, may become much more appealing in a very different set of situations, I think, when our space is much, much smaller.

I would much rather have had a woman as U.S. Secretary of Housing long ago, because I really think she would've understood rehabilitation much earlier than men did. Women are much more ready to face up to how things work. They're much more willing to take minimal requirements if they work, than a man is. Because the man's ego is riding much too much on the surface.

What is the city going to look like? You know, women are as fanciful and as prone to change and fancy as men are. You can't find anything more idiotic than the way that architectural fashions change. That's not going to change when women become architects or city planners. But I think mix of use is a fundamental idea that women will reinforce: the idea you can live, work, play, entertain within convenient walking distance. Certainly, the notion of a long driving commute is maddening.

Day care—things that women need to be involved with practically—women will damn well push into the program. They've really been responsible for pushing them into the program now. Men never had to worry about children and they didn't push day-care centers in. I think practical requirements will be much more the order of the day than stylistic ones, as a result of the women's involvement.

McFadden: I've been designing products for a big mass retailer, and the president said, "I want something that's a complete stage set. I want to sell it as a stage, and I want you to start with the bedroom first." It has to be a complete stage in order for people to buy the products.

Robertson: My interpretation of that is that we're finally understanding that content is more important than isolated objects. We're a country that has delighted and excelled in producing beautiful things, but almost no sustaining context into which things fit. And we're going crazy with things, beautiful cigarette lighters, beautiful glasses. Bric-a-brac of all kinds, well designed.

Traditional styles always gave you a language into which those things fit, and we've just been through a period in which we threw away all the styles; and we were reduced to a kind of squash-court esthetic for twenty years in the decorative arts, modern architecture.

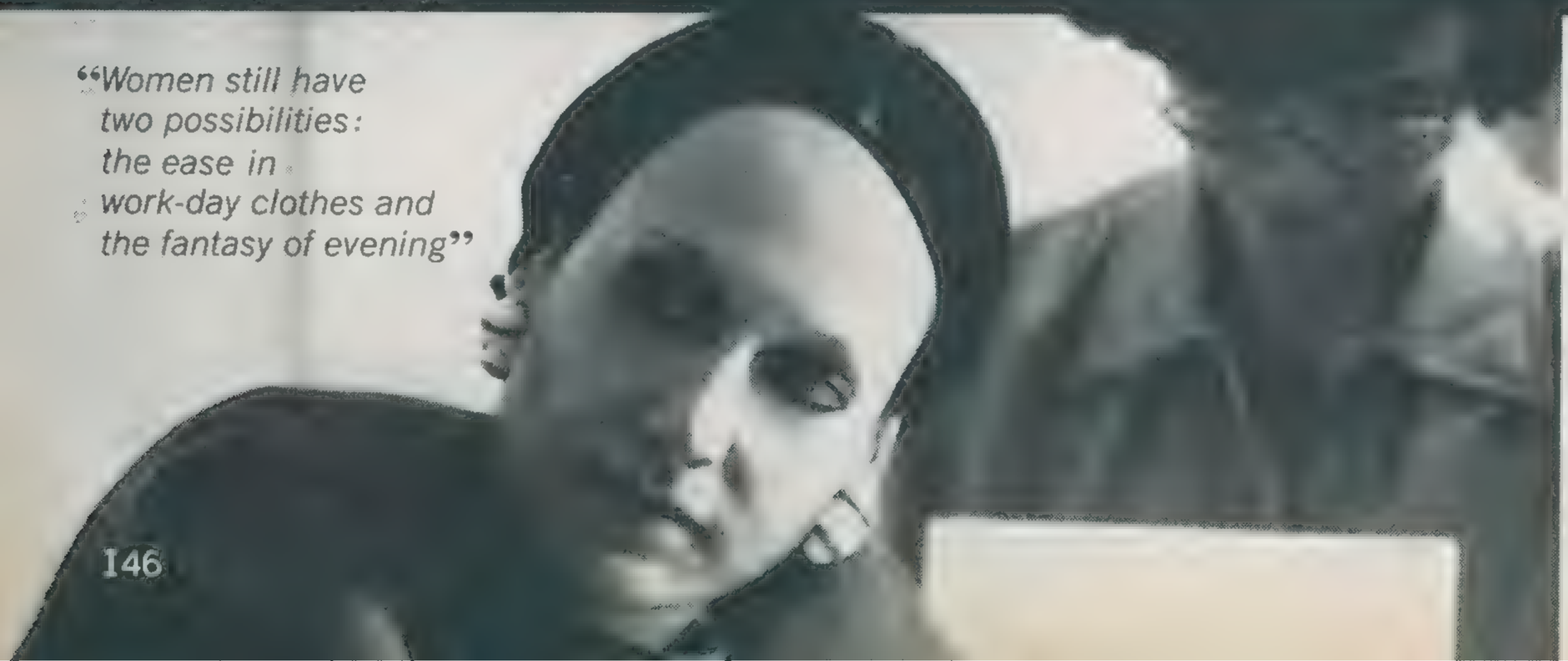
Then there was the grab bag into history when we collected everything—Chinese lamps and African heads on the wall and Persian carpets. That's pretty tiring, partly because it's really not what we are. My guess is that part of the rekindled interest in the traditional Americana, which is enormously popular now, is that it provides a consistent vocabulary. Once you've chosen an armchair and a table, their style almost automatically tells you how to get three more pictures and two side tables and two lamps to go with them. You don't have to be a genius to get it right.

There are going to be a lot more women in architecture in the future, and I think some very funny things are going to happen as a result of that. One thing, I think, that's going to happen is a defeminization of the home. Men designing houses for women clients have tended to organize the house around the whole series of mythical "feminine" conditions. Women designing houses for men and women, I think, will tend to break down that absolute fascination that we men have had for the laundry room, the bath, the makeup counter, all those things. A woman is much less concerned with catering to where the dishwasher is than a man who thinks he's catering to a woman's needs.

One problem, I think—and it's going to hit the woman very hard, because she's al-

MARY McFADDEN, *designer*

"Women still have two possibilities: the ease in work-day clothes and the fantasy of evening"



Harry Benson

ways carrying a greater load of psychic baggage than a man does—is that, as the scale of domestic requirements shrinks and her own horizon gets bigger, the woman will be caught probably in a way that's greater than the man is between traditional and new value systems. Between notions of formality and informality. People want to dress up just as they want to be casual. They want enormously formal occasions just as they want informal occasions. They're going to have to try to extract them from a diminished program, diminished resources.

Women—who become a kind of vessel for the expression of the fantasy world of evening and, to some extent, are, at least in a man's world, symbols of certain formal value systems—are going to have a very, very much tougher load on them.

I think women may come to grips better than men have with such very simple notions as bric-a-brac. Modern architecture is obsessed with everything being clean. Well, all of us know who have lived with it, it's absolutely impossible. No one lives that way. I mean, you take a Mies van der Rohe house and you move the chair slightly out of line and you put an ashtray down, the whole effect of the place is destroyed. We're coming back from that revolution. Things are not going to be meticulously organized. There will be new attitudes toward how you deal with the necessary bric-a-brac that life collects around it. And that's going to come, I think, more easily from women than it is from men.

Paul, how have the changes in women's lives affected the movies?

Mazursky: I think the thing that probably is changing the most is that some women are having more voice in choosing the product in movies. There are a few more executives or a few more women working as directors, as writers, and probably they will affect what we see. So, you're probably going to see a few more pictures every year that get specific about women.

Isn't it interesting that the women in films generally are not "glamorous" the way they were twenty years ago? That among the images that we're seeing on television and movies we see very few women who care about what they look like as much as they used to. I'm not saying it's good or bad. I'm just talking now about what we see. It's a different image. I mean, Annie Hall has got a floppy hat and a weird coat, etc., etc.

But is that less attractive?

Mazursky: I don't think it's a question of less attractive; I think that women traditionally thought about themselves in relation to men. What does a man think of me? And I think that what's happened, partly—it's a huge generalization—is that women are now thinking: What do I think of me? What do other women think of me? And that's a huge, dynamic change, and who knows what the outcome is going to be.

Carol, what about women in politics now, where are we?

Bellamy: Politics are dreadful as far as women go. The numbers are just appalling. We've never had a woman President, as we all know. And one need only to take a look at recent male candidates for that office to wonder why we have never had a woman in the Presidency. We've never had a woman Vice President; and, although I predict within maybe the next four to eight years we will have a very serious candidacy, I don't know from where—but I hope we will.

No woman in the United States Supreme Court. It is my personal view that when we have five women sitting on the United States Supreme Court there will not be a decision that says that you have a right to abortion but that that right is limited to certain people. That decision was like reinstituting the poll tax, it seems to me.

We have only eighteen women out of 435 in the House of Representatives. The only improvement is that women, instead of succeeding their husbands, are getting elected on their own merit or lack of it, as the case may be. So, why make the test different for men and women?

We now have a woman in the Senate, but again in the traditional way, in which Muriel Humphrey has followed her husband. Terrific, I'm glad she's there.

So, what does that mean? I don't think we're faced with a society in which men who are in public office are insensitive to women's needs entirely, but I think in some measure that exists.

So, I think the change that is going on in terms of more women getting involved in politics—whatever their political philosophy, and it spans the range—is a sensitivity sometimes to particular issues. And I think where it reflects itself most importantly is the revolution that's going on in education today.

Many good things have happened, although I think it's instructive sometimes to read about the Suffrage Movement. To read how many times we, women and men, but mostly women, had to go to the Congress of the United States. How many times we had to go—when we think about the Equal Rights Amendment, for example, and say, well, gee, it's taken so long to get passed. One need only go back and look at the Suffrage Movement and see how many times women went to their own state legislatures and how many times they sought ratification.

So it's been a slow process, but I believe that we're just coming out of a "token" period; and now we're beginning, in fact, to threaten the traditional unit, the family unit in which you have one breadwinner, one person who remains home, and two children. And as soon as we begin to threaten that economic construct, then the speed of the movement begins to slow down.

Mazursky: I think I'm optimistic; 1984 came a long time ago, so the struggle to overcome that is probably shared by men and women.

Bellamy: I would like also to subscribe to the optimistic view that we leverage the best of both worlds. Aggressiveness and intelligence and strength seem to be characteristics that are fine among men; and nurturing and compassion are characteristics that seem to be fine among women. I like to think that the two really go quite well with each other, too. That men can be nurturing and compassionate, and women can be strong and competitive. For all the talk among my male colleagues in government, about children and making this place a better society for our children, that's all it is, generally, just talk. And when it comes down to specific actions regarding children, it's very often, I've found, the women in policy-making positions who respond with respect to children.

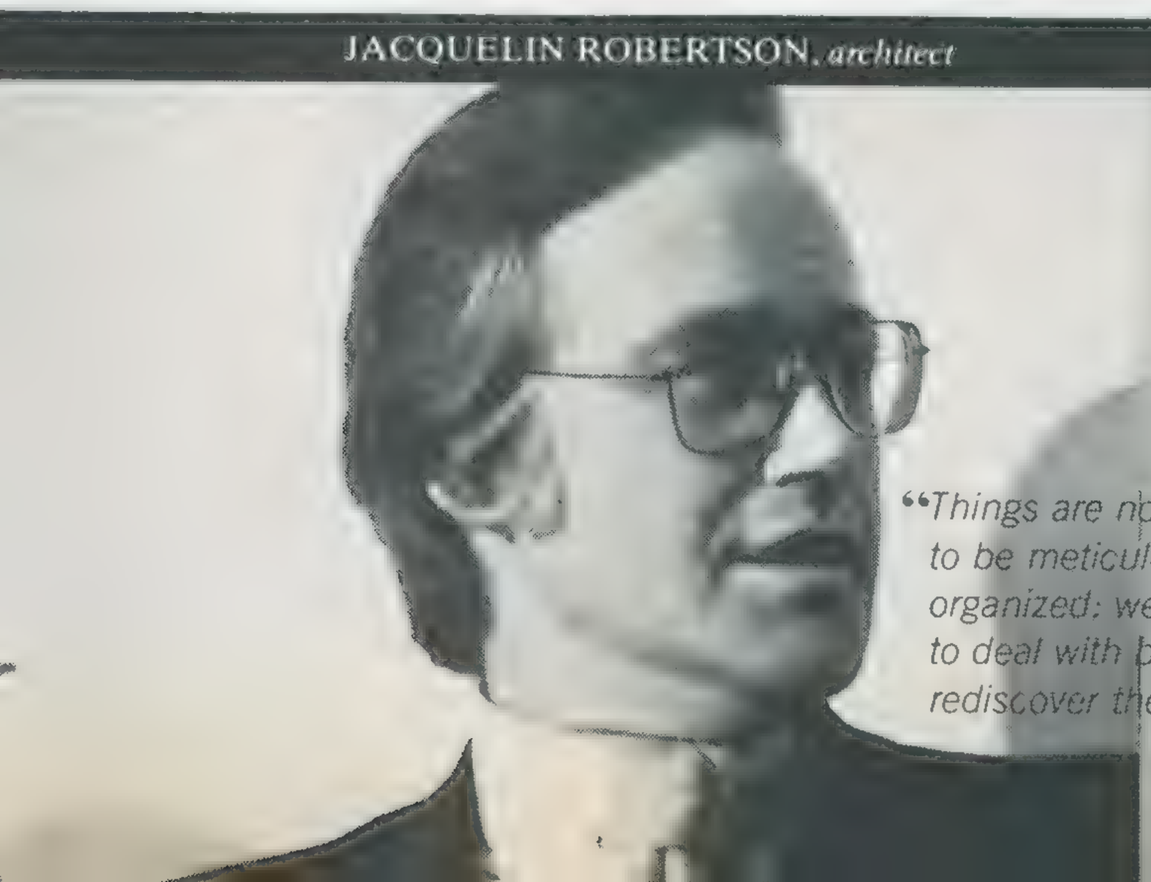
Women's and men's priority lists may be different in some cases. I like our taking different stands—and democratic government purports to be founded in diversity.

McFadden: I think at this point in my life business has to be my number-one priority. Which may be a mistake. But it is time-consuming. We take no lunch break, and we have back-to-back appointments. In the case of my life style, every night I usually go to the theater to see one play, or one play and one film, or I go to a party.

Mazursky: Every night?

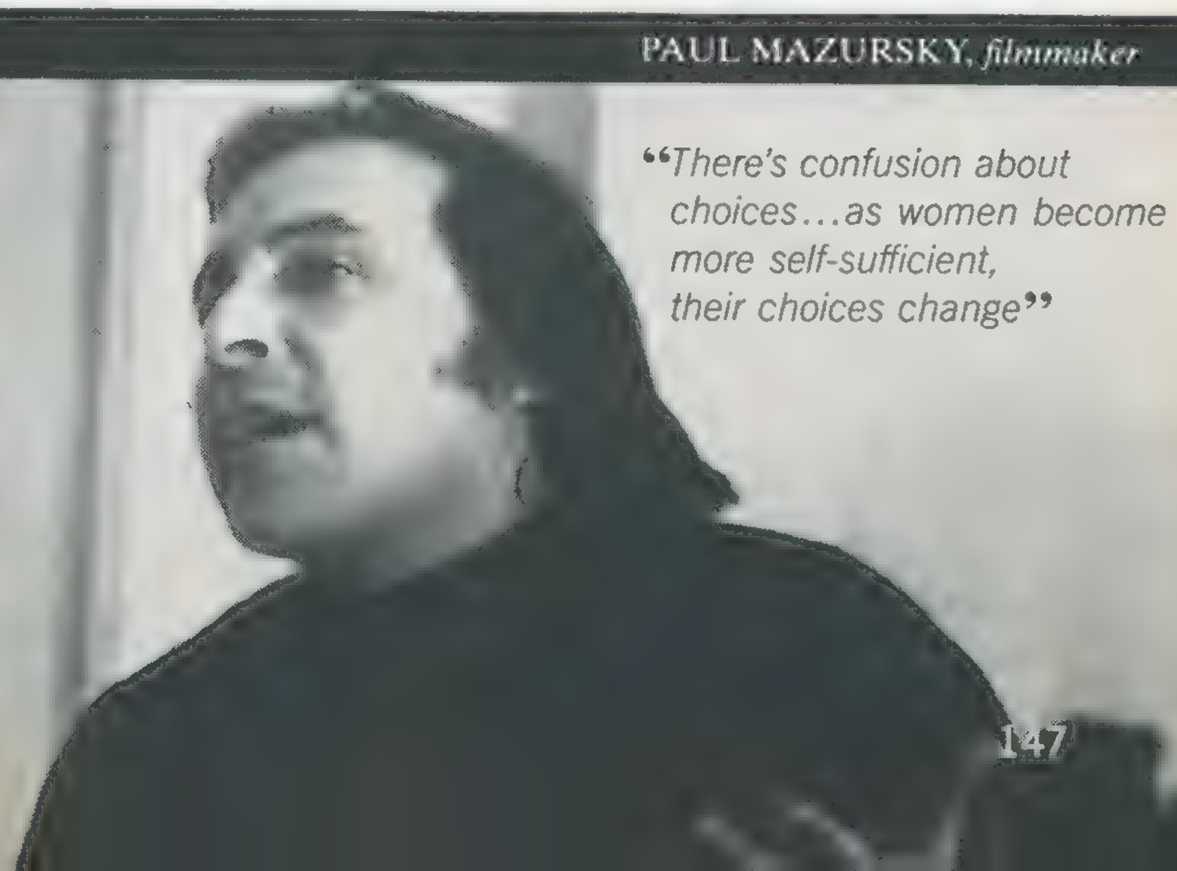
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JACQUELIN ROBERTSON, *architect*



"Things are not going to be meticulously organized: we'll learn to deal with bric-a-brac, rediscover the closet"

PAUL MAZURSKY, *filmmaker*



"There's confusion about choices...as women become more self-sufficient, their choices change"

eal-life food : new light salad-sparked meals, fresh eye appeal. from an out-front American woman, Dorothy Lichtenstein

Summertime—easy living—dining moved outdoors. Now, especially, the trick is to eat lightly but attractively—something that more and more of us are attempting to do year-round and a feat that Dorothy Lichtenstein, wife of Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein, has mastered with great style.

Dorothy's meals, like the appealing dishes she presides over here (right), are based on fish, broiled meat, fruit, and wonderfully refreshing salads created by an imaginative combination of vegetables with fish, pasta, or cracked wheat. Ruling out calorie-loaded gravies, she substitutes lemon juice and soy sauce, adds such vegetable garnishes as mint, parsley, cucumber slices, for eye as well as taste appeal.

Desserts are also light, easy to prepare, and delectable: sometimes as simple as a huge platter of fresh fruit, or fruit incorporated into a cake, or served with ice cream in meringues.

Five of the eye-catching Lichtenstein cold dishes (inserts, right), some of which can be seen on the buffet:

1. Marinated Scallop Salad, 2. Summer Spaghetti Salad, 3. Poached Salmon (with garnish of cucumber slices), 4. Quick Carrot Salad, 5. Asparagus and Chicken Salad.

More on Dorothy's food, recipes, page 92.



Karen Radkai



3



4



5



McFadden: Yes, every night. I have to keep to that kind of a schedule. I commute two-hundred thousand air miles a year on an average. That means every weekend or during the week I'm doing a minimum of eight hours in the plane. You have to be physically fit for that.

I would say after three weeks, I take one day off and sleep; to keep to this routine, not to break down, and to keep my health up. And the most important thing is not to drink, that would tip the scales.

Robertson: Certainly the worst model that women could take is a modern man's world right now. And one of the things that I look to, particularly with more enlightened women coming onto the scene, is ways to help me get a handle on my own over-programming. I've learned much more from my wife about how to deal with pressure than I could've possibly learned myself.

I think one of the problems right now that women are going to have to face is that as they get into new roles and the roles get closer and closer to those of men, they're going to take on all the over-programming that men are caught with.

McFadden: Another fascinating aspect that I think happens is that it's very easy for a woman to develop a split personality. At one point, she has to deal with figures and men. And at the other point, she can suddenly be very feminine, involved with beautiful objects, fantastic clothes, extraordinary surroundings. One day, I realized I was acting the second part.

Winston: But Mary, don't you think this gets down to a very basic philosophical, psychological cultural question, which is: are there fundamental differences between women and men that are genetic, that are biological? And there seems to be some evidence that there may, in fact, be. And that women may in fact be intrinsically somewhat more sensitive, however you define that, than men are. And in that case—because women also evidently have the capacity to deal with abstraction, to deal with business, to deal with figures, to deal with all these other things—the entrance of women into the wider world in large numbers might in fact have the very salutary effect of leavening that world and making it more human.

Robertson: That's what we hope.

McFadden: The health aspect I think is another thing that's going to change in the decade. The life span will be longer; with these bio-banks and microbiotics and systematic exercising, people are going to live so much longer and look so much better.

Robertson: I think the notion of age is going to be the most fundamental change. And I think again the change is going to be led by women. I think we very shortly will get into an era where age begins to lose any of the kind of harsh definitions that we now know. I think that's going to be directly reflected in life styles, and I think you will begin to see what is most healthy in a healthy society, which is very old people and very young people mixing again in a very healthy way.

And again, I think women will be the leaders in bringing about this mix of old and young.

Smaltz: Mary brought up the fact of health and physical fitness. Well, it was always there. John F. Kennedy started a physical-fitness plan in the '60's. And those youngsters who were into those physical-fitness plans that started right there in the elementary schools, in the junior high schools, and the high schools are the young women who are twenty-five to thirty years old, or twenty-one to thirty. Surely, their bodies are going to be totally beautiful because they started at a very young age, and not at a late age, if you want to say forty is a late age to start being aware of the body. So the body is important.

How do women feel about their bodies today . . . are they more aware?

Sherrye Henry, *program host, New York City radio interviewer:* I think women today have a real lack of connection with their bodies. I think it colors in many ways our feelings about ourselves and the ability that we have to deal with other people.

I think men think of themselves as solid. And they exercise and they push and they struggle with their bodies, and they develop them. They're all of a piece, they're total.

And I think we women think of our bodies as surfaces. I think they are shells. I think we think of them as things to hang clothes on or to pluck or to massage or to paint or to dye or to depilate or whatever it is. We do things to our bodies. They aren't really parts of us as much as things that we can work on to change ourselves.

I think our whole attitude now is: How can we change? I don't know a woman who likes herself. Not one. I don't know one who doesn't say: I'm too short, too tall, too bosomy, too flat chested, too heavy. And I think most women simply do not like themselves. And I think that ought to be reversed.

Elizabeth B. Connell, M.D., *associate director for Health Sciences, Rockefeller Foundation:* Well, as an obstetrician, gynecologist, and a person who's been involved in all aspects of family planning for a number of years, I think women, particularly younger women today, have a much better idea about what their bodies are, how they work, and I think this is absolutely important. So, I think, although what you said was true perhaps about our mothers and grandmothers, I don't think it's true about our generation. And it's certainly not true in relation to my daughter's generation.

Women want to know what they are, how they work, and how everything sort of makes life go on. I think this is important in two ways. First of all, it's important in relation to their physical health because we all know that unless women understand a variety of situations their physical health is certainly less than optimal. They have too many babies too early, they get cancer of the cervix, they have children that are not healthy. Of course, out of this stems the whole subject of contraception, controlling fertility. And unless you enjoy locking bedroom doors, which very few people do, there is just no way that contraception is not part of everybody's existence.

Now, what we have for techniques changes from day to day, from headline to headline. And I think it's absolutely essential that both men and women be consistently and constantly aware of what contraceptive and family-limitation options are open to them. What they mean in terms of side effects.

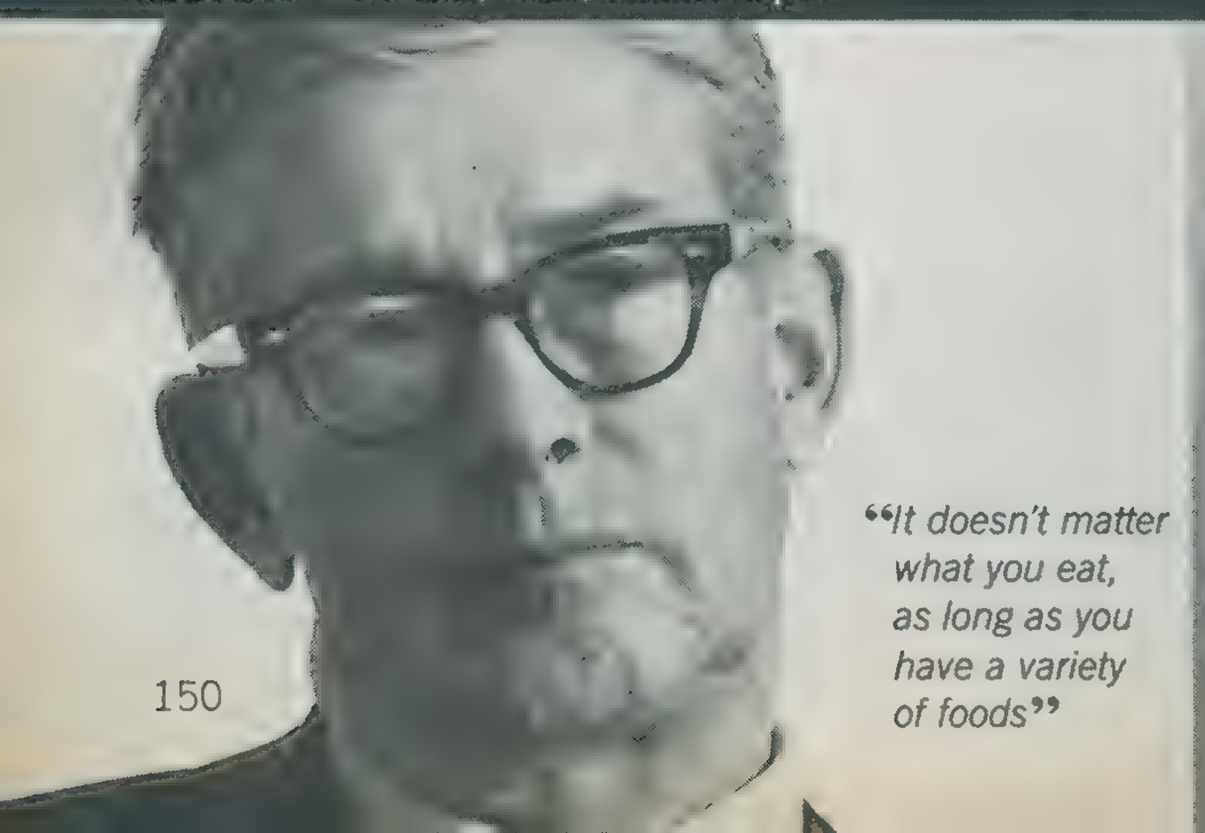
From the mental side—which you can never totally separate, since they're interrelated—it's absolutely essential that women understand their bodies in order to establish their own identity. Who are they? How do they react to the world? In relation to their own educational potential—in relation to their career potential. All of these are very, very closely interrelated.

And only out of this mix of psyche and soma, I think, can people, particularly women, develop their utmost potential.

What advice would you give women today regarding their health?

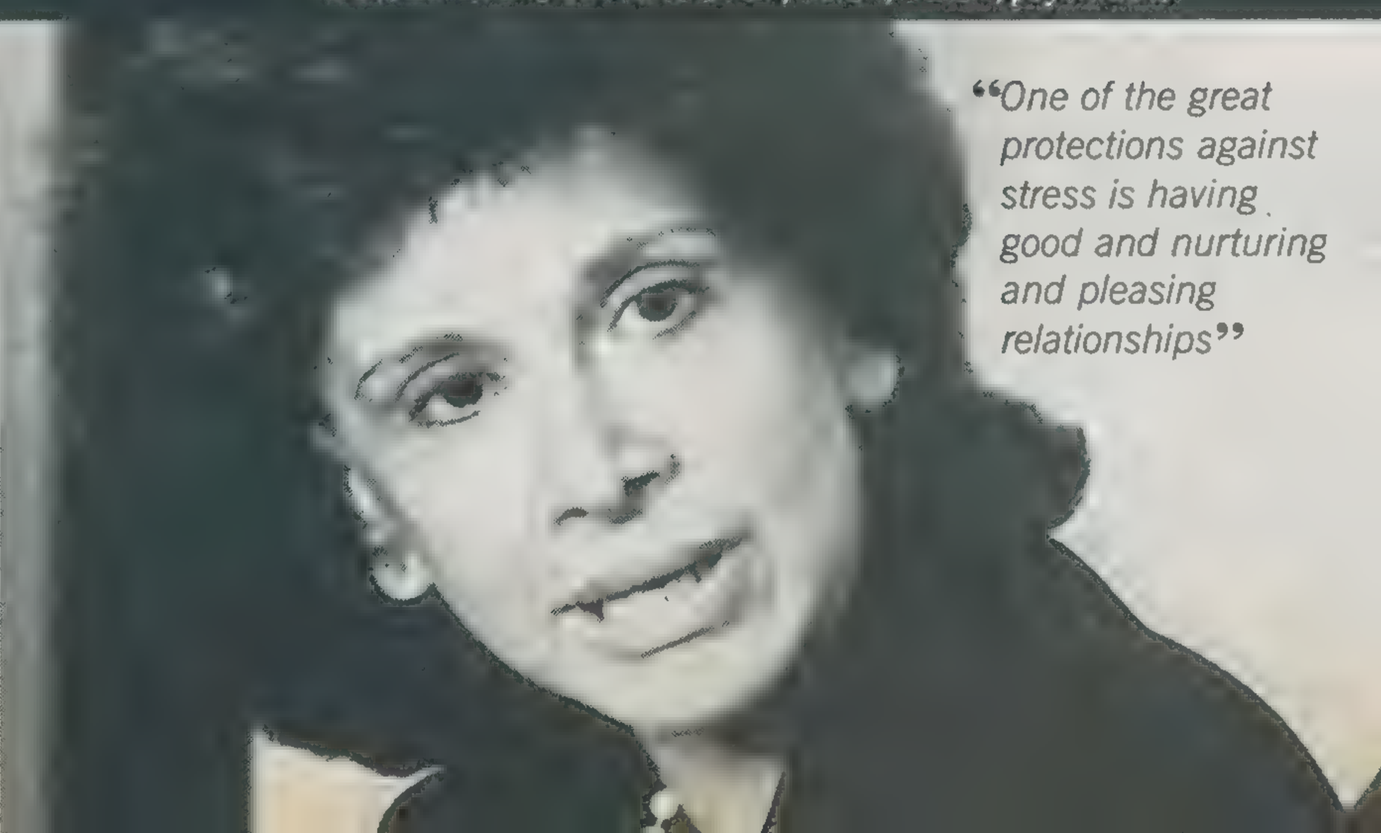
Helen Singer Kaplan, M.D., *clinical associate professor of psychiatry, Cornell University Medical College; director of the human sexuality program, Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic of The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center:* Polonius's advice was "to thine own self be true." If I have an

FREDRICK J. STARE, M.D., *nutrition expert*



"It doesn't matter what you eat, as long as you have a variety of foods"

HELEN SINGER KAPLAN, M.D., Ph.D., *psychiatrist*



"One of the great protections against stress is having good and nurturing and pleasing relationships"

opportunity to tell people one thing, it probably would be to listen to their inner voices, to respect their own feelings, and to do what they really feel like doing. Dress in the kind of clothes that really make them feel good. Have sex or don't have sex, or the kind of sex that you really want. Eat when you're really hungry. Stop when you're full.

People don't accept their own feelings. They actually often don't know when they're angry or when they wish to do something, or when they want to love. People tend to think they should feel what they ought to feel, what people tell them to feel. It is better to say: If I'm angry, I wasn't born angry. There must be a reason I'm angry. Let's figure out what it is and try to deal with that more constructively than by just wiping away the feeling and trying to drown it with some other activity. Trying to deny feelings is bad for your emotional and physical health.

Joseph B. Jerome, Ph.D., *director, department of medical terminology and nomenclature, American Medical Association:* I think that all of us know that a bride is always pretty, and the reason she's pretty is that she's happy. And so the first clue to being pretty and enjoying life is to do your best to be happy. Do those things that make you happy and avoid those environments or situations that make you unhappy.

Ernst L. Wynder, M.D., *president, American Health Foundation:* To return to the subject of the body: we really are not aware about our bodies, perhaps in part because we really do not want to know. And the minimum you should know is: What is your normal weight? What is your normal cholesterol level? What is your normal blood pressure? What is a normal response of your heart to exercise?

As much as we doctors care for our patients, really nobody cares more to stay healthy than we do ourselves. And if you know what the risk factors are, then you indeed can take better care of yourselves.

If we look at our risk factors for heart attacks and we check children from ten to fourteen, we'll find that one third of these children have already one risk factor for heart attacks that will do them in later in life. So, I suggest that the women of this country not only look at their own health, but that they have a much greater responsibility—the health of their families. The woman, more than anyone else, controls the eating habits of the husband and, more importantly, those of the children.

"You should control your weight not by dieting but by the portion size of what you eat"

Henry: I think that the American woman knows more about health now than probably she ever has. She is more concerned with health, is the exemplar for her family, does control the nutrition, knows a great deal about vitamins, is looking for the latest information on hyperactivity and cancer cures.

We're very concerned, particularly for our families, seldom for ourselves as much as for our children or for the men that we care about. But for ourselves, somehow, this great chasm develops. When we get flabby in the thighs, we find a girdle to take care of it. I heard somebody on the beach tell me, last summer, "No one over the age of thirty-five should wave goodbye!" We take it for granted that there are parts of our body that are simply going to go with age, and we're going to say goodbye to them. We're not going to try to do anything to correct the erosion.

And I think the American woman has got to capture the feeling of control and excitement in, fun with, development of her own body. Just to give you an example. When we talk about *exercise,* generally we say to ourselves, "I've got a pad on my thighs I've got to get rid of. If I lift my leg twenty-five times, I'll get rid of the pad." But you don't think about *exercise* as the whole body. We don't think about running that whole system forward until it comes up to a peak of activity . . .

Willibald Nagler, M.D., *chairman of the department of physical medicine and rehabilitation, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center:* I don't think in the long run it matters very much whether one gets engaged in very fashionable exercises or not. It is much more important to get yourself engaged in some activity in which you are really interested and which you enjoy that has some health value. It is the regularity and frequency of a physical activity that bring the health and body-shaping benefits.

Kaplan: Another thing about exercise: the depressed person tends to move much less, to play fewer games, to go out much less. Depression and tedium and the alienation of an unpleasant work situation or home situation are probably the greatest causes for lack of exercise and overeating. And also for the abuse of drugs and all kinds of other substances.

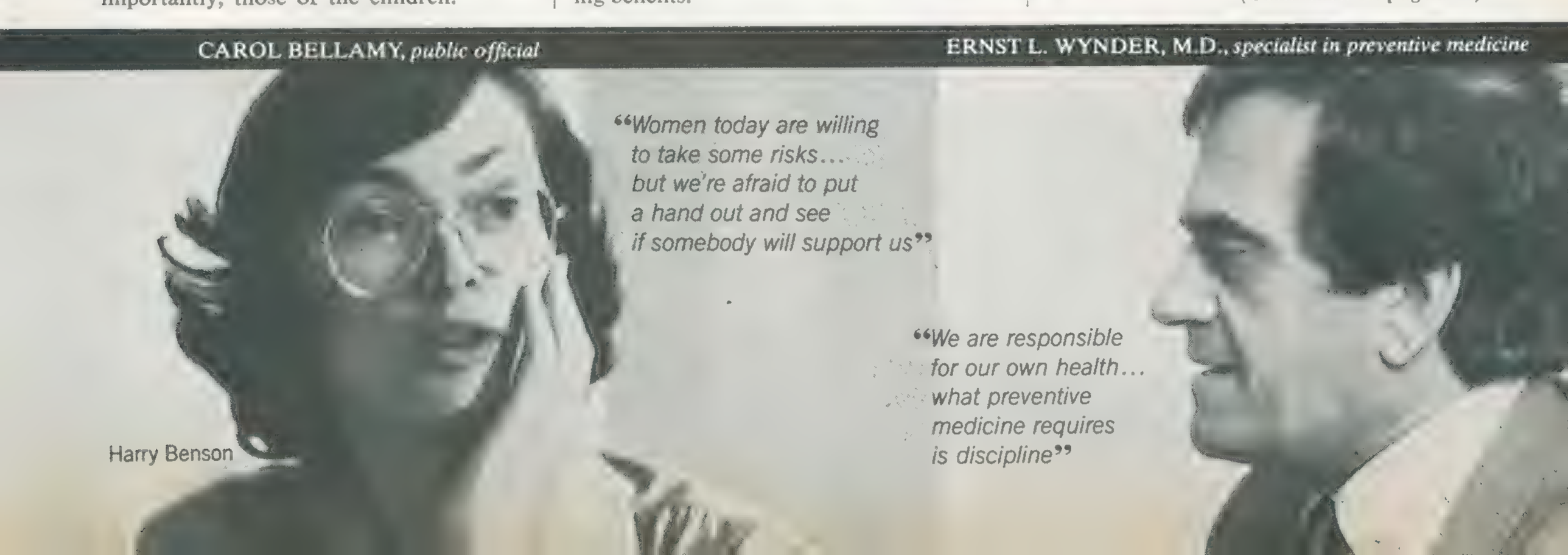
Wynder: Whether we are men or women or children, we always hear how much we should safeguard our health. But we just cannot identify ourselves with death, in part because we as a society have been unable to face death. Not being able to face death, we tend to deny it, and we tend to deny everything that relates to our possible early demises. Now having said that, then what can we do? It seems to me that there should be no women who wear dresses that are not between sizes four and ten. And, indeed, I would suggest that the readers of Vogue are thinner and look healthier than the average woman in this country.

Really, what is required for good health care is unfortunately not the magic bullet. Everyone is looking for the magic bullet. Or for the magic diet that will melt away fat. In fact, unfortunately, what preventive medicine requires is discipline. And that's a difficult word for today's society to face. Discipline in terms of muscular fitness. Discipline in terms of the fitness of the cardiovascular system. And when it comes to diet, it's very simple, you know. It's the simple equation: if we eat more than we expend in calories, we're going to gain weight. And all of this requires discipline.

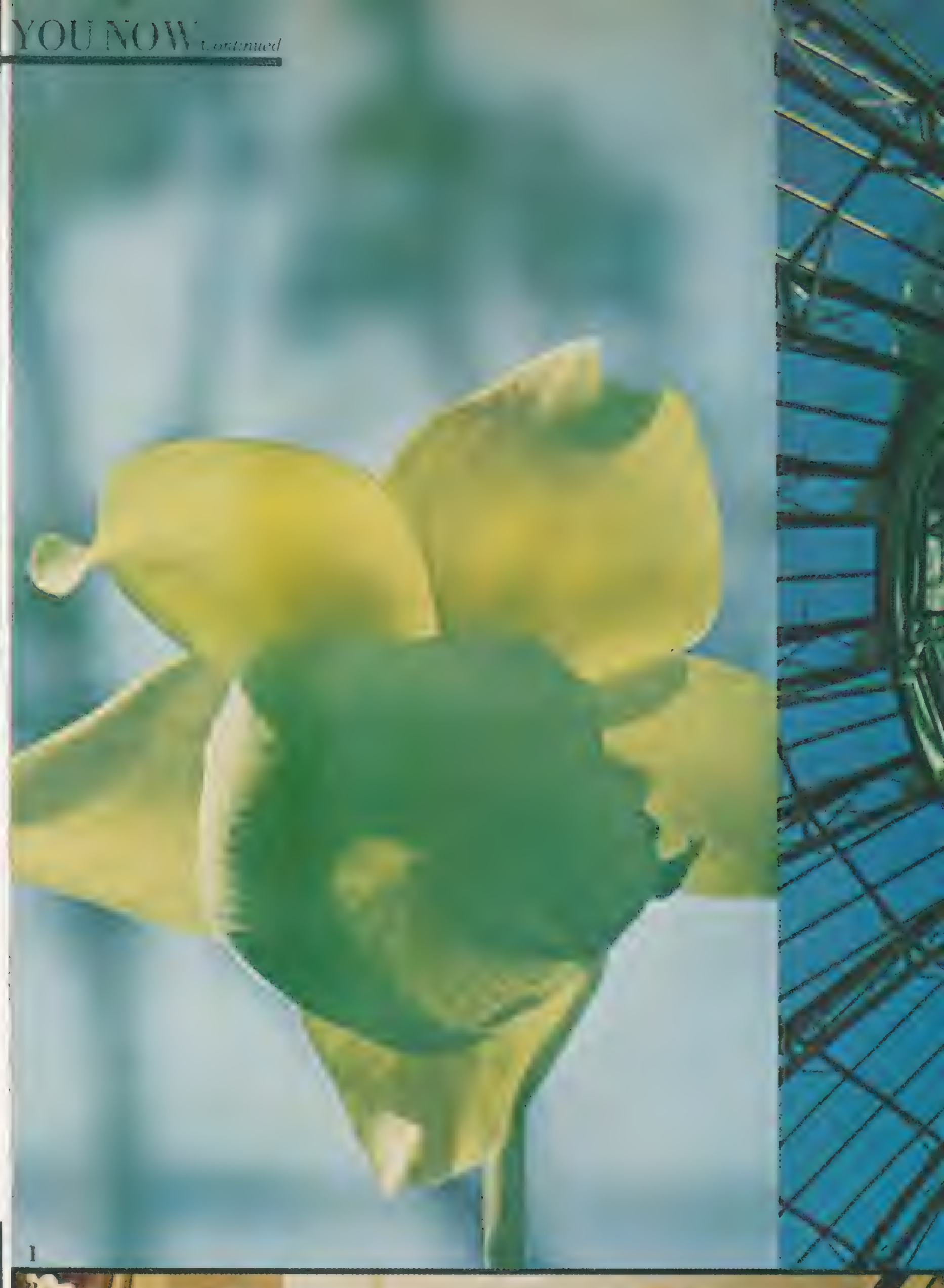
Today, we're eating more calories and more fat calories than we can properly metabolize. And our own study suggests that this relates not only to coronary disease, which many of us have known for many years, but also to cancer of the colon and to cancer of the pancreas, and particularly to cancer of the breasts.

(Continued on page 205)

CAROL BELLAMY, *public official* — ERNST L. WYNDER, M.D., *specialist in preventive medicine*



eal concern: flower world reprieved by now-spirited American woman



A dazzling "Crystal Palace," turn-of-the-century delight—one acre of lush and brilliant gardens-under-glass: The New York Botanical Garden Conservatory. There were no public funds to repair the ravages by decades of neglect and dilapidation; Enid A. Haupt, a practical visionary, former magazine editor-in-chief, one of the country's foremost art collectors, herself an ardent and expert gardener, provided the necessary five million dollars. She does so in the tradition of American women philanthropists who care—passionately and realistically—about beautifying the environment for us all. Opposite, (1) Iris under glass; (2) Inside ninety-foot palm dome; (3) Enid A. Haupt, for whom Conservatory has been renamed, with prizewinning orchids in New York apartment; (4)One of ten greenhouse plant and flower galleries linked to dome; (5)Dome exterior.

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Roseanne Vela: the delicate strength of a new kind of charm

By Edith Loew Gross

How, in an era of earthy, robust, extroverted models who look as though they could knock off six sets of tennis between bookings and dance their shoes out at a disco all night, how does one explain the super-stardom of Roseanne Vela? Rosie, the junk-food addict, whose idea of a night on the town is a restaurant in Chinatown. Rosie, the wraith, fragile as a lacy vine, inventing herself for the camera out of private fantasies, singing herself into camera-mood—often as not, singing her own country-rock songs—in a small, high, flute-thin voice. A child's voice. A child's body. A child's innocent seductiveness...with golden, fairy-tale princess ringlets to her shoulders. How—in a profession where stamina is as vital as good looks—does this slight, vulnerable, totally beguiling ringer manage even to survive, much less to triumph?

Precariously, sometimes. She has been known to arrive three hours late at the studio (having spent the time psyching herself up for the sitting) and to require two-hour naps on a long session. "Send her out for a half-hour location shot in a light rain," says Sue Charney, who handles Rosie's bookings at the Ford Agency, "and the next morning she's down with a cold and booked-out for days." And yet...and yet: "For the camera, she has more strength— and more smarts—than anyone. She gives and gives; I have never seen a girl who could open up in front of a camera the way Rosie does."

She is the joy and despair of the best photographers in the country. Richard Avedon, who photographed her for the cover of this issue of Vogue, said: "The camera loves certain people; Roseanne is one of those. Her vitality is almost invisible to the eye, but on film, it's all there. It's a subtle thing she does, very charming, with good wit and delicacy....She's of a different line than the others; she doesn't have their overt sexuality. She's linked more to Vivien Leigh or Audrey Hepburn or Mia Farrow—the small-breasted, fine-boned, gentle beauties. And there hasn't been a gentle beauty in our business since Jean Shrimpton....If she were a season, she would be spring; you don't think of her as having a summer. There's something ephemeral about her—like one of those flowers that come up fast; one tries to preserve that quality."

Irving Penn has photographed three decades of great American models for Vogue. He said, "The little-girl provocativeness, the cutenesses, the fantasizing—I can't tell for sure whether I'm dealing with a child or an aware woman. Roseanne is on her own wavelength, and it's right for now. She is perfect *(Continued on page 166)*

FREE SPIRIT SUMMER STYLE

This summer go with the feeling—the way Roseanne Vela does here. Go for whatever gives you—and your clothes—delight, individuality. Go for everything from a straw boater to a bow tie to a sharp little vest. You'll find what it takes—the most glorious, unexpected, play-around-with accessories to put together your way. But that's only part of the story. The other side—fashion played straight—cool, attractive, no-fuss clothes that work for everyone. On these 12 pages, the best of both...

A 20-page fashion/beauty essay photographed by Avedon



"FREE" MEANS
BEING TOGETHER:
ROSEANNE VELA,
ARTIST PETER MAX

ROSEANNE VELA
FREE SPIRIT/SUMMER STYLE

If you want something special at night...

Julio's summer-

The way she wears her hat, the way she lets her ve-

with the feeling and continues the cover look.

Go with the feeling... go for delight!







Go with the lighter side of summer-dressing

Rosie plays it up, left, with a raffish linen hat, lacy muffler, crisp white vest. The base: summer-classic camp shirt and roll-leg short-shorts in cotton madras, a silk tie for a belt. Ralph Lauren poplin vest (about $92); shirt (about $56); shorts (about $74). Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Hudson's; Dayton's; Bullock's, Westwood.

How to wear a white jacket for a change (and a smile!), right. When it's this summer's short, spare unlined jacket, you wear it with nothing underneath but a narrow black silk tie, and black-lace pocket hankie, bright-color trousers. Top it off with a straw boater: summer at its most appealing! Dorothée Bis cotton jacket. For Dianne B., NYC; $115. Hair, Harry King; [illegible]. Accessory information, next to last pages.

ROSEANNE VELA
FREE SPIRIT/SUMMER STYLE



The fun is pulling a look together— and pulling it off!
Roseanne Vela does it, *left,* in pants and unexpected pieces The man's white linen collarband shirt, waist-tied, sleeves rolled, with a butterfly-pinned crochet T-shirt, a belt tied as a tie. And over everything—a one-of-a-kind silk print kimono. Shirt: Beene Bag for Men by Chesa; about $55. Bonwit Teller, Dayton's [illegible]

When it comes to what you want day after day all summer long— this is it, right
[illegible]



Go with your mood—you can wear pants straight. Or...

ROSEANNE VELA:
FREE SPIRIT/SUMMER STYLE

Go with the best of summer breeze-dressing

The idea is to have something fresh and appealing to slip into anytime, anywhere the mood is easy.
Left, a soft, loose "balloon" of a top in thin white cotton with matching waist-tie shorts. Marta Salvadori. Top, about $48; shorts, about $43. Henri Bendel; Ultimo; Neusteter's; Bullock's, Century City. Hair, Harry King; makeup, George Newell.

Enough cool, pretty dresses and summer really takes off! One of the coolest,
right, in thin white cotton batiste with short roll-sleeves, drawstring waist, and the added snap (added news!) of a man's vest in pale-yellow linen. Jeanne D'Alessio. Dress, about $92; vest, about $75. At Henri Bendel; Dorso; Oasi, San Francisco; Made in California, Brentwood, California. Hair, Suga at Bergdorf's; makeup, Ariella. Accessory information, next to last pages.

Go with summer's most inviting evenings

ROSEANNE VELA
[illegible] SUMMER STYLE

Wonderful new version of a summer favorite, *left:* The strapless dress in champagne-striped silk, bias-cut, wrapped and tied on top. One of the season's prettiest dresses — and it doesn't cost a fortune! Don Sophisticates by Charlotte Ford; about $150. Lord & Taylor, NYC; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Hudson's; Hovland-Swanson; Famous-Barr; Bullocks Wilshire. Hair, Suga at Bergdorf's; makeup, Ariella.

Cool and uncomplicating, *right* — a big, shirt-y slide of sheer white crinkled batiste. Not a dress, not a caftan, but it does what they do and more — it goes indoors, outdoors, day, night, even to bed — it's the kind of un-dressing dressing everyone wants in summer. By Cathy di Montezemolo; [illegible] (Marcus). About $72. Henri Bendel; [illegible] Nan Duskin; Dorso; I. Magnin. Hair, Harry King; makeup, George Newell. Accessory information, next to last pages.



ROSEANNE VELA

(Continued from page 154)

for the new breed of photographer who goes for that funny little blur—the impression of a moment. They bring out the best in her, and she brings out the best in them."

Arthur Elgort, one of the "new breed" photographers, said: "She is the only girl I know who can jump up in the air and stay there—she's incredibly light, like a dancer. She can't make a wrong move; she's a natural. Most of the time, all you've got to do with Rosie is take her picture; she'll make you look good. But if her personal life isn't happy or if she's asked to wear something she doesn't like or that makes her feel silly, she shows it all over her face.

"Rosie's not a gotta-get-it-done girl; she works on inspiration rather than on slick professionalism, and she's as sensitive as a musical instrument. You can get the most fantastic performance out of Rosie, or she can collapse on you. She's unpredictable—that's the thrill of her."

Unpredictable, collapsible, exhausting—all such obstacles notwithstanding, Roseanne Vela, who has been a New York model for less than four years, has been at the top almost from the beginning (this issue marks her twelfth cover for Vogue and close to her two-hundredth appearance in the pages of the magazine). Believe it: she didn't get there on her eccentricities. The fact is, Rosie is a superb model—inventive, responsive, and, above all, extraordinarily flexible: what the client needs, Rosie becomes. She can be—as she is in her Revlon ads—the essence of classic, straightforward, "All-American appeal." She can be—as she is in her TV commercial for L'Air du Temps perfume—"a blithe spirit—soft, sensuous, alluring, romantic, a modern version of the eternal dream-woman." She can be—as she was in a recent Vogue photograph, with a jeweled comb holding her hair smooth around her head and a froth of tulle and feathers wrapping her throat—the complete *femme du monde, soignée* and cared for. She can be elusive, adorable, sexy, suburban, sophisticated—she is not a one-look model. . . . And she is a beauty. "Mainly, it's just a question of bringing out the planes of her face," says makeup man George Newell, "and shading her nose a tiny bit at the sides of the bridge so the camera won't make it look wide. And she's got that wonderful little space between her lips—just at the center, like a natural pout—I like to emphasize that. But you don't 'do things' with Rosie; she doesn't need it."

Since the camera enlarges everything it sees, it isn't surprising that Rosie in real life seems even more fragile than photographs suggest. Without makeup, wearing a loose turtleneck sweater and grey joggers, she is a paler, thinner, younger-looking version of her pictures, the features more refined, more delicately arranged in the hazel-eyed, oval face. Neither is it surprising that she should have a cold—which doesn't, of course, redden her nose, but does make the soft Southern voice softer. The surprises come when you get past her looks: There's more grit than hominy here. She talks straight-on and the laugh is easy; she's fun to be with—"How old are you?" "I'm fifteen," she says in a wide-eyed, wisp-voiced self-parody.

In fact, Roseanne Vela was born—in Galveston, Texas—"one-quarter of a century ago" and grew up in Little Rock, Arkansas. The eldest of four children (she has two brothers whom she adores; her sister died in childhood), Rosie was the one who bossed the others around, dressing them up out of their mother's rag drawer, getting them all into the act. Of which Rosie was the star—"a real sexy number" in silver lamé and satin ribbons, who never had to be coaxed: she sang, she danced (too enthusiastically for the nuns at the Catholic school she attended, who requested that her mother do something about the spectacle of a seven-year-old child wriggling her fanny at school entertainments), and she played the piano with sufficient skill to give her parents hope that she might some day be a concert pianist. Later, at the University of Arkansas, Rosie majored in art history, made the dean's list, began seriously to paint and draw ("You know those kids who take art as a goof course? Well, I wasn't one of them"). And she began to model. "It was just another way of doing what I had been doing since the age of five: dressing up and playing around—playing the princess or the peasant, playing Charlie Chaplin, playing Lauren Hutton flying through the pages of Vogue. It came naturally."

While she was still at the University, two events turned Rosie's life around: the young man she was in love with died nine months after their marriage; and her parents divorced, scattering the family. . . . With nothing to stay for in Little Rock and with a casual invitation from an assistant of Richard Avedon to visit the studio if she ever made it to New York, Rosie made it.

Three years ago, Rosie met artist Peter Max. He gave her three glasses of carrot juice, she got sick, he took care of her. They've been together ever since, sharing—in a spacious duplex with a wide-lens view of the Hudson River—a life that, by present standards for attractive New York couples, seems quiet to the point of reclusiveness ("We've never even seen the inside of Studio 54—I do all my dancing right here"). The household frequently includes Peter's young son and daughter by a former marriage; there is a housekeeper by day, three cats all the time, friends dropping in occasionally. But, essentially, it is Peter's and Rosie's sanctum. The place where they can shut out the world and be together, painting or getting Rosie's country-rock on tape—straight through the night, if she doesn't have a booking the next day. Very simply, they fill each other's needs—"It's bigger than China," says Peter.

Arthur Elgort said recently: "Every girl who goes into it should be made to understand that modeling is a fabulous meantime—period." Rosie understands. "Modeling is great fun, and it's a great opportunity for a girl to make a lot of money. But, at this point, for me, it's beginning to be passé. There are so many other things." Every spare minute now goes into her music and painting, and she's already rejected several movie scripts. "When my time is right, I'll know it and I'll be ready."

You can bet on it. Roseanne Vela may be odd-girl-out in the new vim-and-vigor tradition of American models—health foods flatten her; if there's a bug going around, she'll get it; and, like a lot of other women, she's not likely to be playing on anyone's soccer team this year—but next year, who knows? This is no marshmallow. ▽

"A fine woman is the greatest work of God on earth," you can hear Carol Channing declare in *Hello, Dolly!* And the effect of a woman's beauty of face and body—even just looked upon, mind you—can fill one up with a sense of well-being that spreads through the capillaries of the soul like music, wine, or the joy of relaxing into sleep. It reconciles one, at least temporarily, to all the violence, ugliness, and sheer stupidity stalking the world at large.

But whereas it is easy to describe the effect of beauty on the sensorium, it is hard, if not impossible, to define what a beauty—or, more specifically, an American beauty—is. Contrary to what many self-help articles and books tell you, beauty is not how you feel. Nor, despite all the advertisements, is it to be found in bottles and tubes, though these may help. And although the eye of the beholder may be enlisted as an ally, there is such a thing as feminine beauty gloriously independent of fashion, individual inclination, relativity itself. There may be no absolutes—even Shakespeare's drama, to deviate from women for a moment, was supremely unbeautiful to Tolstoy—but there are near absolutes: feminine beauty as widely and firmly agreed upon as the beauty of Shakespeare's plays.

Yet even the best minds have, over the ages, struggled with only moderate success to define what constitutes a woman's beauty. Probably, the first important definition for the English-speaking world is Lord Bacon's, "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." The trouble is that we are not sure what Bacon meant by this "strangeness"—probably no more than irregularity, a vague concept that is of only slight help. Nevertheless, it suggests that part of beauty may be a face or a body in which, instead of perfect stasis, there is a tug-of-war. There is confirmation for this from Baudelaire: "Whatever is not slightly deformed looks insensate; hence irregularity, which is to say, the unexpected, the surprise, astonishment form an essential and characteristic part of beauty."

Yet the classic Greek ideal of beauty, contrariwise, was one of symmetry. And it may be that to find a semblance of perfect symmetry in a woman's face or body is quite enough of a surprise in this imperfect world. As a character in Gore Vidal's *Kalki* puts it: ". . . Symmetry is all-important to us since we think with *two* lobes of a single brain. We breathe air through *two* nostrils into *two* lungs whilst looking at and listening to the world outside through *two* eyes,

the

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

There are popular beauties and past beauties; poster girls, actresses, co-eds, exotics. Can any one man define "undeniably gorgeous"? Stiletto-pen John Simon takes a stab

By John Simon

two ears." Imbalance is, accordingly, the thing we cannot comprehend and condone. There is something to this, as revealed by the very way it is embedded in our language. When there is one of something, we call that an odd number; odd, which equals peculiar, disquieting. When there are two, however, we call that even—meaning also balanced, smooth, calm.

Fashions change, and our idea of beauty, which to some extent is implicated in fashions, changes with them. When we look at pictures of past beauties, with their strange kinds of costume, hairdo, and weight, we often find them ridiculous. But the amazing thing is that in those outlandish getups we, nevertheless, repeatedly find some face that strikes us as still unfadingly beautiful; there is something that surpasses fashion, convention, relativity. For we must first realize that there is common beauty and, beyond that, uncommon beauty. As Yeats wrote about a pair of lovely sisters: "Two girls in silk kimonos, both/Beautiful, one a gazelle."

The gazelle who transcends the time-bound does it, I suspect, by a juggling act, a balancing of opposites; by a certain visual counterpoint, in which something thin interweaves with something fleshy, a soft line is responded to by sharp contour, round and oval (or round and square) play games with each other. In other words, a beautiful face, like a beautiful body, has a certain cadence, which, like meter in poetry, consists of accented and unaccented (or long and short) syllables alternating in a certain order, but with some strategic irregularities added for the sake of variety.

For example, with very large eyes, thinner lips would form a proper ensemble; and vice versa. With slanting eyes, we would prefer a very straight nose; with big, round eyes, a slightly aquiline or *retroussé* nose would be most effective. With blond hair, complementary blue eyes are pretty; but brown eyes, stunning. The same with dark hair and pale blue eyes. But with such an asymmetrical color scheme, we yearn for a regular oval face as a serene frame. High cheekbones are excellent because (besides tautening the face) they echo and balance the eyes; but then there must be a flowing chin line to alleviate angularity.

Perhaps one of the true hallmarks of a beautiful face is the built-in ability to create such contrasts, best described by the paradoxical French word *farouche,* which means both wild and shy. A wild shyness, then as of a forest deer; a quality or expression that is sometimes, by way of oversimplification, described as merely an element of mystery may be of the essence.

But not in America. The American beauty—whether she be the totally serene Cheryl Tiegs or the ever so slightly disturbing Farrah Fawcett-Majors—has a basically accessible look about her. To make love with her would be heaven, but a heaven different only in quantity, not quality, from earthly delights. She sells so well in poster form because she is ideally suited to the pleasures of autoeroticism; uncommitted and available-looking, she seems to adapt to every man's desire.

When I told Eugène Ionesco that I was writing a piece on "What is an American Beauty," the playwright remarked off the top of his bald head: "A blond coed walking across a campus and looking at no one." That "looking at no one" is significant: a smile based on self-sufficiency, non-intellectuality, unconcern, but not arrogance; she looks at no one in particular, the better to be looking at everyone in general. And this is true of our most beautiful dark blonds or brunettes, too: say, Barbara Bach, that somewhat Italianized American; and Barbara Carrera, that considerably Americanized Nicaraguan.

I do not in the least knock these beauties. If their kimonos opened for me, I would be most unlikely to notice a possible absence of gazelle. But there is more to uncommon beauty: an element that comes from within and encroaches on the outer symmetry, buffets it, bends it to its own idiosyncratic shape. That is the sort of face that impregnates the beauty of feature and coloring with a characteristic of thought and feeling—perhaps a touch of sadness or irony, of philosophical melancholy or enlightened mockery. It is a rare quality in American women and even actresses, though it can be found. Jane Fonda has it, as have Lauren Hutton and Barbara McNair. I encountered it preeminently in a life-sized picture, hanging in Harvard's Widener Library, of the late great stage star Maude Adams (not to be confused with the homonymous model turned movie actress) as Juliet.

During my student days, I spent almost as much time standing before this picture as sitting down with any one of my textbooks. What I saw in that face, besides extraordinary comeliness of feature, was a controlled yearning, an ability to turn desperate longing into poise and grace. And, even if I learned not quite so much from Maude Adams' beauty as from my most stimulating teachers, that image of equipoise abides with me—as steadfast as any lesson engraved in memory.

Stoppers

On the next eight pages, the four Vogue heroines tell their health and beauty secrets

THE COVER "GIRL" IS A WOMAN

By Cleveland Amory

Haute couture, once as special a field as the *haut monde,* has gone from the salon to below the salt. And the high-fashion model, who once sold fashion to the few, now sells —to the many—everything from clothes to cereals, lipstick to lingerie.

Furthermore, she no longer scares you. For one thing, although she is still *haute* (she must be, because of the way the clothes are cut, five feet, seven inches), she is probably American. For another thing, she has her own new look: One not at all like the old "New Look," mind you, but her very own new thing—a look that is perilously close to that of a real person.

At the top, this high-fashion model—who is as far removed from the ordinary model as the prima ballerina is from the chorus girl—can make over one hundred thousand dollars a year. Many more young girls today dream the more obtainable dream of being a model than even of being a movie star. To which career, yesterday, of course, a few models did graduate—Grace Kelly, Audrey Hepburn, Lauren Bacall, Suzy Parker—but to which today, many more have—Lauren Hutton, Cybill Shepherd, Ali MacGraw, Susan Blakely, Margaux Hemingway—and will.

It was not always this way. Once upon a time, before the twentieth century, there was no such thing as a high-fashion model. The girls who wore the clothes at the dress houses were called, aptly enough, mannequins. And even after the most famous mannequin, Marie Vernet, had married Charles Worth, the great nineteenth-century couturier, a long road still lay ahead to acceptance by "Society," let alone by the general public. Charles Castle tells the story of Poiret, Worth's successor, taking eight of his mannequins on tour after World War I, and, when they arrived in London, inviting fashion writer Alison Settle to join him for lunch at the Carlton. Miss Settle turned to speak to one of the mannequins, but Poiret put a warning hand on her arm. "No, Mademoiselle," he said, "do not speak to the girls—they are not there."

The first high-fashion models who were "there" were, ironically enough, almost anything but French. With rare exceptions, such as the famous Bettina, only a few French girls then as now were able to come up to the five-foot, seven-inch mark. And even if they did, they were inclined to be adjudged too short in the leg and too broad in the beam. But there were plenty of other

(Continued on page 173)

real stopper

PATTI'S BIO
22 years old
5'9" tall
130 pounds
Born in
Staten Island,
New York
Started modeling
in 1972

Patti HANSEN

DIET

"I have trouble with weight, but I don't plan on starving myself to lose anything. I do what I want. If I crave my food, I eat my food. I love the night-before's food for breakfast —I love leftovers in the morning. Pizza or chicken, or anything like that. That's what I eat. And hamburgers, hot dogs, all that junk food. I don't have good eating habits."

EXERCISE

"I go on binges—I go on binges with everything. Right now, I'm in an exercising mood. Just a lot of sit-ups and leg-raises and that sort of exercise. The old high-school gymnastics—that's really what it is. I like to feel the pain in my stomach—then I know it's working. But I don't do it for very long. One week here, one week there. So it's not that great. I also love to dance. I used to be a real disco freak. But I don't go out that much now. I dance in my own house. Or anybody else's house. Or dance in the streets. I love all kinds of sports, too. I especially love swimming. I'm not a runner, though—I smoke too much to run. When I turn twenty-three, I'll probably start running."

SKIN

"Most of the time, I sleep with my makeup on and simply wash it off in the morning—I can't be bothered at night. It's just not me to do all that. I clean my face with soap—all different soaps. Right now, it's Ivory. I feel nice and clean when I use soap. And I always take cold showers—a little warm at first, then cold immediately. It wakes me up."

HAIR

"I wash my hair as often as possible. I have really strong hair, I guess, but right now it's starting to get brittle from all those curling irons. So I use heavy conditioners—like Wella Balsam. But I switch a lot—I never stick to one product. Kiehl's conditioner is great, too. So is their shampoo—it's placenta. Human placenta! (They're really making a fortune out of motherhood.) And I've just found another shampoo—Nature's Gate. My friend buys it for me at a health-food store. It's incredible. It feels exactly like milk."

MAKEUP

"I love makeup. I love dark, dark eyes. Black eyes—lots of mascara. And beauty marks—I put one on my cheek. I almost never wear lipstick—just gloss. But for fun, I do sometimes wear red lips and no other makeup. I like a full lip. My sister used to tease me about my mouth and say, 'Oh God, look at those lips of yours!' But I think they're pretty. Kissable! I love to kiss. I sometimes bite my lips to make them even fuller."

REST

"I hate sleeping at night. I'm a night person. From five in the afternoon until five in the morning—those are my best hours. I just have all this energy. I won't sleep for two nights, and then midnight comes around, and I wake up again. Yoga is fabulous, though —it makes me relax so much I can go to sleep in the middle of the day. So, it's something I keep up with."

Patti's makeup on the opposite page was done by Way Bandy with Estée Lauder colors. Details, next to last pages. All hair on these and the next six pages by Harry King.

Avedon





real stopper

Beverly JOHNSON

BEVERLY'S BIO
26 years old
5'8" tall
115 pounds
Born in Buffalo, New York
Started modeling in 1971

DIET

"I'm a vegetarian—I eat raw fruits, vegetables, nuts, seeds, grains. Occasionally, I have fertile eggs and raw milk, or powdered skim milk, from the health-food store. Or yogurt. I love to make my own yogurt."

EXERCISE

"When I'm really into my health routine, that means getting up in the morning around 7:00 and jogging—three or four times around the reservoir in Central Park. And I love to walk, too. I'm being honest about my shoe size now, so walking's fine. Before, I was wearing shoes too small."

SKIN

"I use Strawberry Yogurt with Vita-Gay to clean my face—it is the best cleanser I've ever had. Tingling Herbal Refiner and Firmer with Chlorophyll is great, too. And, to remove eye makeup, oil—sesame oil. I also love vitamin A cream. It's my favorite—I use it as a moisturizer. It *is* oily, but I dab it on and take it right off."

HAIR

"I love Kiehl's Natural Herbal Shampoo and Conditioner. Or the big bottle of Dr. Bronner's Pure Castile Soap you get at any health-food store—it makes your hair feel so soft."

MAKEUP

"Basically, I use Calvin Klein or Revlon or Fashion Fair. But for color on my cheeks, I use Rose Hips. It gives my skin a nice kind of glow."

On these pages, Beverly wears the Rose Face of Calvin Klein Cosmetics. Makeup by Way Bandy. Other details, next to last pages.

Avedon



real stopper

RENE'S BIO
24 years old
5'8" tall
115 pounds
Born in Burbank, California
Started modeling in 1973

René RUSSO

DIET

"I try to have about a 60 percent raw diet—60 or 70 percent. If I had my way, it would be 90. It really would, because I feel best doing it. But I would turn into a bone. The important thing is that I totally cut out sugar. None ever! And absolutely no white flour—or anything made with it. No pastries. No desserts. Nothing. Instead, I eat lots of salads. Lots of garlic. And olive oil. I try to get everything in my salads—carrots, onions, tomatoes, and all kinds of greens. No seasoning—no salt or pepper. No cigarettes. Not even any coffee. But I do eat plenty of seeds and nuts and grains. I love grains!"

EXERCISE

"That's the big thing—exercise. You can eat all the health food in the world, but if you don't exercise, forget it. You just can't ever get too much exercise. I do a lot of stretching exercises. And then I walk a lot. Every day. If I have to work, I get up at 5:00 in the morning and take a fast forty-minute walk. I live in the hills so it's all up and down. And that really gets your heart beating and your circulation going. I feel so much better—I love living in California for just that reason. It makes the rest of the day so much nicer, easier. On the weekends, though—my God, I'm not perfect! I'll sleep late a couple of days, but I will manage to get out of bed at *some* point and do my stretching exercises."

SKIN

"I think one really fabulous thing is that skin machine—you know, the Clairol one with the batteries. Maybe for a normal girl who doesn't have to wear so much makeup, it isn't necessary. But for me, it's the only way—it gets deep into the pores and does a terrific job. My eye makeup, I take off with baby oil, because it doesn't pull all your eyelashes out—I just sort of throw it on my face and wipe it off with a tissue. Then I get in the shower and wash with Tom's soap. I find this is the best soap—it's cocoa orange. If I'm a little broken out, I'll put alcohol on my face at night—maybe two nights in a row—and then the next night, I'll put on Aloe Vera Gel. I love the sun, but I don't bake. Some people can take it. I just can't. I burn, freckle, peel—it really eats my skin away. So I make a point of lying out in the sun only twenty minutes at the absolute most."

HAIR

"I never used to worry about conditioning my hair, because I have a lot of hair and it's good and strong. But lately, it's been a bit dry—it is hand-painted and, where it's bleached, it tends to get dry. So I condition it with Vidal Sassoon's Liquid Proteins and Hair Moisturizer. I just mix the two together and put them on. For washing my hair, I use Jhirmack shampoo. I find that fantastic. I love it. There are different kinds—the orange one is really great. And I wash my hair every other day, not more often than that."

MAKEUP

"Just to go out—to the store, say—I don't use makeup. I might, if I'm going out with my boyfriend, though. I might put a little on my lips, a little natural color. Not even gloss—a pencil, only. I'll take a pencil that is almost the color of my lips—only a shade or two darker—and accentuate them a bit. That's all. Even at nighttime, if I'm going out, I don't do too much. All I wear is eye shadow—I love lilac or purple (I never wear blue or green eye shadow)—and some mascara, a little lipstick, and rosy cheeks—I use Clinique's Young Face Powder Blusher. I don't put my blush in the hollows of my cheeks. I put it where the color goes naturally. And I never wear contouring. I don't like the way it looks on me, even at night. If I wear powder, it is just the tiniest bit of Clinique."

René's makeup, at left, has just the violet and amethyst shades she loves most, all 'Ultima' II—and all by Way Bandy. Earrings, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany. Details, next to last pages.

Avedon

COVER "GIRL" *continued*

Europeans. There were even Russians: a Princess, Natasha Paley (in honor of the old days), and one named, aptly enough, for a new Russian day—Lud. There were also the Germans—Agnetta Fisher and the tragic Muth; the Dutch—Wilhelmina led the way here; and always the Swedes—such as Lisa Fonssagrives. Even Greta Garbo, for one brief period, was a model. And there were always the exotics: the predecessor of the famed Iman of today was the celebrated half-Dutch, half-Indonesian Toto Koopman. Over all reigned the British, with models such as Barbara Goalen, Anne Gunning, and Fiona Campbell-Walter. The "London look"—one so stiff it was actually photographed on a so-called "model stand"—dominated the scene before World War II, as again London was to do in the 'sixties with a different but still basically stiff look—photographed on models such as German-born Veruschka, English Jean Shrimpton and Twiggy.

But American high-fashion models were always challenging. Dorian Leigh, Suzy Parker, Jean Patchett, Sunny Harnett, and Dovima (her name from the first letters of Dorothy Victoria Moran) were the pioneers. They had hard going at first, up against, as they were, the accepted foreign look—the odd and the eccentric, the hoity-toity, the thick paint, hairpieces, long eyelashes, and artificially raised cheekbones. Even as recently as a few years ago, Lauren Hutton worried to photographer Scavullo about what she called "a national style" for America. "We haven't had time to develop it," she told him. "To me, the most stylish people in the world are the Masai or the Karamoja or the Tibetans."

Today, chances are that even the Masai, the Karamoja, and the Tibetans would recognize the natural, if not the national, style of the Americans. For one thing, the American high-fashion model—with everything from her natural makeup kit to her mood-music records—has probably been there. American models have been sent to a mountaintop in Turkey, where the climb was so steep the donkeys were blindfolded. There being no such thing as a stunt model, American models have learned to do everything from parachuting from planes to lying down on the ground while horses were stampeded over them. One woman was even lowered into the Seine in a plastic ball held up by a crane. The crane was fine, but the ball, unfortunately, was not waterproof: the model nearly drowned.

Through it all, the top American fashion models—such as today's stars Patti Hansen, René Russo, Beverly Johnson, and Roseanne Vela—remain as American as, if not apple pie, at least the hot dog. In fact, Patti Hansen was discovered by photographer Peter Gert selling hot dogs on Staten Island for sixty cents an hour. She now makes more than that per second. But she still loves hot dogs and, asked her hobby, replies—of all model sacrileges—"eating." "They're always telling me to lose weight," Miss Hansen says, "and then putting me in bathing suit ads. I weigh 130. Why not? Bones are out now, anyway.

"I guess my main contribution to the natural look," Miss Hansen says, "is freckles. One minute in the sun and I'm popped all over. Of course, there are some things I can't do. You can't be a bride with freckles.

(Continued on page 210)

real stopper

ROSEANNE'S BIO
25 years old
5'8½" tall
112 pounds
Born in
Galveston,
Texas
Started modeling
in 1975

Roseanne VELA

DIET

"I think it's very important to eat natural foods—the more fresh foods, the better—rather than simply eating out of cans. I love fruit, especially in the spring and summer. And I make sure I get vegetables and a little meat. But I still enjoy cake and chocolate and Coca-Cola—things like that. I just don't eat them in excess. Then, of course, I take vitamins—B_{12}, C, and E. And maybe some brewers' yeast."

EXERCISE

"I can walk for blocks and blocks and blocks. I walk through the park. I walk along the river. I walk and shop just about everywhere. Walking through the park is the most fun, though. It's so beautiful. And one of the things I like best is riding horseback there."

SKIN

"I'm young, fortunately. So all I have to do is wash my skin once a day—when it feels like it needs to be clean. I use some sort of nice light soap like Neutrogena. Then I always take a shower—so I feel refreshed and awakened. And that's about it."

HAIR

"My hair is really good—very thick, very full of body. I wash it maybe twice a week. I try different types of shampoos all the time to see how my hair reacts—like Earth Born shampoo, Milk Plus 6 shampoo, or Redken shampoo. Different ones every other month, every other week. I never know which one is good so I just try everything."

MAKEUP

"I never wear makeup. The only reason I ever put any on is to emphasize my features for a photograph. Otherwise, I *never* wear it." You see, *near right,* how Roseanne does her "face" for a picture. **(1)** She starts with a good look in the mirror, **(2)** then dots on light peach foundation and blends it well. **(3)** Contouring the cheekbone in camel is next, followed by **(4)** a mauvy blush—high at the side of the cheek. **(5)** Shadow goes on the outer edge of the lid—a Burgundy-colored crayon. **(6)** And after curling the lashes, black mascara is applied painstakingly—until each lash is thickly and evenly coated. "That's what I concentrate on," says Roseanne. "I spend *hours* on my eyes!" and **(7)** last of all, lipgloss—slicked on with a brush—over a bit of rose-beige pencil, just a shade or two deeper than her lips.

The makeup Way Bandy gave Roseanne, opposite, really heightens and intensifies her coloring—with Elizabeth Arden shades. *For details, see next to last pages.*



Avedon

PARIS/MILAN

a real change

There's no doubt about it. The look, the shape, the mood of fashion is changing for fall—sometimes dramatically, sometimes subtly. Here—a quick take on what's news—the key points, the directions. Lots more will be coming in the July and August issues.

THE SILHOUETTE'S *a whole new thing. Begins with wider, squarer shoulders. The look starts there, and the line. There's still softness. But now it's anchored. Held together. Narrower. Your waist shows, and your hips. And nothing droops. Everything flirts, slides, moves.*

KEY COVERINGS *The 3/4 coat. Knockout! To keep your eye on. And the Chesterfield's back—big! Jackets on everything—hip-length, waists pulled in with belts, soft—unblazer-y.*

BRILLIANT COLOR *High-voltage, high-energy—in marvelous mixes. And black, black, black. Never so much ravishing restaurant dressing. Never such unusual fabrics, such terrific textures.*

LEGS *are to watch. Highly visible with short dresses, glimpsed through slashed skirts, sensed under narrow pants. Sexiest!*

NEW TOUCHES *Happy little hats—berets, padres, knits. Quilting—un-puffy, sleek. Supple, sensuous suèdes, leathers. New ways with fur. Gilets. Glittery jewels—big, bold, dazzling—fake.*



Reginald Gray

CHLOÉ
All the real changes... Lagerfeld subtlety... "T" silhouette; ¾ black coat: shorter, belted camel jacket. skinny black pants.

KENZO
Wit, charm, color! Super shirttail dress sparked by a confetti-mix of pink beret, blue string tie, purple legs.

KENZO
Every [illegible]
Here [illegible]
tongue-in-[illegible]
a sleek [illegible]
a burst of [illegible]

SAINT LAURENT
The show stopper!
Big-evening in [illegible]
jacket rounded,
[illegible] satin; slashed skirt
(always, the legs);
lacy, glittery camisole.

PARIS/MILAN
a real change

DIOR
Wonderful coverings—the message all over, i.e.—Bohan's ¾ coat in grey marabou, with grey velvet pants, gold-flecked blouse—with a new easy-evening charm.

ARMANI
P.M. version of his over-and-over gilet—short, sleeveless, belted, in quilted-and-smocked satin.

FENDI
The excitement of fur you can't believe is fur . . . the dash of the new ¾ coat, matching squirrel vest—the best of everything!

VALENTINO
The new focus on all-of-a-piece dressing: his wide-shoulder jacket in chenille, narrow walk-through skirt, shades of wine.



GIVENCHY
Everywhere at night, the dress-over-pants idea. Givenchy's luxurious way – gold lamé over black velvet.

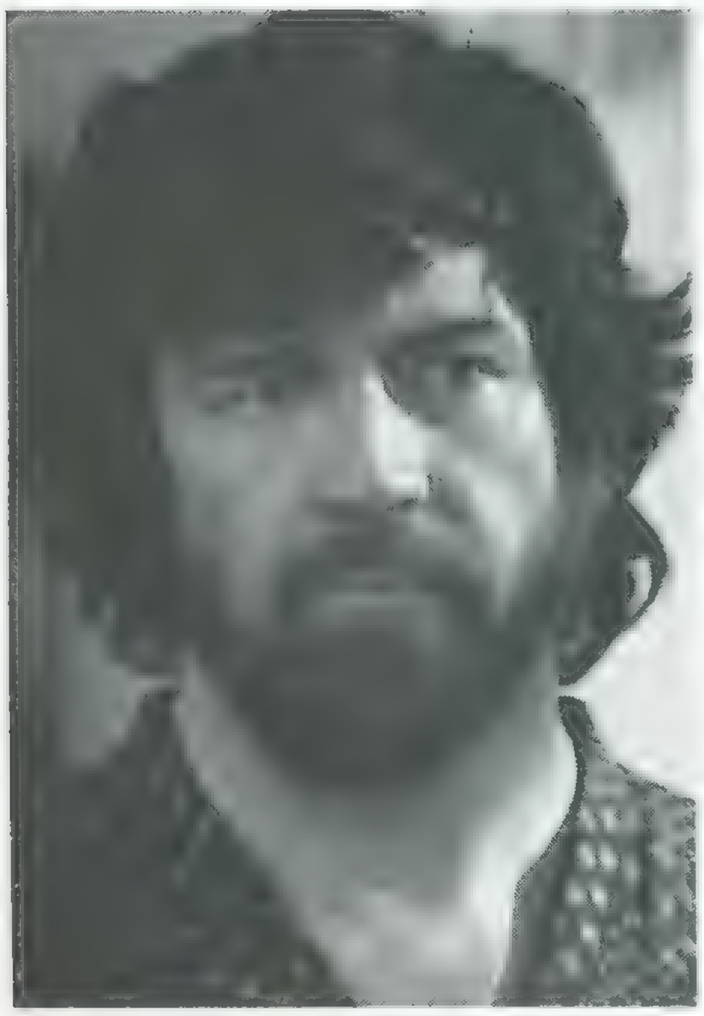
SONIA RYKIEL
Evening-sweater delights: black striped with color, with Lurex. On the runway with nothing but a hip wrap, sheer black legs – the sweater is always the star!

SAINT LAURENT
Dancing legs! – short-dress version of his bare chemise – brilliant red satin, pink hip wrap, ruffled shawl. And don't miss the jewelry.

CHLOÉ
Lagerfeld's summer blouse – beaded crêpe, square shouldered, soft, straight-line velvet pants – a different kind of evening.

Reginald Gray

people are talking about PEOPLE



ALAN BATES
"Everyone's hot about Alan"

Alan Bates, left, this year's heart-seethe from Britain—ever since **Jill Clayburgh** took one lusty look in *An Unmarried Woman* and had a feeling she was falling. Now, he's on the soar to superstardom opposite **Bette Midler** in her movie debut, *The Rose.* Says one shrewd man-watcher: "Everyone's hot about Alan because he's like a Teddy bear—it's that kind of sexy. You want to curl up in bed with him."

THE PRIZE IS RIGHT

Meg Greenfield—a small, dark, vitality woman, whose direct-thrust editorializing *(The Washington Post, Newsweek)* got her a Pulitzer Prize this '78—and her penchant for making on-the-nose observations such as, ". . . most political reforms are remedies for other, earlier reforms that good old human nature has learned how to corrupt." Her calm, succinct but resonating analyses are what make her great. . . . And this tell-true from Pulitzer Prize composer, chronicler, serious wit **Ned Rorem,** who, in his out-now book *An Absolute Gift*, asks himself, "How does it feel to win the Pulitzer?" And answers, "Totally satisfying. . . . And if you die in shame and squalor, at least you die Official." . . . The on-going, optimistic reverberations generated by **Betty Ford**'s candor about her addictions and her positive approach to rehabilitation: others will now find it easier to "face up . . . seek help." This must-heed from psychiatrist **Robert B. Millman,** M.D., The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center on the chance of inadvertent suicide: "It's hard to overdose on alcohol alone, but if your tolerance is low, as few as two sedative-hypnotic pills, in addition to the alcohol, can put you right over the edge and into danger." . . .

GREATEST SHOWS UNEARTHED

Box-office bonanza art exhibits, like the U.S.A.-touring *Treasures of Tutankhamun* and *Pompeii AD 79*: objects of noble beauty surrounded by a razzle-dazzle of shrewd showmanship. And the surprise *coup* by **Alexandra Murphy**—young, quite unknown member of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts Department of Paintings—who triumphantly side-showed the massive *Pompeii* with *Visions of Vesuvius,* a room erupting with paintings by such as Degas, Turner, a cache of exuberant little-knowns. . . . Overheard, from A Striking Brunette to A Striking Blond at the NYC **Regine's**: "I've had very young lovers—and very old. What do I look for now?" "Very medium."

THE WINGED BEAN TAKES OFF

Virginia Woolf—and nobody's afraid of this twentieth-century noblewoman of the mind who is being reconsidered through the new feminist consciousness, through publication of her diaries, her letters, and avalanches of books about her and her evolutionary Bloomsbury world. And this 1924 Woolf see-through to 1978: "All human relations have shifted—those between masters and servants, husbands and wives, parents and children. And when human relations change, there is at the same time a change in religion, conduct, politics and literature." . . . **Noel Vietmeyer,** of the National Academy of Sciences, and his spotting of "the winged bean": an entirely edible, easy-grower, real-life tropical plant—with mushroomy-flavor seeds and pods, potato-like tubers, spinachy leaves, asparagusy stems. You can even eat the flowers: Plus: winged bean's wonderfully medicinal. Could be a salvation for our greedy world. . . . **Judy Kaye,** who made all those corny understudy-to-star sagas come gloriously true when **Madeline Kahn** ankled Broadway's smasher *On the Twentieth Century*. Says **Brooke Hayward,** who happened to be audience when *this* Judy made it: "She is dazzling. Such a superb singer, dancer, actress. She's not beautiful, but what a fresh, lovely, inventive personality!"

(Continued on page 183)

Brooke Shields: *"Pretty Baby" growing up*

When you've got an actress whose new movie, "Pretty Baby," has won raves – and moral outrage; who has four films lined up, yet to screen; who's a twelve-year veteran of modeling, and who has already whipped out the book of her life story, you've got a Star. When the Star loves horseback riding, jeans, chocolate chocolate-chip ice cream, months-old Easter candy, and teenage boys, you've got a problem. Unless she's Brooke Shields – who just turned thirteen.

Brooke – calm, polite, surprisingly level-headed, with a beauty beyond years or any movie-goers' yearnings – dismisses the fuss over her "Pretty Baby" part (that of a child prostitute in a 1917 New Orleans bordello) with a flick of her professional wrist. "It was just another role," says her mother. What does Brooke get out of acting? "You're proud of yourself," answers Brooke. What did she like best about the time of "Pretty Baby"? "The costumes and the furniture." Would she have liked to have lived then? "I like it now," Brooke says, "because more things are going on. It would be pretty boring to sit around all day like that."

Avedon





people are talking about people



CAROL CHANNING
"I'll peak in ten years!"

Carol Channing, right, who thought she'd just "Dollied everyone to death" and found that, even after fourteen years of *Dolly* triumphs, audiences can't get enough Carol-Dolly. Reason why: she's in complete control of her googley-google eyes and everything else, uses it all to make outrageous fun sweetly. She's the most Undeniable Fact on Broadway. "I feel," she says, "I'm just starting to come together. I will peak in maybe ten years. I'm just about through with puberty."

LOVE-IN FOR DRACULA

Photographer **Irving Penn** and his just-out book, with text by **Diana Vreeland,** *Inventive Paris Clothes 1909-1939*—derived from one of Mrs. V's Metropolitan Museum of Art exhibits of high-high fashion—luxurious **Poirets, Vionnets, Chanels**. . . . In this small, intense book, Penn shows you the architecture, sometimes the surface detail of these clothes with strong-eyed clarity, a sense of wonder. . . . **Ingmar Bergman** and the seep of happy news about him: he's to return to Stockholm to stage a Strindberg play, possibly to make a movie. . . . **Roger Langley** and **Richard C. Levy** whose *Wife Beating: The Silent Crisis* factualizes a heretofore hush-hush horror: estimated figure for knocked-about "spouses"—husbands sock wives and wives bash hubbies: between twenty-six and thirty million. "Both are part of the same problem . . . one *person* abusing another *person*. The problem must be faced and dealt with not in terms of sex but in terms of humanity." . . . **Frank Langella,** who, as Broadway's **Count Dracula,** is causing near-riot audience reactions—they stampede down the aisles uttering passionate cries, flinging flowers at their tall, dark, silent-movie-handsome blood-sucker hero. His amazed reaction: "They're orgiastic!"

A ROBOT FOR EVERY WOMAN

Jim Beattie, the twenty-three-year-old ex-Dartmouth, All-Ivy baseball, basketball six-foot-sixer rookie now pitching for the Yankees. "This is the one," says our sports maven, "to keep your eyes on." . . . The thirty-eight-seat, Washington, DC, restaurant, 209½, that has them standing patiently in line—**Dan Rather, Patrick Moynihan, John Brademas**—to eat **Alice B. Toklas** figs, zucchini fritters. . . . **Anthony Reichelt,** who's got in the works *the* gift: a domestic android (robot) that will serve up dinner, houseclean, baby-sit, tongue-lash your enemies, and "verbally challenge intruders." . . . This summer's "goodbye"—a revival, "Toodles!"—LEO LERMAN

Jack Lemmon:

The greatest act on Broadway

When Jack Lemmon comes back to the New York theater, after eighteen years away, he doesn't play around. He plays rings around any other actor now on Broadway, pulling laughs from cold air and a warmth of tears from audience eyes, quipping, pacing, conjuring one of the greatest acts ever, in "Tribute." "I wasn't looking for a play," said Lemmon, "it just arrived. In a brown paper sack." The sack's return address was "B. Slade, Edmonton, Alberta," the Bernard Slade playwright of the now-into-its-fourth-year-running "Same Time, Next Year." When Lemmon read "Tribute," he was hooked: "Sure, I've played a lot of comedy characters, a lot of serious roles. But this was both." Paramount Pictures, evidently, had the same reaction: Before "Tribute" ever opened on Broadway, this June 1, they'd laid down $1 million for the movie rights.

"Tribute" is about a father and son: about growing up, growing ill, getting together, seeing things through. For Lemmon – a man of jaunty intelligence and very American grace, a father himself, Harvard grad, the only actor ever to win an Academy Award for best supporting role ("Mister Roberts") and best actor ("Save the Tiger") – "Tribute," onstage, is constant surprise. "How an audience will react," said Lemmon, "you'll never know. There are certain laughs that I don't know why the hell they laugh. I've been doing comedy for thirty years and I don't know why the hell they laugh. . . . It's fun to hear, though."

Leonid Lubianitsky



Avedon

Philosopher, novelist, teacher, mother, filmmaker. American woman. Susan Sontag, above, is a lanky, forty-five-year-old affirmation of independent life. An honest-to-God intellectual – and proud of it – in a world where "get-up-and-go" is more often hymned than sit down and think.

For Sontag, feelings are the backbone of reason: feelings about books (over eight thousand of them are neatly shelved in her New York apartment); about photographs (but she's especially fond of blank walls); about films (she's made three); about friends; and most specially, about son David, twenty-five ("my best friend," said Sontag). In her writings, passions plead – for, against, or straight through – causes world-shaking or winsome. Camp. Fascism in films. Cuba. Vietnam. Most recently, Sontag's reason has probed illness – personal (she was diagnosed, over two years ago, as having cancer) or public – this month, her "Illness as Metaphor" will be published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

By Elizabeth Hardwick

Susan Sontag: I remember when she first *appeared*, appearance signifying in this case not a mere social presence but the offering of intense literary work in an arresting combination with the person, the one writing. Of course, it was immediately clear that she was a romantic. Not a romantic prisoner of love or private history, but a romantic of the intellectual life. She brought to mind as a dramatic entrance the young Mary McCarthy, whom she does not resemble in thought or temperament—and naturally enough, since romantics and intellectuals are personal and have qualities seldom free of disturbance and jarring particularity.

Here was a young woman of special gifts and high style: opinionated, even intransigent, and yet unmarked by dank truculence, indolent fixity. She was liberated from provincialism and the narrowing vanities that leave one standing where one began. But not free of vanity, if that may mean a certain airy certainty of self requisite for difficult undertakings. So she was then, in her twenties.

Now, Susan Sontag lives half the year in New York and the other half in Paris. Not so long ago, she was in Venice for a conference on the art of dissidents; she was in California lecturing on photography. Her mother lives in Honolulu and she visits there. She went to Hanoi during the Vietnam war; she has made a trip to China, to India, to Israel. Nevertheless, because she is a writer, she has spent most of her time alone in

Knowing Sontag

"The most interesting American woman of her generation"

her room, slowly enduring the struggle to create serious work.

A list of the titles of her writings would leave the page black with capital letters, but it must be recorded that she has published two novels, two books of literary and cultural criticism. A brilliant work, *On Photography,* came out last year; this month will bring the publication of *Illness as Metaphor;* a collection of short stories will be published in the fall. She has written and directed two full-length films, shot in Sweden, and a complex documentary on Israel. She is in her mid-forties.

So there it is—and there she is—beads on a string that cannot, in the listing, offer the shine of quality and oddity glistening in the works. Here, in America, our reverence is most often stirred by a creative exclusiveness: the poet, the musician, the painter, the scientist, the great performers. We seem to feel most secure with genius in a singular concentration and with the kind of artist who "has a mind so fine no idea can violate it," as T.S. Eliot said not quite seriously of Henry James.

Susan Sontag is all *ideas*. Her essays, of course, and even her films and short stories show the habit of mind of one trained as a philosopher, as she was. Philosophical and theoretical speculation is a natural turn of her mind, and yet the world of the university and the academy is not congenial to her way of thinking or to her writing. She was a prodigy, entering the University of Chicago at fifteen and going on to Harvard for graduate study. Beyond that, the "crisis of identity" led to her most important creative discovery: French bohemian intellectual life, an insistent avant-garde mode, an obsessive concern with form—form as an idea and a practice, a fascination with the extreme, with the theatrical gesture, with outlandish, anarchic styles. ("Notes on 'Camp,'" for instance.)

With the free, independent, unpredictable reach of her interests, the rich grounding in high culture, Susan Sontag became, *is,* an original observer of popular culture, bizarre creatures, pornography, happenings —and always politics, opera, ballet, and literature. Scarcely anyone is more alive to the *interesting,* more willing to contemplate its esthetic shape, more willing to experience the flow of styles and assumptions. She is very shrewd and witty in defining the sounds of the crash of contemporary life.

In her sensibility, the movies are everywhere: not just in the many essays she has written on Godard, Bergman, and others and not only in her films. Film art and even film anti-art cast their lights on the pages of her novels and stories. Ellipses, obscurities, innovations reveal this cinematic saturation, always in a singular blending with avant-garde European writing. It is not for nothing that Susan spent her youth in California, flew off to the University of Chicago and then on to Paris.

She is a feminist very much in the way certain persons are known to be cradle Catholics. Thus she is not burdened as a thinker with the pieties and reductions that sometimes attend conversion. She married very young, was divorced, raised her son, made her own living, created herself. That creation is the most interesting American woman of her generation.

SUSAN SONTAG *on:*

PHOTOGRAPHY

"Recently, photography has become almost as widely practiced an amusement as sex and dancing—which means that, like every mass art form, photography is not practiced by most people as an art."

"Nobody ever discovered ugliness through photographs. But many, through photographs, have discovered beauty."

"The final reason for the need to photograph everything lies in the very logic of consumption itself. To consume means to burn, to use up—and, therefore, to need to be replenished. As we make images and consume them, we need still more images; and still more. But images are not a treasure for which the world must be ransacked; they are precisely what is at hand wherever the eye falls. The possession of a camera can inspire something akin to lust." *(On Photography)*

ILLNESS

"Illness is the night-side of life, a more onerous citizenship. Everyone who is born holds dual citizenship, in the kingdom of the well and in the kingdom of the sick. Although we all prefer to use only the good passport, sooner or later each of us is obliged, at least for a spell, to identify ourselves as citizens of that other place."

"Cancer is generally thought an inappropriate disease for a romantic character, in contrast to tuberculosis. . . ." *(Illness as Metaphor)*

LOVE

"The cult of love in the West is an aspect of the cult of suffering—suffering as the supreme token of seriousness. . . . Thus it is not love which we overvalue, but suffering. . . ."

STYLE

"Style is the principle of decision in a work of art, the signature of the artist's will. And as the human will is capable of an indefinite number of stances, there are an indefinite number of possible styles for works of art."

CAMP

"Camp taste is a kind of love, love for human nature. It relishes, rather than judges, the little triumphs and awkward intensities of 'character.'"

"The hallmark of Camp is the spirit of extravagance. Camp is a woman walking around in a dress made of three million feathers." *(Against Interpretation)*

PORNOGRAPHY

"The universe proposed by the pornographic imagination is a total universe. It has the power to ingest and metamorphose and translate all concerns that are fed into it, reducing everything into the one negotiable currency of the erotic imperative." *(Styles of Radical Will)*

Excerpted from AGAINST INTERPRETATION, STYLES OF RADICAL WILL, ON PHOTOGRAPHY, and the forthcoming title ILLNESS AS METAPHOR by Susan Sontag. Copyright © 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1973, 1974, 1977, 1978 by Susan Sontag. Reprinted with the permission of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.

Great architecture: East Building

Spectacular interior courtyard of the new East Building of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, DC., opening June 1, given to the nation by Paul Mellon and designed by I.M. Pei. Huge mobile by Alexander Calder dominates eighty-foot-high space; right wall has Joan Miró tapestry, sculpture by Anthony Caro in recess. A marble, glass, and steel architectural triumph built to house the greatest modern art, the building combines classical geometry, human scale, and a contemporary excitement. More about museum, its donor, next four pages.

Norman McGrath

of the National Gallery of Art

Great painting: Jackson Pollock's



EAST BUILDING
continued

stunning masterpiece

One of Jackson Pollock's largest works, this wall-size 1950 black-and-white painting, Number 32, was borrowed from Düsseldorf for an inaugural exhibition in the new East Building at the National Gallery in Washington, DC: *American Art at Mid-Century: The Subjects of the Artist.* Also lent to this show, works by painters Arshile Gorky, Willem de Kooning, Robert Motherwell, Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko, and sculptor David Smith. The show's organizer, E. A. Carmean, Jr., said Pollock's great metaphysical subject is the triumph of order over chaos. (More East Building, next page.)

American civilization comes of age: the new East Building of the National Gallery of Art, a fitting monument to our country's imagination

By Barbara Rose

Let us imagine for a moment our descendants looking back on us from a future that may or may not resemble the exotic worlds pictured in recent science-fiction films. What will they think of the civilization we, their American ancestors, have produced? Will we be known only for our neon-and-plastic roadside motels and fast-food chains, our massage parlors and leather bars, our ghettos and discothèques—or will we leave behind something more durable? This is not a question many ask themselves in a moment such as ours, when the idea of escape from the present into an unknown future seems much more captivating than a longer view of history as a continuity of rising, peaking, and declining civilizations.

Fortunately, there are a few among us willing to commit their time and resources to providing more fitting monuments to the American imagination than the ephemeral grotesqueries that result from pandering to mass appetites for immediate gratification. To create pleasures more enduring and permanently satisfying, truly civilized minds are needed. *Noblesse oblige* was the phrase used to describe the sense of civic responsibility that the European aristocracy passed down from generation to generation. In America, we do have considerable inherited wealth, but we do not have a hereditary aristocracy that feels the sense of *noblesse oblige*. From time to time, however, our wealthy families produce a genuinely cultured man like Andrew Mellon, who donated his art collection together with a building he designated as the National Gallery of Art—since the United States did not have such an institution—to the American people in 1937.

Faced with the continued expansion of the collection, which had grown from 139 objects originally donated by Andrew Mellon to more than thirty thousand masterpieces of Western European and American paintings, sculpture, and graphic arts since the Renaissance, Paul Mellon, who inherited his father's passion for collecting and his interest in the fortunes of the National Gallery, decided to erect an additional building to add exhibition galleries and to bring the Gallery's collections up to the mid-twentieth century. To design the new building—which would occupy the most important site of unbuilt public land provided for in the original design for Washington, DC, by Pierre Charles L'Enfant, selected by President Washington to design a plan for the American capital city in the style of the grand European capitals—Paul Mellon chose world-renowned architect I.M. Pei. The result is the new East Building, built of the same pink Tennessee marble as the original neoclassical National Gallery it faces across the Plaza on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Already proclaimed a landmark by architectural critics, Pei's building is his finest achievement—a glass and marble gem that combines functional conceptual brilliance with exquisite esthetic refinement. The form of the building, a trapezoid bisected into two triangles, was the ingenious solution to filling the odd shape of the site with a form that was strong and simple, yet unusual and exciting. Pei's choice of a triangular module, repeated many times inside the building in structural details, plays against the geometric circles and the angles created by the avenues that radiate from them that are the basis of L'Enfant's original layout for the city of Washington, DC.

Inside the building, daylight streams in through ceiling skylights, giant four-story-high windows, and recessed slits that illuminate large-scale works by Robert Motherwell, Joan Miró, Alexander Calder, and Anthony Caro commissioned especially for the East Building, bathing the marble walls in a soft glow. To create human scale, Pei divided up the giant space into three separate "houses" or "pods"—to use a term derived from satellite technology—reached by a series of bridges that crisscross the interior, dynamically activating the space. The feeling is at once harmonious and dynamic: at the same time that geometry creates a sense of order, the imaginative subdivision of space and the continuous change in the light, as weather changes outside are reflected within, is constantly stimulating.

Although the immense eighty-foot-high expanse of the interior court in which Calder's huge mobile turns and moves impressed a visiting Russian delegation as a waste of space, this spectator found viewing it an awe-inspiring experience reminiscent of the sensation of standing in the center of the Pantheon in Rome and looking up at the dome illuminated by the light reflected through the giant oculus. The gallery spaces, designed with movable walls and ceilings that can be raised or lowered, are capable of giving the feeling of intimacy; but the central court is a definitive public space that provides a sense of awe, luxury, and grandeur in a hall for public congregation and movement observable from the "bridges."

By definitely proving that the taste of a single cultivated and caring individual with the wealth to make his dreams come true is superior to that of any bureaucratic committee, the East Building of the National Gallery is one of the best arguments for American capitalism anyone could provide. When one compares its elegance and humanity with the oppressive corporate modern style that disgraces not only East Berlin but modern Washington, DC, as well, one realizes that, no matter how enlightened government patronage may become, it can never achieve what private patronage can because it is necessarily a compromise that expresses nobody's taste as much as it does political considerations.

Reflecting on the greatness of the East Building, we do well to remember that our great cultural institutions were donations to the nation that educated, wealthy people were encouraged to give by the structure of our tax laws. Today, these tax provisions, which have created the American cultural institutions so admired in Europe, are under attack as "undemocratic" and "unegalitarian." And yet, the East Building of the National Gallery requires no fees for admission to an experience of wonder; it is as much a people's palace as the Moscow subway but far more inspiring.

To inaugurate its new quarters for the art of the present century, an exhibition organized by E.A. Carmean, Jr., National Gallery curator of twentieth-century art, fills one of the three major exhibition galleries. Celebrating the achievement of the New York School, the exhibition is as distinguished as the galleries in which it is displayed. By choosing to concentrate on the work of seven major American artists—Gorky, Pollock, de Kooning, Rothko, Motherwell, Newman, and sculptor David Smith—Carmean has taken a polemical position in favor of quality over quantity. Undeniably, a process of official canonization is at work here; but surely, sufficient time has elapsed to permit masterpieces to be proclaimed as such. The identifications of Abstract Expressionism as one of the watershed movements in modern art and of the New York School as the legitimate heir of the School of Paris can have only a salutary effect on American art.

Reaffirming the existence of a mainstream tradition of Western painting—indeed, one that begins in the art displayed across the Plaza in the neoclassical building of the National Gallery—the inaugural exhibition emphasizes the continuity of culture as well as the belief in the idea that America is indeed a civilization and not, as

(Continued on page 209)



A close look at the man whose dedication gave us our new museum

By Stephen Birmingham

"Nice" might not seem a suitable word to describe the trim, tanned, dapper, pewter-haired gentleman who will enter his seventy-first summer this June—and who also happens to be one of the world's richest men—yet somehow it fits him. Nice: in the sense of "pleasant," "affable," "modest," "considerate." Nice. Along with such adjectives as "erudite," "sprightly," "witty," and "patrician."

One somehow does not expect a man of Paul Mellon's wealth and power to be all of these things; billionaires are permitted to be ruthless, dissolute, eccentric, and dumb.

And yet, from the slender gold stickpin in his discreetly polka-dotted tie to the burnished tips of his custom-made English shoes—one of a number of pairs that have lasted for as long as thirty years—it is clear that Paul Mellon is a gent, and of the Old School, too. "If he hadn't been enmeshed by the kind of life he inherited, he might well have become a college English professor," says Carter Brown, the director of the National Gallery of Art, of which Paul Mellon is president.

And when Burton Hersh, a writer who has prepared a history of the Mellon family, was having dinner with Paul Mellon and his wife at their Virginia farm, Hersh brought up a very touchy subject: Had Mellon's late father, Andrew W. Mellon, been guilty of a little hanky-panky with his income-tax returns in the late 1930's? Politely, but firmly, Mr. Mellon conceded that his father might have been a bit casual about taxes in those days—but, Mellon pointed out, it had been in an era when many people were casual about taxes and, furthermore, when the Internal Revenue Service had been equally casual in its approach to taxpayers. At the end

(Continued on page 208)

Horst

Great giver: Paul Mellon

REAL FINDS

For moving around in the sun...everything you need/want/can't resist...sleek, bare...each in a rainbow choice of bright colors

1. The snuggest, sleekest swim caps (racers wear them) by Speedo . . . the one "thick" thing this summer—Fieldcrest's big beach towel

These 10 pages: hair, Garren at The Plaza, makeup, Ariella. Fashion information and stores, next to last pages

2. Capezio's classic tank—the talented swimsuit/leotard/"T-shirt" to have in lots of delicious jelly-bean colors . . . we show it all ways on this page

4. . . . as a leotard with boxer shorts. Big news! . . . they're made of antique tablecloths. California Chortz

3. . . . as a swimsuit, sarong-wrapped in a big print Echo scarf

5. . . . as a T-shirt with tiny terry shorts by Partout

6. Jazzy jogging . . . Pro-Keds, Bonnie Doon socks

Patrick Demarchelier

1. The thinnest, skinniest cotton knit pants . . . just pull on, roll up, go! . . . this summer's indispensable. Fiorucci

2. Accessory news . . . Bobby Breslau's pouchy little bag for keys, coins, lipstick . . . buckled cotton soft shoes by Kathy and Sandy



3. Lots of color, a little string . . . barely there bikinis . . . the shape you're in—or not in—shows! *Left to right:* Stripes, by Huit 8; sheer blue, by R.B.C.C.; whimsical print, by Nanstars

4. More versatile body-dressing, bareness—from Capezio —

Fashion information and stores, next to last pages

5. Pretty way with wet hair . . . colored rubber bands on a ponytail . . . dries to full, wavy softness

6. For games people play . . . in the water/on the sand . . . Jantzen's take on the racing tank—shorts to match the strapless "stay-up" maillot, high-on-the-thigh

Patrick Demarchelier



1. Active pants, live-in cool for summer—Bill Atkinson's thin thin corduroy whites



3. What Stephen Burrows does for summer everywhere: easy slide, revealing, vibrant color—in a dress!



4. Slice-of-color parachute-cloth bags for spiking summer whites. Omega Fashions



2. To go to the beach, hold everything: Jennifer Gottdiener's white terry bag—soft as a towel



9. This year's beach bests:

Patrick Demarchelier

5. Hot lips! Fun sun shades, hand-cut and -tinted, from Optique Boutique

6. Sundressing, Ralph Lauren's way—shirting-striped gauze

7. This year's classic — the sleek-thin maillot, cut high on the leg, low in back — from Catalina Jrs. Everywhere the maillot isn't: sun protection — with Sun Life's SunSystem

8. The briefest terry shorts—to own in a range of brights! Partout scarves/glasses/sandals—the difference is the color

10. Color-plus-bareness: bright yellow cotton bikini bottoms, Nanstars . . . Halston's canvas beach bag

Fashion information and stores, next to last pages



1. It goes . . . everywhere! Dorothée Bis' slip-of-a-dress in deep colors



2. You can't have too many . . . slinky, slide-y little T-shirts

(Reminiscence) . . . get one in each color. Great with khaki army track shorts (Unique)



3. Instant cool . . . a skimp of sleeveless shirt, matching bikinis. Dorothée Bis

4. Could be your one cover-up . . . Ralph Lauren's jacket . . . thin-as-sheeting cotton, light, easy, looks right over everything

5. Update . . . on classics and how they're worn . . . cardigan unbuttoned, belted,



6. Swim/exercise/lunch in a terry maillot and skirt. Judith Lowe



7. Summer's a breeze . . . in Kasper's slim, no-fuss dress

Fashion information and stores, next to last pages

Patrick Dem[illegible]archelier



8. The newest thing in sight . . . now frames that change color as you move! Chameleons by MYA

sleeves pushed up; walking shorts rolled. Leon Levin

11. Collector's catch . . . the biggest, longest "T." Tea Shirts



9. Even wooden combs in color! Bonwillum



10. Pacesetters . . . terry top (M.J. Concepts) and skinny jeans that come in 45—count 'em—colors. Adolphe Lafont



Beauty hot line! Great news, great help—with expert advice as near as the nearest phone. This could be the answer to

"We're making breakthroughs in every area. And the day is not that far off when we will solve your individual skin problems at the cell level." Norman Orentreich, M.D.

PERSON-TO-PERSON SKIN CARE

Finding out just exactly what your skin needs—

that is person-to-person skin care for you!

Individual! That's the word for it. For absolutely everything that you find happening in skin care today. Suddenly, all the talk about "options" now has to do with creams and lotions — along with everything else. People are really taking this buzz word at its face value. And what that wonderfully severe champion of good skin, Dr. Erno Laszlo, started the day he first prescribed black Sea Mud soap for one patient and brown Active pHelityl soap for the next, has become a whole new skin-care way of life for all of us. We want it. We need it. We can have it. And in so many ways, at that!

Solving problems *in*, not *on*, the skin—that's where things will soon be at.

Did you know that there is not another person in the world with skin just like yours? That you can be identified as surely by your skin cells as by your fingerprint? Well, you can. And not only that --the day is actually coming when skin care will be fine-tuned to your very own individual needs at the cell level, according to Norman Orentreich, M.D., one of the country's leading dermatologists. He is now in the process of finding out how the various kinds of skin cells get their special instructions from hormones--the chemical messengers sent out into the bloodstream by the endocrine glands. His main interest is the receptor sites, on the outside of each cell wall, which grab specific hormones and pass up all the others.

''Tomorrow,'' says Dr. Orentreich, ''if a patient does not respond readily to standard therapy for, say, acne or aging skin, we'll take a mini-specimen--not much larger than a pin prick--and separate out the oil glands, the hair follicles, and the collagen and then send samples of each to the laboratory, in order to check out the receptor mechanism. And, of course, we will get a hormone profile of the blood.

''The idea is to turn on the skin processes we want and turn off those we don't. We're already able to do this with the oil glands--we can turn oil secretions on and off --and we're reaching the point where we can do this with hair follicles, too. Ultimately, we will get to the dermis--to collagen, which is the big factor in aging skin. So we can turn collagen on and off and alter the skin's rate of aging.''

Computers are coming up with any number of individual possibilities for each and every one of us.

At first glance, computers certainly do look as if they were *de*personalizing every aspect of your beauty life. But, actually, their instant readouts are what make skin analysis possible — and on a very broad scale. And they free the consultant at the counter so she is able to give you even more time and help than before.

Go to the Clinique counter, and you will see what we mean. The Clinique computer figures out what your skin is like — and what your daily skincare routines should be. But what about sun protection? Or makeup? Or other special needs? The consultant, readout in hand, discusses all that with you.

Or take Helena Rubinstein's Skin Life Instant Beauty Analyzer — it gives you a choice of colors as well as your treatments. The point being to then look at them with the consultant and to be really sure you get the perfect choice.

The Hair Brain that Vidal Sassoon thought up is another good example — it tells you what condition your scalp and hair are in, and then the consultant goes over the treatment and products that might be best.

all your individual skin needs. Any hour. Any day.

You simply pick up the receiver, as *at left*, and talk over any skin problems you may have with your Catalyste consultant — that is *one* beauty of this new skin-care system worked out for you by Princess Marcella Borghese. But there are others — quite a few, in fact! The whole regimen is based on synergistic action between five preparations you use regularly each day in a special sequence. And everything hinges on a twenty-eight-day cycle — the length of time it usually takes new skin cells to work their way up to the surface of the skin. Then, and only then, can you see how much real improvement there is. The emphasis is obviously on lasting results—*not* instant ones! Hair and makeup by Rick Gillette. For other details, see next to last pages.

Art Kane

You can walk into a store and get the full treatment—facial, manicure, the works!

Skin care doesn't stop at the store counter these days. Not by any means. Bloomingdale's, NYC, has seen to that! They've just turned their mezzanine into a series of beautifully fresh little treatment rooms, where you can enjoy the very same Payot or Orlane attentions you would get in a salon — and have a series of regular monthly sessions to keep your skin clean and clear. Manicure, waxing, tweezing, brow and lash dyeing, and complete makeups are all done on the premises as well. And on the eighth floor, there is an entire Lancôme mini-salon where — in addition to a long list of salon services — food is served. Perfect for a lunch hour. Or a Monday or Thursday evening after work!

1. Fresh new take on tennis-dressing this summer—in gauze! Loomtogs

2. The way to be on the courts, any year: in classic whites . . . Fred Perry's pinstriped baseball shirt and shorts

3. The news — the texture — of terry chenille in a

These 2 pages, plus Real Finds, photographed at
The Colony Beach and Tennis Resort, Sarasota, Florida
Hair, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Ariella
Fashion information and stores, next to last pages

4. New tennis ease: Maya's white bodysuit and drawstring skirt . Ease anywhere . . . the bodysuit with pants, shorts, on its own

Sheer protection for skin, for sports Elizabeth Arden's Active Day Protecting Moisture-Cream with a sunscreen built in

white pullover and shorts Lynvention

Patrick Demarchelier

wines

Boldest and best from California

By Barbara Ensrud

Keeping up with California wines these days is no mean feat for even the most dedicated aficionados. California is the liveliest, most exciting winemaking region in the world right now, the scene of greatest activity and experimentation, the most promising arena for something new to appear. In the last decade, vineyard acreage has more than doubled. New regions such as Amador County, Alexander Valley, Paso Robles, Santa Ynez, Temecula have emerged to produce highly individual wines. More than sixty wineries started up in the last year alone. Winemakers from everywhere—France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Latin America, and Australia—come to find out about new technology, viticultural techniques, and to taste for themselves the wines they hear so much about.

The promise of greatness has been there since the first European vines were planted in California in the mid-nineteenth century. Robert Louis Stevenson, visiting Napa Valley on his honeymoon in the 1880's, was struck with admiration for the diligence of the winemakers. "Bit by bit," he wrote, "they grope about for their Clos Vougeot and Lafite."

Doubtless he would have applauded, along with other privileged wine lovers, as fourteen California winemakers presided over the Four Seasons Barrel Tasting in New York—an annual rite of spring originated three years ago by wine consultant Gerald Asher of San Francisco, and Paul Kovi and Tom Margittai, co-owners of The Four Seasons Restaurant.

This much sought-after event lures connoisseurs and wine merchants by the thousands (this year, there were two thousand requests for 228 available seats) to taste and compare. Each winemaker presented two wines of the same variety (such as Chardonnay or Zinfandel), one from the 1977 vintage drawn directly from the barrel and bottled expressly for the tasting, and a more finished wine from an earlier vintage.

The atmosphere was simple but elegant, with none of the ornate and occasionally florid trappings that attend such fêtes elsewhere: flowing medieval robes, elaborate ceremony, extravagant toasts and song. Miniature servings of exquisitely prepared dishes accompanied the wines.

We sipped and savored till well past midnight, coming away with new-found delights. I could have lingered longer over the sensuous textures of the 1975 Napa Valley Chardonnays from Burgess Cellars and Freemark Abbey—and probably will as I await the fulfillment of promise shown by their 1977 barrel samples, both brimming with the opulent fruit of ripe Chardonnay.

Cherubic fruit also characterized the 1977 Zinfandels of Simi and Clos du Val, outshining their more mature versions from 1974 and '75. I was pleased by Robert Mondavi's Pinot Noirs 1977 and 1974, closest, so far, to what I think he is looking for with this variety and intrigued by two other reds: Joseph Phelps's dark and pungent 1976 Syrah, almost candy-like in finish (but far too young to judge properly yet), and Mirassou's 1974 Cabernet from Monterey, a velvety wine with strong herblike overtones.

Many California wines are notable for tremendous individuality of style and brash assertiveness of their personalities. Lots of Cabernets and Zinfandels, for example, declare themselves with disarming boldness, often showing everything they've got all at once: mouth-filling fruit, tongue-lashing tannin, and an armor of oak that could leave splinters in your mouth. They often are drunk too young, much before those disparate elements have a chance to meld and harmonize. They seem a little reckless and untamed. Yet, it is this very quality—rough-edged, unfiltered and unfined—that appeals to many people, embodying, perhaps, something of the bold adventuresome spirit we like to think of as typically and admirably American.

"Most exciting wine region in the world now"

When such various factions are brought in line by a skilled winemaker, however, you get something as special as the 1974 Stag's Leap Cabernet—"like an iron fist in a velvet glove," says winemaker Warren Winiarski. It is the style he aims for and very often gets.

Basically, the enormous variation in style has a great deal to do with region and microclimate. Where but on top of Mount Eden, overlooking all of Santa Clara Valley, will you find a Pinot Noir as luxuriant and seductive as the 1977 that is quietly taking on further complexity in Burgundian oak? It comes from forty-year-old vines that curve over the hilltop to catch just the right angle of sun for maximum richness. The subtle nectarlike sweetness of the 1976 late harvest Riesling from The Firestone Vineyard in cool Santa Ynez Valley contrasts dramatically with the late harvest Riesling of Château St. Jean from Alexander Valley, which is rather like falling into a vat of honey—fruit of such heady ripeness that you practically gasp with the first sip.

Stylistic variations also have to do with the winemaker. California winemakers are a strongly individual lot, dedicated, hard-working, single-minded—invariably clad in jeans, work shirt, and field boots of some kind—but there the similarity ends. The Chardonnays of Chalone, Chappellet, Spring Mountain, or Heitz are vastly different from one another, as are the Zinfandels of Ridge, Clos du Val, Monteviña, and Joseph Swan. Each is a strong personal expression of winemaking philosophy. These wineries are small, some of the wines never leave California, but it is their influence that has had the greatest impact on the California wine industry.

Why else would the bigger outfits have begun to bring out brand-new lines of wines with vineyard labelings and vintage dates where none were before? Like sleeping giants, they awoke to find themselves overrun by Lilliputians who were getting all the attention. In response, they have begun to make wines of more than passing interest, as you'll see if you try Almadén's fresh and spicy 1976 Gewürztraminer, Paul Masson's Pinnacles Selection 1975 Chardonnay, or San Martín's flower-delicate 1977 Chenin Blanc. Even Gallo has felt the effect. We'll soon, it seems, be getting Gallo Cabernet and Zinfandel aged in Yugoslavian oak.

But, for the moment, it is still the Lilliputians who are the pacesetters. A few claim privately that already they are making the best Cab or Zin in the state, yet it is clear that even they are not totally convinced—that elusive quest for the perfect bottle of wine has lured them into its labyrinth and they keep trying to surpass themselves. David Bruce states simply: "My aim is to produce the best Pinot Noir in the world," well aware that it may take his whole life to do it and even then elude him. But it is a laudable goal, especially for those of us enamored of the magnificent achievements of the Pinot Noir grape elsewhere—the Musignys, Chambertins, and Richebourgs of Burgundy.

Must we always compare the wines of California with their progenitors in Europe? People don't, after all, compare true Chablis with Meursault, despite the fact that both are made from 100 percent Chardonnay grown in the district of Burgundy. There are strong family resemblances between them, yet the style of each is clearly different and accepted as such. Eventually, that will happen with the Chardonnays here, and other noble varietals as well, when the distinct California character is familiar enough to all of us that we can allow it to stand on its own.

Toward that end perhaps we should heed the advice of Colette: "It is profitable both to the spirit and the body," she wrote in *Earthly Paradise*, "to taste a wine in its own home, in the landscape that it enriches. Such a pilgrimage, well understood, has surprises in store for you that you little suspect." ▽

STRAIGHT TALK

(Continued from page 151)

Nobody drops dead of a heart attack unless that person has high-risk factors for heart attack. Consequently, if you feel well, but you have an elevated blood cholesterol level and you have an elevated blood pressure (though you may not have symptoms) and if you are a heavy smoker, you are high risk for several diseases. So, to me, good health means an absence of these risk factors.

How can we maintain the proper weight and still have good nutrition?

Fredrick J. Stare, M.D., *professor of nutrition and founder of Harvard University's department of nutrition.* Probably, some of you would like to know exactly what you should weigh. Actually, there is a term called "Desirable Weight" that was given to us, about thirty years ago by the life-insurance companies. They're interested in weight because that influences longevity and the premiums one pays on insurance. And Desirable Weight is the average weight for each sex for any given height at age twenty-five.

So, if you are thirty-eight years of age, and five feet two inches tall and a female, your Desirable Weight is not the average weight of all women thirty-eight years of age and five feet two inches, but the average weight of all women five feet two inches at twenty-five years of age. When you pass twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, you ought to try to keep your weight at the level it was at age twenty-five.

Good nutrition is really very simple. To be well nourished, I don't think it makes much difference what you eat, as long as you eat a variety of foods. You shouldn't always have peas and beans and chicken. You should have some Harvard beets and some asparagus and some lettuce. You should have a variety of vegetables, a variety of fruits. Don't always have orange juice. Have some other kinds of juices, have some other kinds of fruits.

Cereals also are important, anything made out of rice, wheat, or corn. This can be breads, noodles, cakes, or even one of the many, many types of breakfast cereals.

One ought to have something made from milk. It doesn't have to be milk. It can be nice Brie cheese. It can be ice cream. It can be yogurt. It can be Frogurt. It can be anything made out of milk. And one should have something that provides a reasonably good quality protein, which can be any kind of meat, any kind of fish, any kind of fowl. So, variety is the keystone, I think, to good nutrition to develop the best body your genetic potential will permit.

Second, I would say that one ought to control weight, not by going on these screwball diets that come out almost every other month, but simply by controlling the portion size of what you eat. If you go out tonight and go into some steak house where they brag about the steaks that are twelve ounces or nine ounces, it's too much. You ought to eat about three or four ounces of steak.

Dr. Wynder and I have pointed out numerous times, so have others, the hazards of eating too much, too many calories, too much saturated fat, too much cholesterol; but I don't think any of us has mentioned salt. And we certainly have too much salt in our diet, which is, I think, a hazard over a period of years.

Now, one of the difficulties that goes into this practical problem is that eating has always been one of the pleasures of life. And as you get to be thirty-eight, you probably have a little more money to spend for pleasures than you had when you were twenty-eight. And certainly more than you had when you were eighteen. So, you begin to spend more money on the things that are pleasurable, and that is going to restaurants where the portions are too big and there is too much saturated fat. There's too much sour cream and butter and stuff like that. Again, this is a question of discipline.

Kaplan: I have to disagree just a little bit. I don't think people overeat for pleasure. Pleasure is very good for your health. I would say perhaps half of the unnecessary illness is probably caused by such psychological factors as unhappiness and anxiety. The healthy person doesn't eat more than her body requires. But if she is tense and depressed and trying to hide her feelings from herself, she will eat as a tranquilizer. And that's why probably the greatest cause of obesity and poor nutrition is unhappiness, not pleasure.

We are raising people's consciousness about exercise and nutrition, and that's terrific. But knowledge is not going to do very much, unless there is a basic constructive attitude. Being self-destructive, which is the product of unhappiness, is probably the greatest single cause of illness in the United States, or perhaps all over the world.

People repress their feelings, and they get trapped in very bad situations. If you're angry, the tendency might be to think: "Don't be angry; it isn't nice. You have no right to be angry and aren't entitled to be angry." That may cause the blood pressure to go up, or may cause you to eat some of that extra sour cream and a large steak and to take a drink.

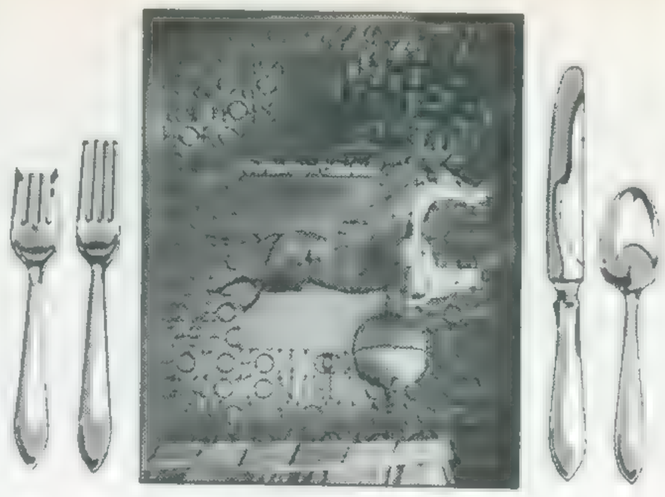
When we talk to obese, tense people, we say, "Well, what does it feel like? What's your experience? Do you enjoy the food?" They say, "No, I'm not even hungry. I find myself compelled to eat, and it eases the pain." The person who is tense doesn't eat for pleasure. He eats as a relief of pain.

Henry: I don't think it's necessarily true that the things that give us pleasure are the things that kill us, if we have our lives on a track that really works. To demonstrate that, let me describe a community in New York that I know very well. Because of a daughter who is a long-distance runner, I've gotten to know the runners of New York. They don't drink too much, not because they say to themselves, "I can't have another drink," they don't want it. They drink a lot of beer, but they don't drink much alcohol. They smoke almost not a cigarette, because other things are much more important to them. There is no pleasure in smoking.

They keep good hours. They don't take drugs. They care about their bodies. They live a really fit life in which the pleasures of their lives turn out to be the good things rather than the bad things. It seems to me that these are the people who are the healthiest—and I'm really talking about the people who can look you in the face and say, "I haven't missed a day of work in ten years."

You mentioned, Dr. Connell, environment was a part of health. Did you mean climate?

(Continued on page 206)



A Feast For The Eyes

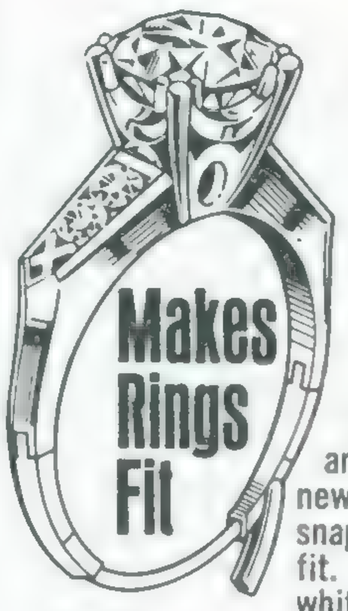
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(Continued from page 205)

Connell: No. It includes climate, but I meant it much more in the sense of social environment. I think energy and productivity, in many ways, are directly related to the perception that any woman has about what she might ultimately achieve. If she has a sense that a lot more of the world is now available to her than it ever was before, she gets excited and she develops all sorts of talents and strengths that her mother never had.

Has the fact that more and more women are working outside their homes made them susceptible to new diseases?

Connell: I think women are developing sets of diseases which once exclusively were the property of men. And I think these fall into two categories. One is the category of malignancy. I think there's no question that more and more women smoke starting at an earlier age and that there's an increase in cancer of the lung in women.

The other types of diseases that we see much more commonly now in women are those we associate with stress: ulcers, arthritis—the whole variety of these things. They're obviously part and parcel of women's lives these days. Women are sharing men's ambitions and men's careers. They're now starting also to share their diseases.

What can women do to combat stress diseases?

Nagler: We have to tell a woman that stress is part of life; to take refuge in cigarettes and alcohol decreases her defenses against stress in the long run. She has to diminish her smoking or cut it out. She has to cut down her drinking. She should engage in a certain form of exercise that she can enjoy to the end of her life. And this I think is sound, reasonable advice which would increase defense against stress diseases.

Stare: I agree. I feel very strongly about that. To be healthy, to develop a body, to be the best woman you can, I really think you've got to avoid smoking and the abuse of alcohol.

Wynder: What we are talking about here are diseases of civilization. I happen to be very interested in the anthropology of nutrition; and I like to believe that some four million years ago, when man went around on foot . . . either running after something or running away from something . . . he was freezing in the winter, he was sweating in the summer, and he was largely vegetarian. He was given a certain metabolism to digest food that no one could predict would not apply four million years hence.

Today, we drive cars to the supermarket four blocks down the street. We take elevators one flight up and one flight down. We don't ride bicycles. I would like to think that, if we had good bicycle paths in our cities, more people would use bicycles rather than cars and thereby not only do something for their health but save money on expensive gasoline. In today's culture we corn-feed cattle. They used to be range-fed; and, as you know, the fat content of corn-fed cattle is nearly twice as high as that of range-fed cattle. These so-called improvements are detrimental to our health.

Japan is a country which to the epidemiologists has been a gold mine. Because until World War II and until we Americanized it with our fast-food chains and our high-fat dietary habits, the Japanese men and women had very low rates of cancer of the breast, colon, the prostate, and ovary, and of coronary disease. All of these diseases now are rapidly rising, not only in Japanese who migrate to Hawaii and California, but in Japan itself. All of which indicates that the majority of the illnesses from which we die today, men or women, are life-style oriented.

We need to practice better life-style medicine. And the unfortunate thing is that we have to do it ourselves. You read the newspaper, and you say, "Well, let's blame the nitrite industry or the red dye No. 2 industry or DDT or some synthetic hormone." But we cannot blame these things. The unfortunate thing in life is that we are responsible for our own health. This is very difficult for many of us to concede.

Today, we are surrounded by books and articles about health. Every day, there's a new vitamin that's important or a new food that should not be eaten or a new cancer cure. How do we judge this "hyping" of health fads?

Wynder: In a situation like ours, it's very important that those people who know the facts in their particular field be able to respond to what certain protagonists, usually in the government, have to say about one or another food product or one or another ingredient in cosmetics, and to counteract the bad publicity with facts.

Men and women hear so much about so many things, they really don't know what to believe. And they're frightened all the time. They just don't know quite how to act or what to do.

Connell: I think women need to be told basically two things. They have to know what statistics mean, so they don't look at what's in the media and overreact; for instance, many women went off Pills and IUD's and got pregnant and instantly exposed themselves to a much greater risk in pregnancy than any risk they had on Pills and IUD's. Women have to know what the risk/benefit ratio is.

What risk do you expose yourself to if you do something as opposed to the risk you expose yourself to if you do nothing; or the benefits you might gain if you do that same thing or if you do nothing. In other words, if you take The Pill, you have certain risks. If you don't take The Pill, you have certain risks. And most of the hyperactivity I think people have is based on overreaction to very, very tiny risks without anybody's totally appreciating the risks that go with not doing something.

Stare: For example, every once in a while you read in the papers about the hazards of nitrites used in curing meats, because nitrites can combine in the stomach with amines and make substances called nitrosamines, which in large concentration under certain experimental conditions have been shown to cause cancer of the stomach.

On the other hand, we don't get nitrites in that concentration from cured meats; they provide only about 3 or 4 percent of the total nitrite content of the diet; whereas about 95 percent of the nitrites come from radishes, celery, spinach, lettuce, and other vegetables.

The great benefit of nitrites is that without their use in cured meats we would certainly have an increase in botulism, and that's a pretty dangerous disease. So, here the risks from nitrite poisoning I'd say are nil, and the benefits are great.

What about skin . . . do we need to know more about skin care?

Jerome: Skin has been around on people's bodies for thousands of years, hundreds of thousands of years; and most of that time it took care of itself. It didn't need all this exaggerated skin care that we now give to hair and nails and skin itself. We do recognize the usefulness of makeup. Just a few months ago, I heard Judith Waters, from Fairleigh Dickinson University, who made a study that indicated that, using photographs of applicants for a job at the secretarial level, when prospective employers saw a picture of the same applicant made up cosmetically, looking attractive, looking as if she were part of the business scene, as compared to the same girl without the makeup, it made a 50-percent difference in the salary they said they would be willing to offer.

"Being self-destructive, which is the product of unhappiness, is probably the greatest single cause of illness"

Can the condition of your skin reveal the state of your health?

Jerome: I think skin can reveal a serious deficiency in diet. Skin will reveal serious illnesses; but, by and large, it doesn't reflect these to the same degree that it reflects overexposure to sunlight.

Two things age people as far as outward appearance is concerned. One is chronological age, and that has very little to do with it. The second is the amount of exposure that your skin receives to sunlight. So, reorganize your life to do indoor things during the hottest, the brightest hours of sunlight; ten to two should be forbidden hours to be outside. Do your outdoor sports early in the morning, late in the afternoon. Do them in more northern climates. If you go south to Florida, exercise outdoors a little earlier in the morning, a little later in the day.

If you do go outside, do something to protect your skin. Wear clothing, broad-brimmed hats; parasols are very nice. Clothing that covers. Do use sunscreens. These things help. Tanning is a partial process of protecting the skin from further damage.

But don't believe that getting a deep tan, if you're light complexioned, won't show up in time as damaged skin. It will.

Sunning should be done only with proper protection for your skin, because that sun damage is cumulative. If you smoke and stop smoking, there's a little recovery that the body can do for you. Alcohol, the same kind of thing. You can abuse the body a little bit now and then in many different ways without harming the body. Except with respect to the skin and the sun. That's cumulative, and there's no reversing it.

I think going out in the sun makes you feel good, and I think that's wonderful. I don't say that you shouldn't go out in the sun. I say, just choose your opportunities carefully.

Our lives today require abundant energy. Where does that come from? Do exercise and diet help?

Connell: I think there are four things that go into energy. First is genetics. If you're smart, you pick energetic parents who are bright and who are active and who teach you a life style that is really kind of fun. I know it's all kind of hard to do this retroactively.

And I think intelligence plays a role. And I don't think energy is necessarily correlated with the degree of intelligence as much as it is correlated with the amount of motivation you have to use your life to the maximum of your genetic intelligence. In this, your environment counts. There are many cultures we know where women are not just second-class citizens, they're third-class citizens. If they menstruate, they can't cook because they'll poison their husbands. And they can't go to religious services when they are having a menstrual period. There are all sorts of examples of this. So, I think the environmental stimulation has a lot to do with the amount of energy you have. If you can do a lot, you have a lot more energy. But if you aren't really allowed to do very much, you might just as well sit around.

The fourth and the most interesting factor, to me, is the unknown. We don't know why people have more energy in many instances. They may come from a background that is not terribly stimulating. They may not be awfully bright. And they may be in the most awful environment, which you would think would be totally nonconducive to achieving and to having energy; and yet out of the blue, you find somebody who does. And the unknown to me is the most fascinating.

Nagler: I think to be energetic has more to do with motivation than with genes. One wants to perform and achieve. People who write scientific papers know that, when the paper has to be finished and one wants to publish the paper, one gets very energetic without any ill effect. One gets up in the morning. One can work till late at night, and energy more or less comes by itself.

As far as sleep and rest go, I think these are very individual matters. All of us know some people who never seem tired on only four or five hours of sleep and other people who are always tired regardless of how much sleep they get. The better one's physical condition is, the less sleep one needs. So, I think one should get enough sleep and rest to feel rested most of the time. Nobody's ever going to be rested all of the time.

Kaplan: This is another aspect of health that is related to pleasure. One of the greatest sappers of energy is depression and conflict. We here are probably all energetic, happy people who are very privileged to work at things we like. We're conflict-free about it. We love it. And that gives us energy. But, if you hate your work, if there is no joy, you will tend to have less energy.

If you hear one part of your unconscious saying don't do this and the other part is saying do that, then it's like driving a car with your feet on both the brake and gas pedal. If you remove that conflict, you go. And, probably, apart from physical things that sap your energy, conflict and depression are the greatest energy depleters.

What about the need or necessity for vitamins?

Stare: I see no reason for anyone to take any kind of vitamin or mineral supplement if she or he is eating a halfway, decent, varied diet. And not eating too much. And don't fall for this newest of vitamin fads, vitamin B_{15}. The B-15 used to be a good bomber for the Air Force, but there is no such thing as vitamin B_{15}.

In other words, you don't think taking vitamins improves your energy?

Stare: No, because basically you get energy out of calories. And we've got only three food sources of calories: protein, fat, and carbohydrates. Alcohol is a nonfood source of calories in my book. And what the vitamins and minerals do is simply to produce enzymatic and metabolic reactions such that we get energy. If you're eating a halfway decent diet, you're getting enough vitamins.

The only exception to that, I think, might be women during pregnancy, and perhaps during lactation. They need a little extra iron and possibly extra folic acid.

Kaplan: I wanted to say something about the importance of relationships to health. Stress, as we have said, is a very important factor in causing all kinds of illness. And one of the great protections against stress is to have good and nurturing and pleasing relationships. People's healths are better. They live longer when they're within a relationship. If you lose a relationship by divorce or death, the incidence of illness, accident, death from all sources is about nine times higher than any other time in your life. I'd really like to underscore the importance of emotional factors and the importance of love as ingredients in optimal health.

Wynder: I've seen much more attention paid to health and disease prevention recently; in part, I believe, because we realize that we can no longer afford our current health-care bill. In fact, we don't really have health care, because "health care" includes prevention. What we have is disease care. We have a disease-care system that last year cost us $160 billion. The cost goes up between 12 and 15 percent each year. We estimate that, by the end of this decade, medical care will cost over $200 billion—10 percent of our gross national product.

I suggest to women that any amount of money we spend unnecessarily for disease care is money that cannot go for the education of our children and cannot go for leisure-time activities. So, I'm calling on the women who read your magazine to join those of us in preventive medicine, not only so that they themselves will lead healthier lives but because they have it in their capacity to safeguard the health of their children, their husbands, and almost the whole nation.

I suggest that we address ourselves to the next generation, to our children; and, if we have them grow up knowing their bodies better, having a greater self-respect not only for their bodies but for their mental agility, perhaps the next generation of Americans, indeed of people throughout the world, will be more mentally and physically fit than is the case today.

Today, young women are having multiple sexual experiences. How will that affect them emotionally and physically?

Kaplan: The relationship between sexual outlet and health is not clear. There's a myth, especially among males, that if they don't have sex regularly, they won't be healthy and all kinds of terrible things will happen. But that really hasn't been studied. What is much clearer is the importance of intimate relationships as a factor in health, as a protector—an insurance factor in health.

So having lots of sex has a questionable relationship to good health; but multiple relationships and constant rejections and severed relationships are probably an important disruptive force, contributing as much to ill health as some of the more competitive activities we talked about young women's getting into.

Jerome: I think the biggest stresses in today's society are on the shoulders of the young girl. She's put under very severe stress and she is subjected to a lot of demands and she's made to feel that she must indulge in sex. I think a lot of our young people hear so much about how sex is really wonderful; and then they try it, and there's something wrong. They're not feeling what they're supposed to. And then, they try it again and they try it again, and they still don't get it. And I think that's one of the problems.

Connell: I can answer the question about the effects of multiple sexual relationships very clearly from an obstetrical point of view: we're having an epidemic of venereal disease. We're having an epidemic of teenage pregnancy. If you look at the recent data, there are more than a million teenage pregnancies per year. A third of them are aborted, and more than 50 percent of those who go for a termination of pregnancy have not used any contraception.

I think the other thing that we're seeing is a definite increase in cancer of the cervix, which is occurring progressively in younger and younger and younger women. And here, there is a very direct correlation between cervical cancer and the age of onset of sexual relations, the number of partners, the age at first pregnancy—which is dropping, dropping, dropping.

Probably, although we're not sure, because of a specific type of virus that is transmitted by sexual relations, stimulating the early onset of carcinoma of the cervix, we are seeing cancer of the cervix in much younger women that we've ever seen it before.

So, I think the psychological is important; I think the physical is important; and they go together.

Kaplan: I think sex education is a critical preventive medical activity not only because of the very important problems you talked about—teenage pregnancy and tremendous morbidity and venereal disease

(Continued on page 211)

GREAT GIVER

(Continued from page 191)

of the evening, Mellon walked Hersh to the door with his arm about the writer's shoulder. "It's impossible not to like the guy," Hersh says.

When the doors to The Yale Center for British Art opened to the public last year, Paul Mellon was not there, even though he is a Yale man ('29), an Anglophile, and even though the Center represented a benefaction on his part of millions ($12.5 million for the building, and millions more worth of British paintings, rare books, prints, photographs, sculpture and drawings).

Instead, he was off on his horse, Christmas Goose, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, competing in the Hundred Mile Ride, one of the annual arcane rituals of the Virginia horse world. In the Hundred Mile Ride, it is not the rider who comes in first who wins. The winner is the horse that comes through the ordeal in the best condition. While the festivities in New Haven were going on, Mellon and Christmas Goose covered forty miles the first day, forty more the second, and the final twenty the third—and won, as Mellon and mount have done two other times in the last fourteen years.

Public festivities and gala openings have never been much to Mr. Mellon's taste. He has a reputation for shyness, of being as reclusive as the late Howard Hughes. It is true he often seems uncomfortable in crowds. Not long ago, he was invited to be interviewed on television. Before the show, he fretted about what to wear, whether or not to wear his glasses. Before the camera, he appeared poised, even merry. Afterward, however, he admitted, "I've never been on television before."

Recently, members of his staff at the National Gallery have begun talking of how Paul Mellon—or PM as they call him—has "blossomed" and "changed." That the famously bashful PM would agree to be interviewed on television strikes those who know and work with him as an astonishing development. If indeed there has been a change and blossoming in recent years, it can be attributed to only one thing: Mellon's deep involvement for the last eight years in what will be his most radiant gift to Washington and to all of us: the National Gallery's new East Building which opens this June. For that opening, Paul Mellon will very definitely be there. After all, the East Building represents a benefaction of $94.4 million—not even counting the collection, or collections, that will hang in it—which came, in roughly equal shares, from three sources: PM himself; the estate of his late sister, Ailsa Mellon Bruce; and the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation. The new building will be—perhaps—Paul Mellon's final, and certainly his most important, gift to art.

Seated at the antique oval table that serves as his desk in the museum that his father built, the soft-spoken multimillionaire with a faintly British accent (his mother was Irish, and he himself earned two degrees from Cambridge) discussed the East Building. "It's been fun watching it grow," he said. "Of course, there were plenty of headaches—strikes, that sort of thing. And yes, ninety-five million dollars does seem like a lot of money. We've been accused of being extravagant. But, after all, we're not building a resort hotel or a high-rise office building that will be torn down in twenty years. We're building a *museum*, something intended to last forever.

"Just recently, out of curiosity, we had an estimate done of how much it would cost to replace the old building today. It would cost *one hundred and fifteen* million—though it didn't cost anything near that in 1941. Still, by that standard, the East Building seems to me a bargain. There was never any question of calling the East Building the Mellon Building, just as there was never a question of calling the National Gallery the Mellon Gallery. When my father gave the National Gallery—which he did simply because this country had no national gallery and he thought we should have one—he felt that it would be much more difficult to get people to give to a museum if it had another person's name on it. I believe my father was quite right."

Had that problem affected donations to Mr. Joseph Hirshhorn's museum, which has its donor's name emblazoned upon it, virtually in twenty-foot neon lights? With a slightly raised eyebrow, Mr. Mellon replied, "I really don't know anything at all about Mr. Hirshhorn."

"Scolds in such a sweet way that you are never hurt"

For all his gentle, courtly, Old World exterior, Paul Mellon is known—among those who work with him and for him—as a man of steely will and determination. He has always known what he wanted and, perhaps understandably, he is rather used to getting his own way. As president of the National Gallery, he works with a board of trustees; but, as one member of the board puts it drily, "The board usually goes along with what PM wants." Mellon personally chose the architect, I.M. Pei, for the East Building out of a number of other candidates.

"I was impressed with two of Mr. Pei's buildings in particular," he says. "One was a building in Boulder, Colorado, for a government agency that has something to do with meteorological studies. I liked the way the building fitted into the environment, but most of all I liked the fact that the scientists who worked there told me the building filled all their needs perfectly. I also liked Pei's Everson Museum of Art in Syracuse, NY. After seeing that, I recommended Mr. Pei."

As to whether Paul Mellon considers the East Building the crowning achievement of his philanthropic career, he gives a thoughtful answer. "That would be hard to say. A building, after all, is a physical thing, a *structure*. Some of the other things our various foundations have done—in the fields of education and medicine, for example—may turn out to be more valuable and important in the long run. To humanity, that is."

The "structure," meanwhile, of the East Building has been the cause of great excitement in Washington and in the architectural community.

The "space frame"—the enormous skylight over the main central space of the building—is composed of an intricate arrangement of triangular glass panels.

The triangle has a mythic significance, since it is the simplest geometric form that can stand by itself in nature. (A three-poled tepee will stand, a two-poled tepee will fall down.) To ornament this basic concept, no expense has been spared in terms of detail work in polished chrome, Lucite, and exotic woods, and the building has already received more than two dozen individual craftsmanship awards. "I wanted a building that would create a sense of joy, of *celebration*, when people entered it," Paul Mellon says. "I wanted a building to house art that would be a work of art in itself."

Whether the building is quite the triumph that it was intended to be is a matter of debate in some quarters. Paul Goldberger, for example, the architecture critic for *The New York Times*, is not all that enthusiastic. "The building is radical for *Washington*," Goldberger says, "which is a city not noted for great architecture, to say the least. In New York, it would seem quite conservative and not at all pacesetting. Of course, it's a lot more exciting and sophisticated than the klutzy Hirshhorn. The Hirshhorn is a big doughnut, an oversized gas station. But the real test of the East Building will be to see how it will work for the display of art. I wish it well."

During the eight years it has taken for the building to progress from drawing board to near completion, Paul Mellon has fussed over and mother-henned every detail, popping in on the construction site as often as once a week and raising hell when things were not exactly to his liking. He objected, for example, to the "door" that led from the main gallery to the still-unfinished Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts, a separate seven-story library. "The door is wrong," he said, sending the grumbling Mr. Pei back to his drafting table. The result was that the door became a Door or, more accurately, a Grand Entrance.

Not long ago, touring the building during a flash rainstorm, PM rushed frantically to inspect what appeared to be a leak around one of the huge glass window-walls. It was not a leak, but one of the scupper pipes outside the building was dumping water against the glass. "I want that fixed," said Mr. Mellon to a very harried-looking building supervisor.

When not attending to small details of his new building, Mr. Mellon busies himself with his other interests which, as it turns out, are several. Though he lists himself modestly in *Who's Who* as an "art museum executive," he wears other hats. There is, for one thing, his large personal art collection, some of which will go on loan in the new building. Unlike many rich collectors, Paul Mellon does not rely on outside "advisers" when he buys art. He buys only what appeals to him or, in the case of his French Impressionists, to his wife. A while back, a dealer offered Mellon a Van Gogh for $5 million. Mellon didn't think much of the painting and said no. Later, the dealer came back with the same picture for $4 million. Mellon said, "Frankly, if you offered it to me for ten thousand dollars I wouldn't buy it. I just don't care for the painting."

Then there are his scholarly interests. At Yale, he helped edit both the *Daily News* and the *Lit,* which also published his poetry. For a while, after college, he considered a career in publishing. When the weight of the Mellon fortune more or less impelled him into philanthropy, he still managed to be a publisher of sorts. His Old Dominion Foundation established the Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington and also sponsored the Bollingen Series of fine books and translations, including the *I Ching or Book of Changes,* which was one of the bibles of hippydom a few years back.

He still personally edits the National Gallery's annual report, inserting a word here, deleting another there in his tiny, neat handwriting, turning an awkward phrase into a graceful one.

And he still writes poetry, which he prefers to call "occasional verse," and humorous limericks. "My verse really isn't good enough to be published," Paul Mellon says, "and my limericks—which are harder to write than sonnets—are quite *un*publishable because of the way limericks have of becoming rather smutty."

Finally, there are his racehorses which are stabled all over the world and which have won any number of important purses. Though the Mellons have a large town house in Washington, a town house in New York City, a summer place on Cape Cod, a winter retreat at the Mill Reef Club on the island of Antigua, and an apartment in Paris, it is "Oak Spring," the four thousand-acre horse farm near Upperville, Virginia, that Paul Mellon considers home. Right now, in addition to fretting about final details of the opening of the East Building, Paul Mellon is particularly concerned about the sudden occurrence of metritis, an equine venereal disease, which has afflicted a number of distinguished stud horses on the farms around Lexington, Kentucky.

"I had forty mares who were scheduled to be bred in Kentucky this spring breeding season," he says. "The disease brought my entire breeding program to a halt. Until the sick horses are cured, everyone in the horse business is losing money." The thought that metritis—which originated in Europe—might spread to the farms of Virginia and Maryland as well makes Paul Mellon's normally ruddy face go grey.

To help him keep track of his various addresses, Paul Mellon has his own twin-engined jet and pilot, and a sky-blue Diesel-powered Mercedes that he drives himself and gets to park in the "No Parking" zone in front of the National Gallery's entrance. (In clothes and automobiles, PM is partial to blue, which also happens to be the color of his eyes.) To help him keep track of his various endeavors, Paul Mellon places a white envelope in the breast pocket of his jacket each morning. On it is written the schedule of the day's activities. As each chore is accomplished, he removes the envelope from his pocket and draws a thin line through another item on the list.

And, though Mr. Mellon may lose a lot of money on his horses this year, it is unlikely that he will ever see the inside of a poorhouse. The fortune that his father amassed has been estimated at anywhere between $1.5 billion and $3 billion, and the family's exact worth at any given moment can only be a matter of speculation. The family's money is heavily involved in such august enterprises as Gulf Oil, the Aluminum Company of America, the General Reinsurance Corporation, the Carborundum Company, the Koppers Company, the First Boston Corporation, and the Mellon Bank.

Paul Mellon's associates and staff at the National Gallery agree that their boss is a tough taskmaster and runs a tight ship; but, as one of the staff puts it, "Even when he scolds, he scolds in such a gentle, *sweet* way that you're never hurt. And he's usually right. He has enormous intelligence and taste, and so he doesn't really scold—he *instructs.*"

An old friend from his Pittsburgh boyhood says, "Paul is essentially a teacher. As a young man, he was terribly taut and tied up. There was all that money, for one thing—he felt overpowered by it, and he had an overpowering father. He was devoted to his mother, but his parents were divorced when he was very young, and she went back to Ireland. His childhood was spent being shuttled from one side of the Atlantic to the other. Then, after he married his first wife, they both went to Zurich and underwent a year and a half of analysis with Dr. C. G. Jung himself. That changed his life. He became one of the best balanced and, as far as an outsider can ever know, one of the happiest of human beings."

Though there has not always been a Mellon at the helm of the National Gallery, it often seems very much a family affair. Paul Mellon's second wife (his first died in 1946), Rachel, known everywhere as "Bunny," is a talented interior designer and knowledgeable horticulturist. She helped Jacqueline Kennedy redo the White House; and Bunny Mellon has had a great deal to say about decorating matters in the East Building, where she helped plan the building's exterior landscaping and inner gardens. (When a pair of Art Deco sconces in the old building were being replaced and PM was asked what to do with the old ones, PM replied, "Give 'em to Bunny.")

Meanwhile, Carter Brown, the youthful director of the Gallery, was for several years married to Constance Mellon, PM's second cousin once removed—one of the adopted children of PM's cousin, Richard King Mellon, of "the Pittsburgh branch." It is no wonder that, despite the family's predilection for anonymity and privacy, the National Gallery has for years been known familiarly as "the Mellon Gallery." Whether Paul Mellon's one son, Timothy, will in time take over his father's interest in the museum is uncertain; at the moment, Tim Mellon, who lives in New Haven, is involved with computers and electronics.

Not long ago, Washington's newest celebrity-resident, Elizabeth Taylor, created a stir when she arrived at the Gallery wearing French-cut jeans and an extraordinarily tight T-shirt. Carter Brown rushed from his office to greet her because, of late, she has become a member of the family, though not really. PM's daughter, Cathy Mellon, was formerly married to John Warner, Miss Taylor's present husband, making Paul Mellon's grandchildren Miss Taylor's step-children.

When asked what she thought of her step-children's grandfather, Miss Taylor said. "He's sweet." And when asked how he felt about having Elizabeth Taylor in the family, PM grimaced slightly and said. "Well, now really—not *my* family. Don't forget that I raise horses, and I *do* know a bit about bloodlines." ▽

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NEW EAST BUILDING

(Continued from page 190)

Sigmund Freud lamented on a trip to the United States, a terrible mistake.

The dignity and care with which the works are presented also make a statement. Each artist is given a room, which both corresponds to the expressed intention of many of the Abstract Expressionists to create environments for contemplation and acknowledges the extreme individuality of the artists represented, who never considered themselves a group and rejected the term "Abstract Expressionism" as a misnomer. (Indeed, Clyfford Still, one of the co-founders of the art school "The Subjects of the Artist," which gave the show its title, refused to exhibit his works in conjunction with those of his contemporaries.)

If the individual environments cause one to think of chapels, this is hardly coincidental, since a chapel, like a museum, is a public place with no material purpose. Moreover, three of the artists—Rothko, Newman and, as Carmean reveals in the catalogue of the exhibition coauthored with Assistant Curator Eliza Rathbone and contributor Thomas B. Hess, Pollock—saw their work in a religious context. For although only Rothko was finally given the opportunity to paint a chapel, Pollock may have been inspired to paint his largest paintings, the classic "poured" (the word Carmean substitutes for the less accurate "drip") paintings of 1950, by the proposal of his friends Tony Smith and Alfonso Ossorio that he paint the ceiling of a chapel.

(Continued on page 210)

COVER "GIRL"

(Continued from page 173)

You have to have white skin—you know, virginal. But now that it's okay for a sophisticated old woman like me to have freckles, I guess a little country girl with buck teeth can, too."

René Russo, whom Scavullo has called the most beautiful girl in the world, used to hate the way she looked. "In California, where I was going to school," she says, "if you didn't look like Cybill Shepherd, if you didn't have long hair, big bosoms, and big blue eyes, forget it. Then I went to New York, and I realized there were many different types of beauty."

Miss Russo's "type" came the hard way. The daughter of a Sicilian sculptor who left when she and her sister were young, she was brought up by her mother on what she describes as "the worst street in Burbank." Her mother went to work every day and never went on welfare. René had such a curvature of the spine that she was, for four years, in a body cast. Today, not surprisingly, she is almost impervious to the world in which she is such a star. "I'd much rather look sexy," she says, "than chic."

As for Beverly Johnson, today's outstanding Black high-fashion model, she not only agrees that being a professional model is today's most popular dream, she actually had, as a child in Buffalo, such a dream. "I hated being five-foot-eight," she says. "I wanted to be like my sister, who was five-foot-five and had wonderful measurements. Anyway, I dreamed about this beautiful girl on a beach who was wearing a yellow bikini. When I woke, I didn't remember whether I thought I was her or just wanted to be like her, but I started to look through fashion magazines. My mother took me to New York, and at *Glamour* they told me I was just what they were looking for. 'See, Mother,' I said, 'just what I told you.' "

All these women this spring were at Richard Avedon's studio for a late-night shooting session, when suddenly the proceedings were interrupted and, in honor of Patti Hansen's twenty-second birthday, a huge cake was wheeled in; the cake was in the shape of two generous bosoms. There was, however, truth in the jest for, among other things, the new look in modeldom is sexy. In the old days, the high-fashion model would, in this department, have scared a scarecrow. "Fashion photography," understates Avedon, "has always had a tendency to deaden sexuality."

But today's new models are managing sexuality fine, thank you. Juli Foster, at nineteen, is a stunning example. Two short years ago, she was working as a waitress when Kay Mitchell of Wilhelmina's discovered her and reportedly broke, for Juli, the five-foot, seven-inch barrier. Miss Foster, however, stoutly denies the wicked rumors that she is only five-six-and-a-half. "I'm five-seven-and-a-half," she says sternly.

Another stunningly sensual girl, one who started at sixteen, is Dutch-born Apollonia van Ravenstein. "Yes, the model has changed," Miss van Ravenstein declares, "because ten years ago both American women and European women wanted to identify with what they saw going on—which was then exotic. Today, they also want to identify with what's going on; but

What makes high-fashion models different? Personality

what's going on today is the need for women to feel less formal on the outside but more interesting on the inside."

A third example is sultry, successful Janice Dickinson of Hollywood, Florida. "When I was over in Paris a couple of years ago," she says, "I showed an agent a picture of my little sister Debbie jumping in the air—she looked like a sexy eagle. The agent took one look at it and asked me if she would work in Paris. 'I don't know,' I said. 'I'll call her.' The next day she was on the plane, and she's worked ever since."

Finally, consider Darlanne Fluegel ("If I had made up the 'Darlanne,' " she asks, "would I have kept the 'Fluegel'?"), who hails from Binghamton, NY, and who not only is a high-fashion model but who soon will play one in the new Faye Dunaway film about fashion, *Eyes of Laura Mars*. "What I love about the part," Miss Fluegel says, "is that the girl I play isn't your classic dumb model. She's brainy and funny *and* sexy." Miss Fluegel gave me a picture. "That," she said proudly, "is my *acting* picture. See? It's a person."

Not the least remarkable thing about this remarkable business is that it is open to anyone—anyone, that is, who is five-foot-seven (or near it). At almost all of the top New York agencies—Ford, Wilhelmina, Zoli, Elite, and Stewart—they keep open house every morning and take on, or at least look at, all comers. "I can't tell if a model is going to make it," said Eileen Ford. "Be a good working model, I mean. But I can tell if she is going to be a star. I remember when Dorian Leigh called me and said she would come with my agency if I took her sister sight unseen. I said no, I'd have to see her. Dorian told me to come to a restaurant, and I went in there and there was Suzy Parker." Miss Ford believes that the new natural look is not to be confused with the girl next door. "It's still," she says, "the elegant girl next door. It may be natural elegance—basic simple elegance—but it's still elegance. It's natural, yes, but it's not natural in the sense of hip or beat or punk or funk."

"Today's model," says Wilhelmina, "looks like the girl next door tries to look. And she can't do it just on looks. She's got to use her personality. They're all pretty, but what makes the difference between the high-fashion models and all the other sleeping beauties is personality."

"When I modeled," Wilhelmina adds, "we were silent-movie stars. People weren't sure we were alive. People would have been surprised if we could talk. In the early days, I brought everybody over from Sweden and Germany and from everywhere other than America. Now, 95 percent of my agency is American."

"A model agency," says Zoli, who runs one, "is a madhouse. The doorbell rings every twenty seconds and the phone every ten. I should know. I walked in to visit a friend in one, and the phone kept ringing until I couldn't stand it anymore. So I picked up the receiver and took the message, and when I put it down, it rang again, and I stayed eleven years."

"Everything has changed," Zoli concludes. "In the old days, everything was false from head to toe. Talk, hell. Models had so much makeup on, they couldn't even smile. One smile would have cracked the whole business. Now we tell them, 'Don't become a model model. Don't pose.' They're asked to do incredible things. But I tell them, whatever they're asked to do, do it. 'Keep falling on your face,' I say, 'until you can laugh at it. And then you'll make it.' That, to me, is the essence of the natural look." ▽

NEW EAST BUILDING

(Continued from page 209)

No patron could be found to commission Pollock despite the artist's great enthusiasm for the project, which apparently decisively affected the course of his work.

There are no recognizable religious images in the abstract art of the New York School; yet many speak of experiencing in the presence of these works the sense of awe, of mystery, and of blinding revelation we associate with religion. For those who know American cultural history well, this is no surprise. Founded as a nation for religious dissenters as well as a land of economic opportunity, the United States remains a battleground on which the crassest materialism wars with the most intense spirituality, where the spirit of Horatio Alger is constantly locked in combat with the spirit of Walt Whitman. This war over a coherent national value system continues; and perhaps it will never be resolved in a melting-pot culture where diversity is expressed in the facts that I.M. Pei was born in China, Gorky in Armenia, de Kooning in Holland, Rothko in Russia, etc.

One imagines our space-age descendants looking back at the still-standing symbols of our culture and pondering what they stood for. It is clear to us that the ancient Greeks and Romans worshipped many gods in the pantheons that were their glory and that, when the temples were replaced by baths and circuses, this signaled that pleasure had become god. The rebirth of high civilization was indicated by the sudden appearance, all over Europe, of new churches decorated with wall painting and sculpture after centuries without monumental art. Changes in the function of architecture always symbolize vast shifts in cultural values. When our distant progeny look back on us, perhaps they will remark the significance of the sudden appearance of a series of great buildings like Louis Kahn's Kimbell Art Museum and I.M. Pei's National Gallery's East Building. And they may puzzle over why in America, a country of businessmen, the religious impulse that created the nation was still sufficiently vivid to inspire a civilization in which for the first time in history, the collective mysticism of the people should express itself as the worship of art. ▽

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STRAIGHT TALK

(Continued from page 207)

but also to prevent emotional and sexual problems.

We read a lot today about asexuality . . . is this trend a cause for concern?

Kaplan: No. I think that asexuality or celibacy is becoming a viable alternative to unpleasant sex because we're becoming more mature. We may be developing to the point where sex will not be used as a competitive game. As people are maturing, *not* having sex is a viable and sometimes very constructive alternative. No sex is certainly better than destructive or neurotic sex. In fact, promiscuous sexual activity is more often a sign of some compulsion rather than a sign of mental health or emotional health.

What motivates a woman to want to look good?

Kaplan: I wouldn't question somebody who wants to look good as to why. I would question only somebody who is self-destructive to her appearance, who is not looking good. I think it's healthy and natural to want to look your best.

Henry: I think the problem comes when a woman tries to look something that she is not. And I think too many of us try desperately to look an age—and we've mentioned age—that we are not. The men that we go around with—are married to, look up to, adore—look wonderful with their grey hair on their sideburns and their wonderful character lines; and we're proud to walk down the street with them, and they don't have a smidge of makeup on. But we work awfully hard to mask ourselves so that we don't look the way they look now. We want to look the way we used to look. We spend a lot of time and effort reaching back.

I don't think many of us would go back to the lack of maturity that we might have felt when we were twenty or to the lack of judgment that we had when we were twenty; but, oh, if we could have the skin! And we do an awful lot to try to push time back. We don't allow ourselves to go through changes. We don't accept the stages very easily when they come.

And I think that's very destructive in the long term to what we do to ourselves, to how we feel about ourselves, to how we approach other people. We need the look of appreciation in other people's eyes: Doesn't she look good tonight? But what is good?

Wynder: We men like the woman who looks most appealing the first time we see her at the cocktail party. But maybe at the end of the evening, after we have talked to her, and maybe after we have talked to some other woman who is perhaps a little less glamorous, we are taken by the inner beauty of the second woman. We should place more stress on inner beauty, inner energies, a woman's intellectualism, and the self-respect she has for both her physical and mental capacities.

Connell: As you are talking, it just reminded me of an intern who said something to me a few years ago that I thought was rather interesting. He said, "You know, I always used to find the best-looking woman and try to take her to bed. But now, I find that after it's all over, if the woman's got nothing to talk about that I find interesting then that's considerably more important to me than how she looks." ▽

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Still Life

What happens when a sophisticated romance becomes an affair of the hearth?

By Frederic Raphael

They worked for the same newspaper. She helped to edit the fashion pages; he was an erstwhile lawyer who specialized in economic news. Both were married, happily they promised each other when they first stood beside the broad bed, with its lemon-colored sheets, which the dramatic critic kept for first nights. If the affair had begun out of a feeling that, at their ages, it was absurd to be faithful to marriages which had been going on so long, it soon became a kind of controlled obsession. Each, after all, had the children to think about and the present situation suited them both. She was fond enough of her husband, whose main fault was that he collaborated on comedy scripts with a man called Ronald. Ronald was always at their place and he called her "lovey." He valued his wife for the patience she showed to their middle child, who was fat and garrulous, congenital defects neither money nor drugs could correct.

It pleased them to conduct their affair entirely in the West End. They never spent a whole night together. The secrecy, even the haste, with which they were obliged to make love spiced their desire. They ate in restaurants where he had entertained financiers for lunch; he specialized in collecting spilled beans in return for quite a decent house claret and a duck thing they do rather well here. It gratified him to be with a fashionable woman; his wife was much too sensible to wear those sorts of things, and in any case they hadn't really got the money, had they? The Affair had begun with good humor. "If this doesn't work," they promised each other, "we won't let it worry us." Even when they had become regular lovers, there was something provisional in their passion.

One summer, when it had been going on for over a year, she told him that she was taking a holiday with her husband (thank God no Ronald!) and the two girls, in a farmhouse they had been lent by some friends in the *Gorges du Tarn*. "That's really amazing," he said, when he heard the address, "because we've taken a cottage that can't be more than a dozen miles from where you're going to be!" "Fate's at work," she said, in that voice which seemed to mimic some unknown butt. He loved the slight jogging of her foot as she sat, one glistening leg crossed over the other. The slim slipper dangled from her nylon heel and inside he could just see the maker's gilded name, scarcely yet trodden upon. "We must on no account meet," she said. Yet the possibility that they might glimpse each other while engaged on some summer errand could not fail to enchant them. If only, by the way, they were going together. Imagine!

The holidays came. He could not help watching out for her when he went on the Saturday to the local town, efficient with his wife's neat shopping list. She was doing a chicken *à l'estragon* for lunch and hoped he didn't mind marketing alone. The kids were sick of the car and had gone up to see a newborn calf at the farm. He walked around the stalls, pretending to be as French as possible to keep the prices down, ears eager for English voices. Could that be her behind those dangling ducks, in the headscarf and the Woking accent? Of course not. On the way back to the cottage, he drove slightly out of his way and saw the signpost leading to the village featured in her address, but refrained from turning.

Then, in the week, he took the family to the swimming pool near a mill where they had had some particularly good salmon trout the previous evening. He left them, on some cultural excuse, and drove away. It was not far to the village he had seen indicated. Though it contained only a few houses (two deserted), he had to ask an old woman, who was topping and tailing a colander of beans, which of the various tracks led to "Les Pechs." *"Le Monsieur est sorti,"* she said, in her harsh local accent. He started the car again hurriedly. If it was true that only the Monsieur had gone out, she might be there alone. The old lady would not have said if the children had gone with their father.

The farmhouse was an ancient building, opportunistically renovated with patches of beige concrete, its thick walls pierced with ready-made French windows. He knocked, but there was no answer. He tapped again on the locked kitchen door with a pebble, to sharpen the sound. Might she be upstairs? He cupped his hands and peered between them into the sun-splashed room. Used plates, badged with unfinished egg, were still on the table. He looked at his watch. It was four-fifteen. He looked again; a plastic bowl of overboiled potatoes already turning black; next to it, a ripped packet of chocolate biscuits and by them broken bread, a knob of butter and a jar of British jam, still open, a sticky-handled knife stuck in its strawberry wound. Curled ham and a segment of cold pizza, scabby with tomato, were exposed, in creased wrapping paper, to the flies. One of the kitchen chairs was on its back, as if it had passed out. In the corner was a gaping suitcase; toys, anoraks and packets of cereal had been dug out and lay in a spoiled heap beside it.

He went back to the car and turned it in the awkward lane. He went too fast down the ruts back to the village and nodded at the old lady, who had finished her beans, before going on, more placidly, towards the main road. He had scarcely got there when a Volvo station wagon, unmistakably GB, came towards him, slowing down. He looked and, sure enough, there she was, commonplace with her humorist husband and the growing girls. The latter, seeing another English number plate, pressed their faces against the cross-channel stickers on the side window as they came alongside. "Ullo, ullo," they mouthed, lips moistening the dusty glass. He gave a little wave, and mouthed back, "Goodbye, goodbye!" ▽

AMERICAN FAMILY

(Continued from page 138)

use. I would ask her something as we filmed and she would answer just as she would here in the kitchen. At first, I wondered if she knew the cameras were rolling, she had so little anxiety. In the rushes, an experience which tends to make most people writhe in agony, Berry would watch . . . *appreciatively*. That quality keeps an actor from being self-defeatingly aware. And that's exactly how she is in life. She's just not bothered." No, Berry Berenson isn't bothered. She wears no makeup to speak of, has short, unbotherable hair, likes to put on odd earrings and sometimes odd boots—a red one and a green one, say. She currently owns just two evening outfits. When I ask her what she will wear for the charades party, she gazes at me with blank surprise. *"Wear?"*

"She never thinks beforehand what to wear," Tony Perkins explains. "I always thought women took hours to dress. Not Berry. Before a party, she'll take five minutes and she's ready. That's why she has so much style. It's action painting on the body." Her clothes hang in a jumble. Perkins shows me some of his favorites that she forgets to wear because they aren't in the front of the closet, a jeans jacket, for instance. "Put it out for me," she tells him. (They often buy clothes for each other.) There are lots of belts and sashes to tie things together and a wild collection of footwear. "I like funny shoes and boots. I used to wear cowboy boots all the time, but I wear them less now. I was afraid my walk was getting too butch."

Thinking about clothes takes up time. She has other things to think about. In the cliché of our time, she could be said to "have her priorities right." She has only sporadic help for the house and children (they had a housekeeper when they made the film, but took the kids onto the set anyway), so she has to be organized. She remembers where the Easter eggs are; she doesn't run out of vanilla. Perkins tells the story of the night they went to bed very late after a party and Berry suddenly said, "It might rain. I'd better get those metal trucks in from the garden." At two o'clock in the morning, she still remembers two toy trucks that might rust. She confesses, however, to having been a slob before they were married. "I have a different perspective now. I don't let the dishes pile up. If you live with three people in a mess, it muddles the mind." Can she mean that Tony Perkins, that most contained of actors, is a slob? "It's a cold, hard fact. My hotel room at The Pierre looked like something out of *The Caretaker* in two days."

His life is regulated, too, however. "I exercise one and a half hours every day. I do it at home with the kids—they are very respectful of my exercise. I demand that it be part of my regular life."

"Tony is the most disciplined person," Berry says admiringly. "His body is incredible. I'm bad at keeping up the rhythm of

(Continued on page 216)

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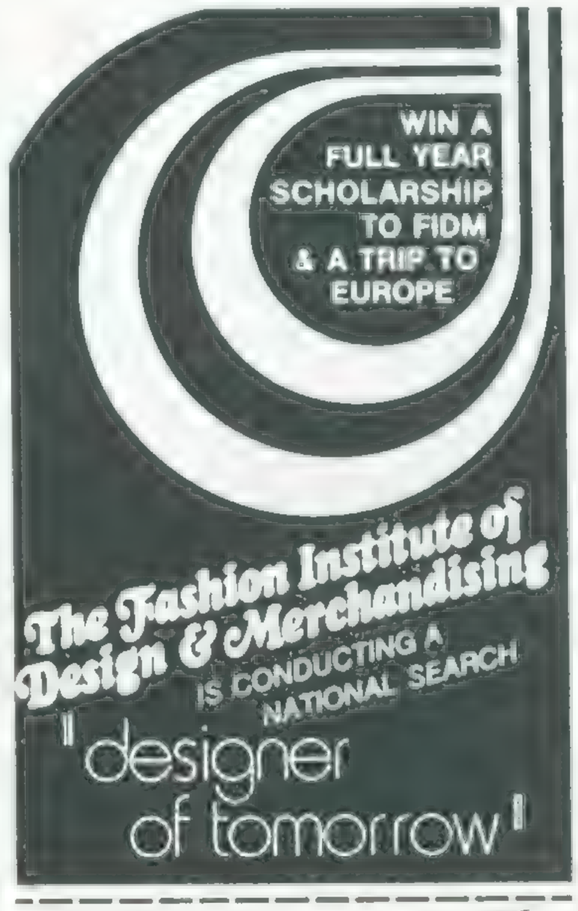
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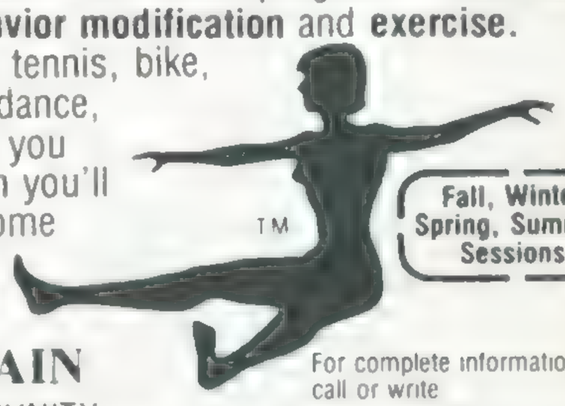
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Page 66: *Top to bottom:* Roland Comerford Importer for Joelle. . . . Cathy di Montezemolo (Cannon Mills fabric), Henri Bendel. . . . Risque by Lily of France, Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Bikini, to order: Montenapoleone, 789 Madison Ave., NYC, 10021. . . . Bill Tice for Swirl. Abraham and Straus; I. Magnin. . . . Geoffrey Beene for Swirl, Godchaux's. . . . Olgalon by Olga, Bonwit Teller. **Page 70:** Sandals by Mignani. **Page 72:** *Left:* Above, Polaroid sunglasses. Macy's, Herald Square, NYC. Center, Panoceanic sunglasses. For prescription, Pildes Opticians, NYC. Altman's. Below, Foster Grant sunglasses. Available at sporting-goods stores. . . . On model: Chameleons by Mya. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. All prices approximate. **Page 133:** 1. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field; Robinson's, California. 2. La Bagagerie, NYC, Beverly Hills. 3. Hunting World, NYC. 4. Juschi, NYC. 5. Bonwit Teller; Filene's, Boston. 6. Crouch & Fitzgerald; Wanamaker's; Robinson's, California. 7. Macy's, NYC; Bullock's, Westwood. 8. Crouch & Fitzgerald. 9. Bloomingdale's; Main Street Outfitters, Minneapolis; Neiman-Marcus. Calvin Klein turnout. Bonwillum Designs earrings. Ralph Lauren shoes. **Page 156:** Hair ornament, Bonwillum Designs. Sandals, Mario Valentino, NYC. **Page 157:** Agatha earrings. Henri Bendel. **Page 158:** Eileen Carson hat. Henri Bendel; Marshall Field; Bullock's Westwood; Charles Gallay. Earrings by Richard Charles Glassen. Bonwit Teller. La Nacelle muffler. Belt, Sheila Davlin, Henri Bendel. **Page 159:** Straw boater, see cover. Trifari earrings. Tie by Vicky Davis. Hartman Rare Art pendant. Handkerchief, Carolina Amato. Henri Bendel; Sakowitz. Les Must de Cartier gold watch. Rings, Gindi Jewelry, NYC. **Page 160:** Earrings, by Adrian Manufacturing. Joseph Magnin. Calvin Klein belt (at neck). Macy's, NYC; Marshall Field; Bullock's. Pin, Cathy & Marsha for Catherine Stein. Bergdorf Goodman; Woolf Brothers; Sakowitz. Sunglasses by Colors in Optics, Ltd. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Maxfield Bleu, Los Angeles. Hartman Rare Art bracelet. **Page 161:** Diamond/gold earrings, Van Cleef & Arpels. Calvin Klein neck scarf. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field. Calvin Klein scarf at waist, Macy's Herald Square, NYC. Bracelet, Bonwillum Designs. Shoes, Martini Osvaldo for Joan and David. Ann Taylor. **Page 162:** Necklace, Kenzo for Carolee. Saks Fifth Avenue; Giorgio. **Page 163:** Hat, Madcaps for Ann Taylor. Ann Taylor stores. Jeanne D'Alessio scarf. Yves St. Laurent sandal. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Kaufmann's; Montaldo's. **Page 164:** Richard Charles Glassen earrings. Sandals by Geoffrey Beene. August, Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. **Page 165:** Necklace, Penny Preville Designs. **Page 169:** Kristin Moore earrings. Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin. **Page 170:** Agatha earrings. Henri Bendel. **Page 171:** Bangles, Vreni Seiber Fuchs at Florence Duhl Gallery. **Page 172:** Joan Vass angora cardigan. **Page 175:** M&J Savitt earrings. Bonwit Teller; Boutique R.S.V.P., Beverly Hills. **Pages 192-193:** 1. Speedo Latex swim cap, under $2. At department and sporting-goods stores. Royal Velvet towels by Fieldcrest, at fine department stores. 2. Rudi Gernreich for Capezio Ballet Makers (Antron/Lycra), $17. Capezio Dance-Theatre Shops. 3. Echo scarf, $20. Lord & Taylor, NYC; Garfinckel's; Sakowitz. 4. California Chortz shorts, $24. Park Avenue, Ketchum, ID; One Of A Kind, Manhattan Beach, CA; Heaven on Earth, Fresno, CA; The Persimmon Tree, Balboa Island, CA; Buck's, Honolulu. Volleyball at Herman's World of Sporting Goods. 5. Partout International cotton/nylon shorts, $11. Bloomingdale's. Diane Love scarf at waist. Bobby Breslau bag. 6. Pro-Keds by Uniroyal, in red ($18) and blue ($20). Lord & Taylor. Pages 192–203, all prices approximate. **Pages 194-195:** 1. Cotton knit pants at Fiorucci, NYC, $14. 2. Hue Shoes by Kathy and Sandy. Henri Bendel; Our Store, Nantucket, MA. 3. Lycra bikini by Huit 8, $28. Roberta, NYC; Jordan Marsh, Omni. Bikini (nylon/Lycra), $40. Right Bank Clothing Co., Beverly Hills. Nylon bikini by Blue Man for Nanstars, $22. Henri Bendel; Bullock's, Westwood. 4. Rudi Gernreich for Capezio Ballet Makers Antron/Lycra maillot. Capezio Dance Shops nationwide, $16. Also at Macy's, Herald Square, NYC; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Famous-Barr. 6. Body by Jantzen maillot, $17; shorts, $12. (Both Antron/Lycra). Macy's, NYC; Joseph Horne; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Stix, Baer & Fuller. **Pages 196-197:** 1. Bill Atkinson. Cotton corduroy pants, $72. Cotton sweater, $44. Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's; L.S. Ayres; Bullock's. Belt by Omega Fashions. Bloomingdale's; Foley's; Nordstrom. Sunglasses, Ultimate Spectacle, NYC. 2. Bag by Jennifer Gottdiener, $26. Henri Bendel. Pius Wieler bikini. Cotton/acrylic, $42. Henri Bendel. 3. Cotton plissé dress by Stephen Burrows for Pat Tennant (Tussah fabric), $94. Saks Fifth Avenue; Chuck Jones and Jack Parker, Palm Beach; Claire Pearone; Famous-Barr; Lou Lattimore; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Belt by L'Aiglon. Bracelet, Tess Sholom for Tess Designs. Basuli, NYC; Bullock's, Century City. Sandals by Sebastian for Joan and David Couture. Ann Taylor. 4. Bags, Omega Fashions, $25. Ann Taylor, NYC. Fruit of the Loom cotton shirts, $8. Bergdorf Goodman; Elkin's Alley, Elkins Park, PA; Aberson's Alley, Tulsa, OK. Mimi Loverde for Adolphe Lafont cotton twill jeans, $46. Bergdorf Goodman; T. Edwards, Atlanta; I. Magnin; Nordstrom. 5. Sunglasses, $150, Optique Boutique, Los Angeles. 6. Ralph Lauren cotton gauze dress, $112. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Frost Bros.; Bullocks. 7. Maillot by Catalina Jrs., Antron/Lycra, $19. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; ZCMI; Bullock's; Liberty House, Hawaii. 8. Partout International shorts, $11. Bloomingdale's. Kite, Go Fly A Kite, NYC. 9. Sandals by Anne Klein, $36. Bonwit Teller; Neusteters; I. Magnin; Nordstrom. Bonneau sunglasses, $10. Neiman-Marcus. Echo Scarfs, $4. Bloomingdale's; Liberty House, Hawaii. 10. Bag, Halston for H.B. Accessories, $95. Lord & Taylor; Charles Sumner, Boston; Bullock's, Westwood. Bikini, Blue Man for Nanstars, $26. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. **Pages 198-199:** 1. Cotton dress, $27. Dorothée Bis for Dianne B., NYC. Belt by L'Aiglon. Andrew Geller shoes. Bonwit Teller. 2. Rayon T-shirts, $6. Reminiscence, NYC. Unique Clothing Warehouse cotton shorts, $8. Macy's, Herald Square, NYC. Belts, Ralph Lauren. Bloomingdale's. 3. Cotton camisoles, $13, and bikini bottoms, $7. Dorothée Bis for Dianne B., NYC. 4. Ralph Lauren cotton jacket, $174. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz; Neusteters. Maillot, Rudi Gernreich for Capezio Ballet Makers. 5. Leon Levin cotton/polyester cardigan, $24, and polyester/cotton shorts, $32. Lord & Taylor; Jackson Graves; Neusteters; Liberty House, Hawaii. Hat, Stephen Burrows for Pat Tennant. Mulberry Company belt. Bloomingdale's; Right Bank Clothing Company, Beverly Hills. Rolex Ladydate watch at Bucherer. Andrew Geller sandals. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's. 6. Acrylic/Dacron maillot, $25, and skirt, $28 (Claridge fabric). Judith Lowe. Lord & Taylor. 7. Kasper for Joan Leslie, cotton dress (Toba fabric), $130. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Halle's; Hudson's; Woolf Brothers. Omega watch. Mulberry Company belt. Andrew Geller shoes. 8. Chameleons by Mya, $28. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. 9. Bonwillum Designs, $22. Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. 10. Cotton/polyester pullover, $24. M. J. Concepts. Lord & Taylor; ZCMI. Mimi Loverde for Adolphe Lafont, see number 11. Geoffrey Beene for Jewel Case muffler. 11. Cotton Tea Shirts, $26. Lord & Taylor; Swanson's on the Plaza; Creed's, Toronto. Cotton twill jeans, Mimi Loverde for Adolphe Lafont, $46. Bergdorf Goodman; T. Edwards, Atlanta; I. Magnin; Nordstrom. Shoes by Unisa. Bonwit Teller. **Pages 202-203:** 1. Loomtogs Tennis Whites cotton/polyester tennis dress, $30. Bergdorf Goodman; John Baldwin; Jacobson's; Famous-Barr; Goldwaters; Bullock's. Headband, Echo Scarf. L'Aiglon for La Bagagerie belt. Bonnie Doon socks. Tretorn tennis shoes. Saks Fifth Avenue. 2. Kodel/cotton shirt, $18, and polyester/cotton shorts (Concord fabric), $20. By Fred Perry. Rich's; Outfitter, Chicago. Red Lion Products wristband. Socks, Bonnie Doon. Tretorn tennis shoes. Saks Fifth Avenue. 3. Lynn Feld for Lynvention polyester/cotton shirt, $27, shorts, $20 (Marcrest fabric). Bergdorf Goodman; Tennis Lady, Chicago; Bullock's. 4. Maya cotton/spandex bodysuit, $25, and skirt, $25. To order: Tennis & Company, NYC. Also at Ruth Kishline, Evansville, IN; Therapy, Aspen; La Befana, San Marino, CA. Wristband, Red Lion Products. At tennis and pro shops. Tretorn tennis shoes. Saks Fifth Avenue.

THE STOPPERS

Page 169: Patti's makeup by Estée Lauder: Golden Beige Country Mist makeup; Apricot Glow Color Wash; Cinnamon Toast Tender Lip Tint; Deep Smoke/Silver Grey Eye Color Stick. . . . **Page 170:** Beverly's makeup, the Rose Face by Calvin Klein Cosmetics: Moisturizing Lotion-Skin Plan I mixed with Bronze Liquid Makeup-Skin Plan I; Rose over Nude Powdered Blush; Slate Powdered Eye Shadow; Coal Eye Color Pencil. Rose Lip Color. . . . **Page 172:** René's makeup from 'Ultima' II: Naturelle Under Makeup Moisture Lotion blended with Tuscan Beige Beautiful Creme Makeup; Blossom Creamy Powder Blush; Heather Plum/Spunsilver Mauve Patina Eyeshadow; Kohl Shadow/Liner Smudgestick; Cherry Blossom Creme Super Luscious Lipstick. . . . **Page 175:** Roseanne's makeup from Elizabeth Arden: Visible Difference Refining Moisture-Creme Complex blended with Creamy Beige Believable Color; Sweet Apple Powder Blush; Golden Mushroom-Ashwood Silky Shadow; Kohlberry Slender Liner Pencil; Sundown Red Very Moist Lipstick. . . . **Page 200:** The Princess Marcella Borghese makeup, this page: Lumina Makeup (Roman Rose Beige); Sparkling Rose Tinta Cheek Colour; Smoky Charcoal Grey Eyeliner Automatico; Via Rosa Lipstick; Primarosa Pink Nail Cristallo.







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AMERICAN FAMILY

(Continued from page 212)

exercise; I like it when I'm *doing* something like playing tennis or skiing. I know I should do more—your body is made to be athletic." She thinks about it more in Los Angeles than in New York, their permanent home. "New York is not what we need just now, with the children. Here, they can run about outside. Their energy is endless."

So, it seems, is their parents'. On the kitchen wall is a list of children to be invited to a party in a week's time. "I love parties," Berenson says. "We celebrate everything, even St. Patrick's Day; we had green candles, green grapes, and dressed in green. I think holidays are wonderful. I remember them always as being fabulous. I remember how special it felt when my birthday fell on Easter day."

She has always loved children's things. She admits it—circuses, Bugs Bunny sheets, dressing up. ("Before I had my own children, I thought it immature; now I can indulge.") Her own childhood is filled with glowing memories. "Marisa and I had a privileged childhood. We were brought up in Paris and Switzerland and went to school in England. It was wonderful."

The sisters remain close. "We're fourteen months apart, we grew up together." That's another reason they stay in Los Angeles—"to be near Marisa." Berry's loyalty to her sister is absolute: "She is strong and loving; she will work things out." Yet, the differences are apparent to strangers. For Marisa and her new baby, Berry must represent stability in an unstable world. Marisa spends a lot of time in her sister's house.

Berry Berenson's sense of family solidarity is everywhere in evidence, even though the house is rented. She creates it as she goes. On their double bed is an embroidered cushion that reads: "We love you. Berry, Oz, Elvis." In the large white frame filled with family photographs (Berenson's work) on the mantelpiece in the living room is written: "To you that we love/On this Christmas Day/Now and forever/You'll have us this way/December 25, 1977." Their Christmas cards show photographs of their sons—just as when Marisa and Berry were children, their parents sent out Christmas cards showing photographs of the two girls. Berry shows me one. "I always loved them," she remembers. (Reflecting on this, I believe it is possible that the passing on of loved traditions is perhaps a parent's greatest gift.)

It is now Sunday morning. More sun. In the Perkinses' garden, a grapefruit tree, a lemon tree, an orange tree, and a kumquat tree hang heavy with fruit. The smell of Berenson's improvised chicken floats out from the kitchen. Richard Benjamin and his wife, Paula Prentiss, who is pregnant, are visiting with their small boy. Marisa has just swept in with Starlite, her baby girl. I have arrived with my two-month-old daughter, Sophie. Elvis, bare-bottomed, hovers hopefully around the older boys, who are in conference on the patio step.

"It looks like a day-care center," Berry Berenson exclaims delightedly. Or a Bo Widerberg movie: two women walking serenely through the dappled sunlight, carrying babies on their shoulders; another woman looking on, radiantly pregnant; Tony Perkins, shirtless and muscular, showing Richard Benjamin how to use his arm weights, "Slowly, like this"; the children using chair cushions as landing mats for a long-distance jump contest, their cries punctuating the peaceful air.

This is Berry Berenson's world. She is the sister that got away. She has not been apart from her husband for more than about four days since their marriage nearly five years ago. She has created a family with him and their children. "It was not a self-conscious effort—it seemed organic to me." Their marriage is based on reality, not illusion.

"It's all right to give up things in a marriage," Tony Perkins believes. "It's not all right to pretend there's no difference. If you think you know Where You Are, if you don't allow elasticity in the marriage, then you are living in an illusion. Someone described genius as having an innate sense of proportion. Marriage has to be approached like that."

In work, not to be "self-defeatingly aware"; at home, to be unself-conscious; in life, to have a sense of proportion. It's not new, but it sounds uncommonly fresh these days.

"What," I asked them both at the end of my visit, "would you like most to pass on to your children?"

They thought for a moment. He answered first.

"It is said that if children observe and take for granted that the father contributes as much to the family life as the mother, then they will also follow that example in their own lives. I would like to see that happen with ours."

"I'd like to see them be adventurous and not afraid of things in their lives," Berry Berenson said slowly. "To be able to adjust, to be adaptable, and to be free of inhibitions." ▽

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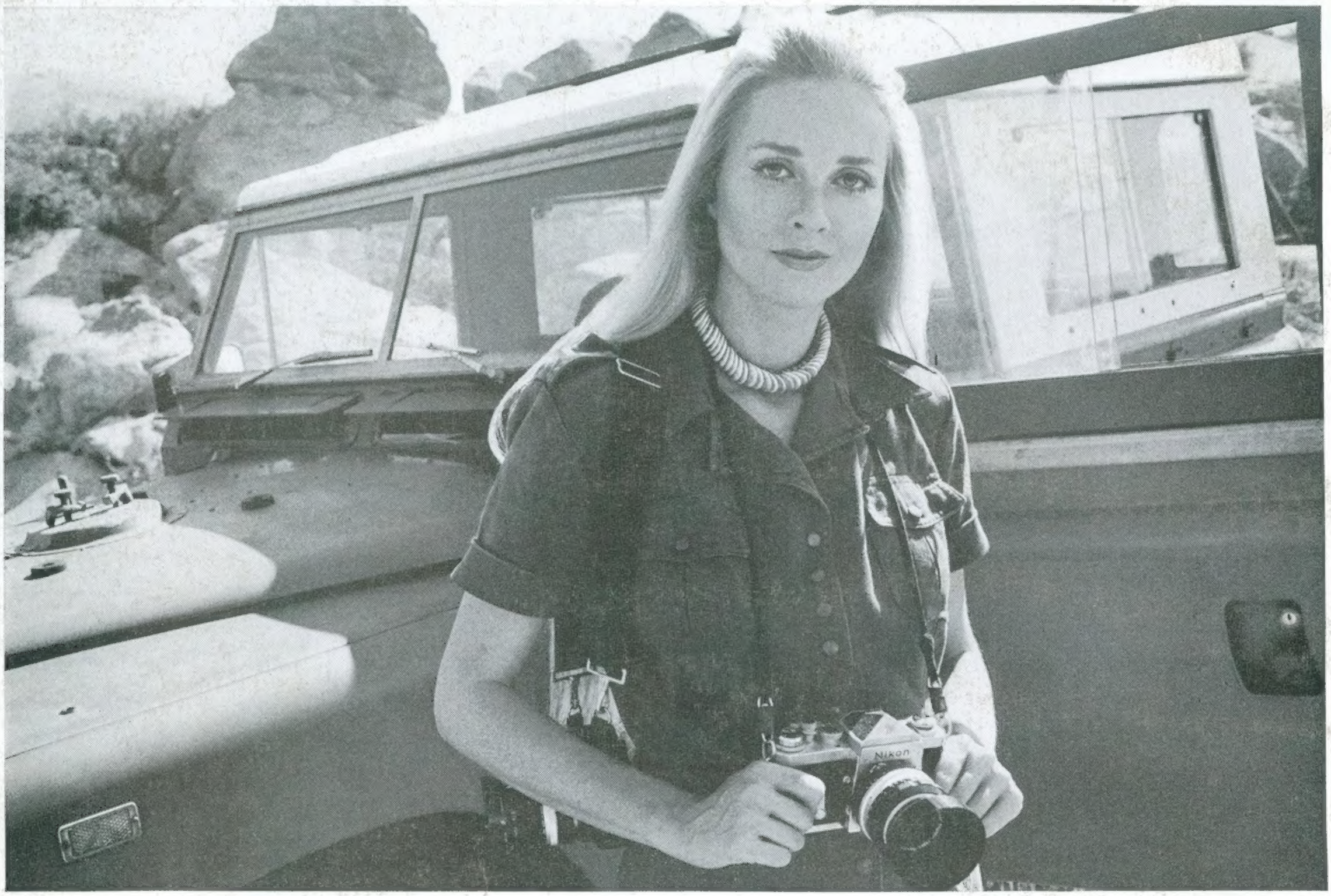
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